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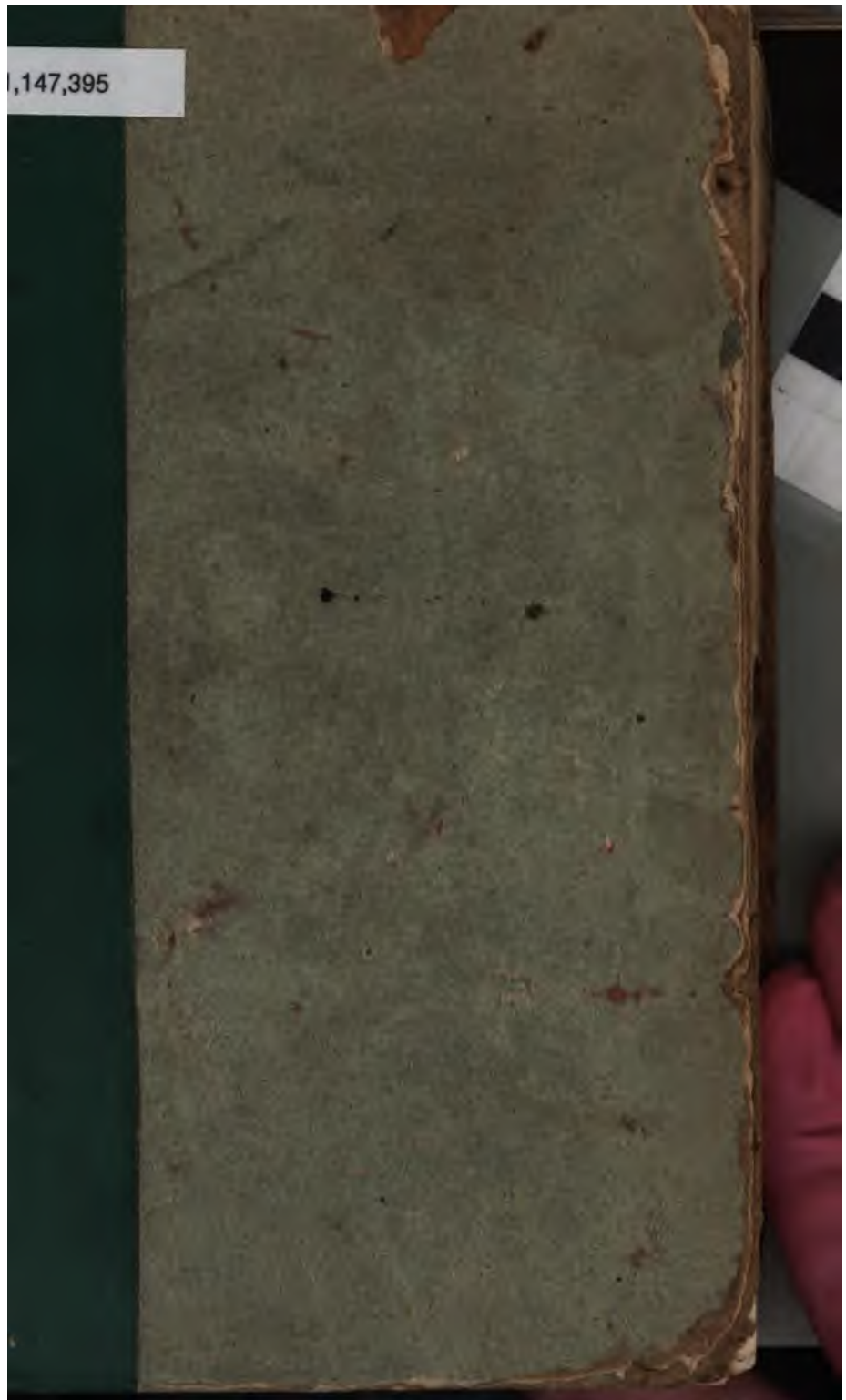
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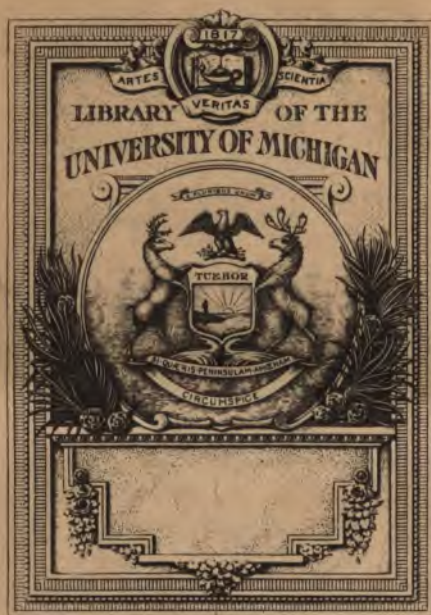
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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is bound in a greenish-grey, fibrous paper with a mottled texture. There are several small, dark spots and some reddish-brown stains scattered across the surface. The spine, visible on the right side, is made of a dark material, possibly leather, and features a decorative gold-tooled border. The edges of the spine are worn and frayed. A small white label with the number '147,395' is attached to the top left corner of the cover. The book is resting on a dark surface, and a portion of a person's hand is visible on the right side.



**ANTAR,**  
**A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE.**

---

**TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC,**

**BY**

**TERRICK HAMILTON, ESQ.**

**ORIENTAL SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT  
CONSTANTINOPLE.**

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**PART THE FIRST.**

**VOL. II.**

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**LONDON:**  
**JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.**  
**1820.**



LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

Lib.  
Seth.  
9-16-22  
32781

THE  
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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OF the inhabitants of Arabia, previous to the time of Mohommed, little is known ; and, as far as relates to their public history and government, that small portion given to us by Abulfeda by no means strengthens our wishes to obtain any further details.

In the absence of any system of civilization, prescription, or rather the will of a chief, was law, either esteemed as such or enforced. Subject to no other control, and under the guidance of their heroes or kings, the tribes carried on wars and made predatory incursions under various pretences ; sometimes merely to relieve their present wants by capturing the flocks and herds of neighbouring hordes (such depredations being called gains) ; at others, with a view to gratify their revenge for any real or imaginary outrage,

where retaliation had been delayed only to render it more certain, when the opportunity for attack might be attended with less danger, or their force sufficiently powerful to ensure success.

This period is called the "Time of Ignorance," by subsequent writers, in contradistinction to the enlightened state in which they suppose themselves to have lived since the introduction of Islamism.

The Arabians, whether descended from Ishmael or from Cahtan (Yoctan), were divided into two sorts, the one living in towns, the other in tents. The former subsisted on the produce of their flocks, by tillage, and even by the exercise of trades. The latter had their pastures, their principal food was camel's flesh, its milk was their usual drink, though wine was also a liquor in which they indulged to the greatest excess. By waylaying travellers and caravans, or invading their neighbours' possessions, they increased their precarious means, often changing their place of residence in quest of better pasturage or a greater abundance of water, according to the seasons; avoiding in their course tribes more powerful than themselves, and over-

powering the weak and unprotected. This habit of life more particularly applies to the descendants of Ishmael, or rather Adnan; for as the genealogy from Ishmael to Adnan is involved in obscurity, the Arabs to the north of Yemen or Arabia Felix term themselves Adnanians; the Arabs of the Jewish or Christian persuasion chiefly residing in Syria and its confines. The learning of a people so constituted must of course have been very narrow and circumscribed. They could boast of a slight knowledge in the stars, so as to foretel the changes of the weather, and to interpret dreams.

The grossest idolatry was their religion: images under various forms and names, the sun, the moon, or some particular constellation, were the objects of their worship; though many tribes looked up to a Supreme Being, and only deemed the planets or idols as mediators with the Divinity at the final resurrection. Some did not believe in a future state; but those who had any vague notion on the subject imagined that the dead, upon whose tombs a camel was slaughtered, should rise mounted on its back, but those for

whom this ceremony should not be performed, would be called to judgment on foot.

Mecca was at all times held in the highest veneration, as the place where Abraham and Ishmael had dwelt; the Caaba is believed to have been erected by them; and as such, was the object of a holy pilgrimage, attended with most of the ceremonies in practice at the present day.

The genealogical descent of families, and the history of their nobility, were attended to with the most scrupulous jealousy. But the accomplishments on which they most chiefly prided themselves were, a perfect knowledge of their language, skill in arms, and hospitality to strangers.

“ The first they exercised themselves in by  
“ composing orations and poems. Their orations  
“ were of two sorts, metrical and prosaic; the  
“ one being compared to pearls strung, and the  
“ other to loose ones. They endeavoured to  
“ excel in both, and whoever was able in assembly to persuade the people to a great enterprise,  
“ or dissuade them from a dangerous one, or  
“ gave them other wholesome advice, was ho-

“noured with the title of Khatib, or orator,  
“which is now given to the Mahommedan  
“preachers. They pursued a method very dif-  
“ferent from that of the Greek or the Roman  
“orators; their sentences being like loose gems,  
“without connexion, so that this sort of com-  
“position struck the audience chiefly by the  
“fulness of the periods, the elegance of the ex-  
“pression, and the acuteness of the proverbial  
“sayings; and so persuaded were they of their  
“excellency in this way, that they would not  
“allow any nation to understand the art of  
“speaking in public, except themselves and the  
“Persians; which last were reckoned much in-  
“ferior, in that respect, to the Arabians. Poetry  
“was in so great esteem among them, that it  
“was a great accomplishment and a proof of  
“ingenuous extraction for any one to be able  
“to express himself in verse with ease and  
“elegance on any extraordinary occurrence; and  
“even in their common discourse they made  
“frequent applications of celebrated passages of  
“their famous poets. In their poems were pre-  
“served the distinctions of descents, the rights  
“of tribes, the memory of great actions, and

“ the propriety of their language, for which  
“ reasons an excellent poet reflected an honour  
“ on his tribe ; so that, as soon as any one began  
“ to be admired for his performances of this  
“ kind in a tribe, the other tribes sent publicly  
“ to congratulate them on the occasion ; and  
“ themselves made entertainments, at which the  
“ women assisted, dressed in their nuptial orna-  
“ ments, singing, to the sound of timbrels, the  
“ happiness of their tribe, who had one now to  
“ protect their honour, to preserve their genea-  
“ logies and the purity of their language, and  
“ to transmit their actions to posterity ; for this  
“ was all performed by their poems, to which  
“ they were solely obliged for their knowledge  
“ and instructions, moral and economical, and  
“ to which they had recourse as to an oracle, in  
“ all doubts and differences. No wonder then  
“ that a public congratulation was made on this  
“ account, which honour they were so far from  
“ making cheap, that they never did it but on  
“ one of these three occasions, which were  
“ reckoned great points of felicity, viz. on the  
“ birth of a boy, the rise of a poet, or the fall of  
“ a foal of generous breed. To keep an emu-



“ lation among their poets, the tribes had, once  
“ a year, a general assembly at Ocadh, a place  
“ famous on this account, and where they kept  
“ a weekly mart, or fair, which was held on  
“ Sunday. This annual meeting lasted a whole  
“ month, during which time they employed them-  
“ selves, not only in trading, but in repeating  
“ their poetical compositions, contending and  
“ vying with each other for the prize, whence  
“ the place, it is said, took its name\*. The  
“ poems that were judged to excel were laid up  
“ in the king’s treasuries, as were the seven cele-  
“ brated poems, thence called Moallacat, rather  
“ than from being hung up on the Caaba, which  
“ honour they also had by public order, being  
“ written on Egyptian silk, and in letters of gold;  
“ for which reason they had also the name of  
“ Modhahabat, or the golden verses.

“ The fair and assembly at Ocadh were sup-  
“ pressed by Mohammed, in whose time, and  
“ for some years after, poetry seems to have  
“ been neglected by the Arabs, who were then  
“ employed in their conquests, which being com-

\* The original Arabic root Akdh, signifies subduing or con-  
tending.

“pleted, and themselves at peace, not only this  
“study was revived, but almost all sorts of learn-  
“ing were encouraged and greatly improved by  
“them. This interruption, however, occasioned  
“the loss of most of their ancient pieces of poetry,  
“which were then chiefly preserved by memory ;  
“the use of writing being rare among them in  
“their time of ignorance. Though the Arabs  
“were so early acquainted with poetry, they did  
“not at first use to write poems of a just length,  
“but only expressed themselves in verse occa-  
“sionally, nor was their prosody digested into  
“rules till some time after Mohommed.

“The exercise of arms and horsemanship they  
“were obliged to practise and encourage, by  
“reason of the independence of their tribes,  
“whose frequent jarrings made wars almost con-  
“tinual ; and they chiefly ended their disputes in  
“field battles ; it being an usual saying among  
“them, that God had bestowed four peculiar  
“things on the Arabs ; that their turbans should  
“be to them instead of diadems, their tents in-  
“stead of walls and houses, their swords instead  
“of entrenchments, and their poems instead of  
“written laws.

"Hospitality was so habitual to them, and so much esteemed, that the examples of this kind among them exceed what can be produced from other nations.

"Nor were those the only good qualities of the Arabs; they are commended by the ancients for being most exact in their words, and respectful to their kindred; and they have always been celebrated for their quickness of apprehension and penetration, and the vivacity of their wit, especially those of the desert.

"As the Arabs have their excellencies, so have they, like other nations, their defects and vices. Their own writers acknowledge that they have a natural disposition to war, bloodshed, cruelty, and rapine; being so much addicted to bear malice, that they scarce ever forget an old grudge; which vindictive temper, some physicians say, is occasioned by their frequent feeding on camel's flesh, (the ordinary food of the Arabs of the desert, who are therefore observed to be most inclined to these vices) that creature being most malicious and tenacious of anger."

Such is the language in which the learned

translator of the Coran has delivered to the public his account of the character of the Arabians, as gathered from the writings of Abulfeda, Pococke, and others. That the Arabs of those days thus thought and thus acted is founded on the concurrence of such respectable authority, that the authenticity of this statement has never been questioned; but as the application of such a system of habits and manners to the practice of common life has been hitherto unknown, it is with a view of exhibiting to the world a stronger proof of the truth of this recorded evidence, that the translation of the history of Antar is now for the first time submitted to the public; a work which represents, with the utmost detail, the most faithful narrative of that mode of life in all its variety, whether public or domestic, which prevailed among the Arabs in that "period of ignorance," and which, with some material shades of difference, is stated, by modern travellers, to exist among the numerous tribes that inhabit the deserts at this day.

It would be interesting as a fact in literary history, could we trace, with any certainty, the source whence the materials which furnished the

basis of this romance were drawn, that it might be ascertained how far historical evidence may be cited to authenticate the different events, and how far they were only subjects of oral tradition, down to the period when they were committed to writing by Asmaee, during the reign of Haroon Rasheed.

From D'Herbelot we learn that, at the court of that monarch, Asmaee was celebrated as the author of several works on Arabic grammar and theology; that he was one of the most learned men of the age, and in great consideration with Haroon himself, who used to listen with delight to the traditions of the ancient Arabs, with which Asmaee's memory seems to have been most happily stored, and which he narrated in the presence of the assembled doctors, sometimes with such detail and unwearied diligence, as to call forth the animadversion of that prince, who would request him not to overpower him with such continued demands on his attention.

In order to affix more authority to this anecdote, it will not be irrelevant to mention that, in the course of this tale, Asmaee once breaks the thread of his narrative to state, that as he

was relating before Haroon and his courtiers one of Antar's astonishing exploits, both the monarch and the ministers joined in expressing their doubts of the truth of such tremendous powers, and even ventured to question the probability of the leading subjects of his story. Asmaee faces these objections, asserting that every fact rested on undoubted authority, and that the story was a perfect picture of manners existing at that time; and moreover (to place all further hesitation beyond dispute), he boldly states, that he himself had witnessed many of the scenes he so forcibly describes, saying, that he was then four hundred years of age, and had consequently been alive long before the coming of Mohommed.

What could be the object of this extraordinary falsehood (for it is frequently repeated, and some of his heroes are also mentioned as having reached that patriarchal age), is difficult to imagine; however, the general points of the narrative are not to be invalidated by so bold an impossibility; and it may be presumed that the tale, as it now stands, comprises every tradition that he deemed worthy of notice, either as mat-

ter of history or of amusement. Some of the facts are to be found in Abulfeda as known causes of troubles and dissensions among the tribes, but still with some change of circumstance that may be either attributed to those errors incidental to all traditional history, or to the liveliness of the imagination of the author, who may have wished to render his tale more consonant to the taste of the times, by sacrificing the dry detail of an uninteresting fact, to the pleasure of engaging the attention of his audience or his readers\*.

Haroon Rasheed, who flourished during the second century of the hegira, was, of course, the contemporary of Charlemagne: already was the communication open between the courts of Asia and Europe, and mutual presents had evinced the wish of the monarchs to establish an intercourse between the two countries.

It is, therefore, no matter of doubt, that this

\* It is also proper to mention, that the names of Johainah and Aboo Obeidah frequently occur with the name of Asmaee, as the compilers of this narrative, in the course of which there are continual breaks: as thus, Asmaee said, or Johainah and Aboo Obeidah said, and then the narrative continues.



romance was composed or compiled at that period; and that it was a book highly esteemed seems equally notorious. It is, however, a very surprising circumstance that, from that time almost down to the present century, no orientalist of Europe should have mentioned its existence. Asia possesses men of ingenuity and talents, who have, with infinite labour, made commentaries on those books, generally considered as objects of research; but Haji Calfa, the most celebrated of the bibliographers of Asia, only cursorily mentions it.

The most natural way of accounting for this omission is to suppose, that as this book exclusively related to the Arabs of the Desert, unconnected with those men of literature, whose habits and pursuits led them to prefer a residence in cities and at courts, it may in the course of time have been entirely lost to the learned readers, and only felt and admired amongst the hordes and tribes, whose manners it so accurately described, and whose energies and passions it was so well calculated to awaken, in the perusal of those records of the intrepidity of their forefathers. Thus it may have been so long neglected,

till it was at last forgotten ; still, however, cherished by those who could understand its value, and engraven in the hearts and the memories of men, who might boast as being the descendants of heroes and warriors, whose glories made them pant after martial fame, and roused them, if not to imitate, at least not to discredit the celebrity of their progenitors, who had lived honoured and renowned, and whose splendid histories and deaths would survive to remotest ages, recorded by the pen of so devoted and enthusiastic an admirer of their exploits, and so capable of transmitting them to the latest posterity, in such glowing and animating description.

Even at this period, *Antar*, as the hero of this romance, or *Asmaee*, as the reporter of his deeds, are but little known beyond the Deserts, and the towns of Aleppo, Damascus, Bagdad, and Cairo. To the Arabs, it is their standard work, which excites in them the wildest emotions ; even read by some, firm in the memory of others ; but listened to with avidity by all\*.

\* Mr. Burkardt, in a letter to the translator, mentions that when he was reading a portion of it to the Arabs, they were in ecstasies of delight, but at the same time so enraged at his erroneous pronunciation, that they actually tore the sheets out of his hands.

In Aleppo it is highly valued, particularly by the Armenians; and, in coffee-houses, it is read aloud by some particular person, who keeps a sheet in his hand, to which he occasionally refers to refresh his memory. It is given to children, who are obliged to copy it out, and thus acquire the habit of speaking elegantly and correctly; and it may be attributed to this cause, that the copies of *Antar* are generally found written most execrably ill, and abounding in errors of every kind.

Until the publication of the "*Mines de l'Orient*," printed at Vienna, in 1802, the name of *Antar* had scarcely been heard in Europe. A copy of the work is in the Imperial Library; and in the *Catalogue raisonné* of the Books written by M. Hammer, there is some account of this romance; from which the following is extracted:

"This work, which must be reckoned as very  
"instrumental towards learning the manners,  
"dispositions, and habits of the Arabs, seems to  
"us more interesting than the celebrated '*Thou-*  
"sand and One Nights'; not indeed with respect  
"to the fictions, in which this work almost en-  
"tirely fails; but as a picture of true history.

“ There is nothing about genii, magicians, or  
“ talismans, or fabulous animals; and if, indeed,  
“ the bravery of the hero, who, unwounded,  
“ slays hundreds and thousands of the foe, or  
“ the swiftness of his generous steed, that out-  
“ strips the wind, appear incredible; these are  
“ rather the results of a hyperbolical style, than  
“ to be considered as fabulous figures, which  
“ never, in the opinion of orientals, invalidates  
“ the truth of history. The whole of this work  
“ may be esteemed as a faithful account of the  
“ principal tribes of the Arabs, and particularly  
“ of the tribe of Abs, from which sprung Antar,  
“ in the time of Nushirvan, King of Persia, more  
“ faithful in painting manners than in describing  
“ events.

“ The style is often flowery and beautiful,  
“ mixed with poetry, frequently in a common  
“ diction, and sometimes the augmentations and  
“ more recent interpolations plainly prove the  
“ adulterations of the copyist. (What would  
“ that light of oriental literature, Sir William  
“ Jones, have thought of the style and merits of  
“ this work, who only treated of the fourteenth

" volume, in his Commentaries on Asiatic  
" Poetry\*?) It chiefly treats of the love of Antar  
" and Ibla, and also of their family, down to  
" the death of the hero.

" This work, which is generally called a ro-  
" mance of chivalry, though impossible to be  
" translated, owing to the number of volumes,  
" may be gleaned; every part appertaining to  
" history, should be carefully collected, and  
" nothing relative to manners omitted. Such,  
" with God's help, we intend to publish.

" The author, from beginning to the end,  
" appears to be Asmaee, a famous philologist  
" and poet at the court of Haroon Rasheed; but  
" sometimes other authors and sources are men-  
" tioned, who, according to our opinion, appear  
" to have been inserted by the story-teller in the  
" coffee-houses. This is the work, and not, as  
" is generally supposed, the Thousand and One  
" Nights, which is the source of the stories which  
" fill the tents and cottages in Arabia and Egypt;

\* " I have only seen the fourteenth volume of this work, which  
" comprises all that is elegant and noble in composition. So lofty,  
" so various, and so bold is its style, that I do not hesitate to rank it  
" amongst the most finished poems."—*Sir W. Jones.*



“though materials are often supplied from other works\* of the same kind.”

The above engaged the attention of persons interested in oriental literature, and copies have been demanded, but are with difficulty procured, owing to the unwillingness of those, who live by reading the stories in the coffee-houses, to part with them; and the expense of transcribing is very heavy.

The translation, now made public, was undertaken from a copy procured at Aleppo, by the kind exertions of Mr. Barker. It proved to be a very valuable work, being comprised in a smaller form than any other as yet sent to Europe. In general, the copies are bound up in numerous volumes of various sizes, from forty to twenty or less, exhibiting a mass to appal the most enterprising of translators, well aware,

\* The possessors of copies are—

1. Mr. Rich, at Bagdad.
2. M. d'Italinsky.
3. M. Aidé, at Constantinople.
4. Lord Aberdeen.
5. Imperial Library at Vienna.
6. Cambridge Library.

Some few volumes in the possession of Mr. Hamilton.

The Translator has two.

Some of them are imperfect.

as he must be, that whatever his determination might effect in making a translation of so ponderous a work, he could not expect any corresponding success in printing it for general perusal.

This difficulty, and the still greater difficulty of abridging a work of so curious a texture, must have prevented any one, acquainted with its merits, from venturing on so arduous a task; and not till the translator saw it in so compressed a shape, did he ever anticipate the possibility of putting it into English.

Whilst he was engaged on the work, he had the advantage of receiving from Mr. Burkardt a letter, in which he accounted for the abridged state of that copy of *Antar*, stating that the voluminous work had been curtailed of many of its repetitions and much of its poetry, by some learned inhabitants of Syria, and was therefore called the *Shamiyeh*, or Syrian *Antar*, in contradistinction to the original large work, which was called the *Hijaziyeh*, or Arabian *Antar*.

Mr. Burkardt strongly urged the translator to persist in his undertaking, by adhering strictly to the abridgment; anticipating the most com-



plete success, and even a popularity equal to that so long enjoyed by the Arabian Nights, "to which," he adds, "it is in every respect superior."

Under these inducements, and prompted by the active encouragement of his friends, the translator executed the task from the abridged copy, which even in its reduced state bears too formidable an appearance to attract universal favour.

The translation has been completed some time, and already has one volume met the approbation of those who would kindly hope that his time has not been mis-spent. For the appearance of that volume in its mutilated state, the only apology to be offered is the indulgent curiosity of friends, who expressed a wish to see that portion in print, before any further addition had reached England. Whether such publication was ill-timed, or whether the continuation might not have been suppressed altogether, must be decided by the future reception this part of the work will meet from the public.

Of the merits of this romance, as a work to be tried by European critics, and ideas founded on

principles totally unknown to the Arabian author, it will be no easy task to form a correct judgment. A person, unacquainted with oriental literature, must frame his opinions on rules by which he has been accustomed to regulate his opinions on matters of taste—such a critic must unavoidably err in any decision he may express. On the other hand, an oriental scholar is generally too biassed in favour of languages that have cost him years of unremitted toil to attain, to view, with a mind sufficiently calm and unprepossessed, a work which, in an Asiatic country, is considered as the standard of perfection. It is true, an orientalist must imbibe some new ideas of taste, before he can judge at all of the merits of an original Asiatic composition, but whether he will be an impartial critic is very doubtful.

That a translator of so immense a work must have felt a more than common gratification in his labours, is evident; otherwise he could never have persisted in the continuance of it; unless it may be presumed that a person, obstinately persevering in an undertaking against his conviction, will in time become so full of his subject,

as to see beauties where none exist, and become so much an Asiatic, as to forget he had ever been an European, either in habits or taste.

Leaving, therefore, the public to form their opinions of this tale, through the uncertain medium of a translation (only begging it may be borne in mind, that the original may possess beauties, the translator may have omitted or overlooked, and that the translation, whenever approved, by no means does justice to the original), he will endeavour to give some succinct account of the object and nature of the work, that the unprejudiced reader may have some clue by which he may form his own opinion of its merits and defects.

Antar, as has been already observed by the editor of the first volume, is no imaginary person: he is well known as a celebrated warrior, and as the author of one of the seven poems suspended on the Caaba at Mecca. His intrepidity is often mentioned by Abulfeda, as being the subject of poetry: though it does not appear that any precise composition relating to his feats in arms is extant, some detached pieces may have survived; still it must be supposed



that oral tradition alone has commemorated in verse, current among succeeding generations, those various proofs of heroism which Asmaee afterwards embodied in his work. That he was the son of Shedad, an Absian chief, is also well attested; though it does not so clearly appear that he was born of a slave-woman.

It is not to be understood, that Asmaee merely intended to compose a faithful history of those times: his view seems rather to comprise in a pleasing tale\* numerous isolated facts, and the most striking traits of the manners and usages prevalent at that period; and therefore we may presume, that he has embellished his narrative with every additional circumstance that could possibly throw an interest over his hero, or attract the attention of his readers.

And that he has succeeded among those for whom the work was composed, there cannot be the smallest doubt. It is also true, that many, who at this day have read it in the original, have expressed the delight and unwearied admiration

\* Historic facts as they occur, when any authority can be quoted, will be observed in the progress of the work.

they have felt in the perusal of its endless volumes.

It may be assumed, that it is one of the most ancient books of Arabian literature, composed during the second century of the Hejirah, at a time when the arts were most successfully cultivated amongst the Asiatic conquerors, and encouraged more particularly under the influence of the Arab princes of Bagdad. Its language is therefore uncommonly pure, equally remote from the harshness of the earlier, or the conceits of the later authors; and when we consider that it was originally written in the Cufic character, and has for a thousand years been transcribed chiefly for the use of the Bedoweens, and often by persons who probably did not comprehend one word they were writing, it is a matter of surprise, how it has retained so much purity and correctness. Some few Persian and Turkish words, subject to Arabic inflexions, are now and then to be observed. Some other modern terms may also have been inserted; these are corruptions, and Mr. Hammer thinks that many interpolations have been made by the copyist. Words often occur which are not to be found in any

dictionary ; and some expressions there are, which, though current to this day among the Arabs of the Desert, are not susceptible of the same acceptation in any lexicon.

The style of the work as a composition is very plain and easy in construction ; but abounding in an endless variety of diction, couched in the most choice and appropriate terms. The sentences are short, much in the style of the Bible ; the prose is even in rhythm throughout, continuing uninterrupted but by a change of termination, according to the powers of the author, or the redundancy of expressions with the same sound\*. Thus, with short rhythmical periods of various lengths, the author proceeds, for five or six lines, to the end of his subject, and then recommences other matter with a different rhyme. This is particularly striking in all his descriptions of battles, where the pauses are very frequent, all with the same terminations ; the periods being often formed of only two words, sometimes of three, and thus hurrying on, with apparent rapidity and great variety and spirit, throughout a whole page.

\* This is reckoned the greatest beauty in oriental compositions.



This species of composition produces the necessity of continued repetitions; and though Asmaee has proved that his memory was supplied with an infinity of expression, unrivalled by any oriental author, yet the frequent recurrence of similar scenes and thoughts must of course occasion such repetitions, as almost to weary his warmest admirers; but when translated into another tongue, that admits of, comparatively speaking, no diversity of terms to express the same meaning, they become most tedious and disgusting.

The poetry has the charm of a more elevated style; and a wider range for the imagination has been eagerly seized by the poet. Infinitely more difficult in its construction, it is still natural, and devoid of those conceits and absurdities that abound in almost all Asiatic compositions. It comprises every variety to which poetry is applied. The heroic, the complimentary, the laudatory, the amatory, the ludicrous, the merry, and the elegiac, are all combined in the utmost profusion; even the pastoral is not omitted. A specimen of this species of poetry occurs that is perfectly unique in the language: the translator



never met with any thing of the kind. Moreover, on inquiry among some learned Musulmans, he could not understand that such compositions were at all known or appreciated among them. It is in the style of an eclogue, and is introduced as a trial of skill amongst revellers at a feast. Besides its originality, it has great merit as an oriental composition, abounding in terms never before modelled into grammatical inflection, and which excited the most unfeigned admiration and surprise amongst some natives of Constantinople, to whom these verses were shown.

The heroic is, of course, a mixture of all that is bold in imagery and inflated in expression; exaggeration and personal vanity run throughout the whole; perhaps these are the legitimate characteristics of such poetry: certainly we have the highest authority for its currency, in a poet whose writings are considered as the standard for whatever is grand and majestic in that species of poetical composition.

The elegiac has drawn tears from persons, whose sympathy and tenderness were fashioned to be roused by such scenes as are described in

this work, and are therefore as true to nature as those feelings which are recognized in a more refined state of society.

The ludicrous and satirical are in some instances too gross, often indelicate, but not obscene. There is something pretty and original in the amatory style; and the merry can move to mirth in its innocence and playfulness. As to the complimentary, it is, as is the case in all languages, the least entitled to commendation, abounding in ridiculous conceits and unintelligible panegyric.

With respect to the magic and enchantments that occur in the work, it may be proper to add, for the benefit of those who indulge in the still controverted point of the birth-place of sorcery, that instances are to be found of supernatural agency; though in the portion now published no mention is made of any such influence over the minds and actions of the heroes who figure in the story. The belief that ghosts, or hobgoblins, or genii, inhabited some peculiar spot, generally prevailed; and we perceive that Shiboob, Antar's brother, is often taken for one of those

August personages, owing to the rapidity with which he transfers himself from place to place.

The effects of an amulet ring, first worn by a Christian warrior, who at his death bequeaths it to Antar, in relieving a person from fits, are noticed more than once. Sorceresses were also sufficiently celebrated, even at that distant period, to be here recorded, more for the iniquities than for the good they were called upon to perform. One endeavours to inveigle Ibla to her destruction, by means of two dæmon emissaries she employs, and a magic fire she kindles. Another fortifies her castle with the illusion of supernatural flames and smoke; whilst the sister of this wicked enchantress dispels these seeming horrors by her more potent spells. But, though this latter is married in consequence, to one of the Absian chiefs, she is absolutely prohibited from ever practising her magical arts, before the marriage could be solemnized. It is thus evident, that this engine of destruction was regarded as abominable, and by no means connected with any acknowledged source of resistance.

Allusions to genii frequently occur: one of Antar's sons is slain by them. They are described as most hideous monsters, having their eyes slit upwards, and uttering most terrific sounds. Antar restores to the human form one of the genii who had been metamorphosed into a horse; and, in return, he aids his deliverer in avenging his son's murder.

Besides these instances, there are some other events of minor consequence, where magic is supposed to effect its purposes; and it may be inferred, that the author has rather for his object to give some account of the general notions respecting sorcery and magic, at the period to which the story relates, than to afford an accurate detail of its influence on the public mind, during the reign of Haroon Rasheed, at which time, though its delusions may not have gained actual belief, yet as the machinery of a tale, it was reckoned indispensably necessary.

Antar's sword is certainly of original manufacture; and, though not enchanted, may be cited by the side of Durindana. Indian blades, Davidean armour, and Aadite\* casques are in-

\* So called, either because they had endured from the time of the



vested with all the properties of magic weapons, whether of offence or defence.

No warrior appears with a skin impervious to the sword's edge. There is, however, one hero, who is a mass of bone, and no arm but Antar's can strike a blow to crush so miraculous a production. Others are also designated under the formidable appellation of earth-rakers; thus called from their immense stature, so that, when on horseback, their feet tore up the ground; and others are denominated ear-strippers, others liver-eaters, &c.

The frequent allusion to dragons and sea-monsters in the poetry, and in the description of assailing heroes, proves that, in those days, the introduction of fabulous animals, distinct from those mentioned in Persian books, was considered a legitimate embellishment in romantic fiction. But the only animal whose appearance is mentioned is the camelopard\*, which is described

tribe of Aad, or as being very ancient, they bore that distinction to testify their antiquity and durability.

\* It is called in Arabic, Jirafah, whence comes the Spanish Girafa, and the French Giraffe; thus rendering it probable, that though the animal is exclusively of African origin, it only became known in Europe through the Arabs.

as a beast of burthen, employed to carry a huge giant, as no other animal was sufficiently powerful to bear so vast a weight. But as it is ascertained that the camelopard is not a beast of burthen, it may safely be presumed, that though its existence had been proved, its distinctive qualities were unknown.

And thus, with all the paraphernalia of chivalrous equipment, heroes come forth, not only in fields of battle or single combat, but also at marriages and entertainments, merely for trials of skill in arms in the midst of a course, to tilt and joust with barbless spears in the presence of kings and chiefs, who proclaim the merits of the victor and the vanquished, sometimes distributing prizes, or awarding a contested point, or even deciding the fate of some damsel, the object of amorous contention between two devoted champions; and not unfrequently do these combats, which commence innocently, end in bloodshed.

It is also worthy of remark, that these chiefs, when bound on a marauding enterprise, often meet with extraordinary adventures; sometimes forlorn maidens, whose distresses they relieve, or

matrons, whose husbands and sons have been slain, and even heroes of inferior stamp, whose cause they will adopt, and thus either soften his sorrows, or die in his defence. It must be acknowledged, that they sometimes take advantage of the unprotected state to which females are reduced, when their attendants have resisted the assaults of a stranger; but instances of the purest generosity, and the most chivalrous sentiments of honour and decency will often mark their acts, and induce us to marvel, how nations so barbarous in blood could ever be melted into pity and tenderness.

Miracles of a sublimer nature, such as storms, and timely aid in the extremest perils, and visitations of extraordinary import, are attributed to the proper source of such interventions. The Almighty is here the sole actor: his influence is ever unquestioned. It is not often invoked, neither does it often appear; thus rendering it the more efficacious, and creating corresponding sentiments of awe and gratitude in the minds of those who may be either its victims, or the objects of its favour.

The name of Mohommed is used more than



once as the instrument of divine vengeance, at the moment he was supposed to have been born; but at whose breast he was inhaling life was unknown: his name had been alone revealed, and the first mention of it infuses so great dread into the Persian army, that they are instantly routed; the name of Mohommeth seeming to rise from every pebble, and from every grain of sand. His infant cries are also stated as the means of working a great miracle, in a second destruction of the Persians.

Such are the people and the manners this book purposes to describe, a subject never before attempted, either by Asiatic or European: a subject that has hitherto been supposed devoid of all interest, and certainly considered as susceptible of no variety. A nation of shepherds, dwelling in tents, surrounded by deserts, appears at first sight, as the very antipodes of those nations whose usages and habits have supplied matter for romance and historic fiction. In minds thus savagely constituted, where could love dwell? Where could courtesy, discretion, and those nameless delicacies and distinctions, persons of cultivated manners can only feel and express,

find a place? And without minds thus happily organised, and without sensibilities as easily roused as lasting, pliant or obdurate, according to the object that excites them into action, or bidding defiance to repulse, inconstancy, and dangers, how could chivalry feed its enthusiasm, or imagination awaken into life?

But in this work we find all these anomalies reconciled. We see heroes capable of the wildest enterprises, and subject to the most vehement emotions, to secure the approbation of their mistresses. We see damsels braving every peril, smiling in captivity, to meet the objects of their love. We moreover meet with heroines cased in armour covering hearts at once steeled against the lance's point or falchion's edge, and a prey to the utmost ecstasies of enthusiastic fondness and refined irritability\*.

Such are the personages who now, for the first time, are found to have inhabited the wilderness of sands, under no cultivation of mind, and bound by no moral restraint, but what love and friendship excited and established. Few could

\* M. Sismondi asserts, that in those days no Arabian women were known to bear arms.

read or write. None were philosophers. Wisdom had its only support in the influence attached to advanced years. Their sages were superior in age, and enjoyed a confidence among the tribes that no one could uproot, and which Antar only, by his martial prowess and universally admitted superiority, could thwart.

Whether these traits will tend to suggest further materials to induce the learned to adopt the theory, so much disputed, that romance and all its artificial charms come from the East, and therefore coincide with the opinions already supported so energetically by the Editor of the first volume, the Translator, unbiassed in his own views on the subject, with no decided opinions to render him difficult of conviction to arguments in favour of an opposite system, leaves the point, here untouched, to be canvassed by persons whose time has been more immediately employed in such matters, and whose pursuits have led them more accurately to distinguish between the pretensions produced in defence of either question.

The Translator has divided the work into

three parts, in which order it is his intention to publish it.

The first reaches to the marriage of Antar and Ibla; in which it is the object of the author to raise his hero to a sufficient eminence in rank among the Arabs, by his conquests over various countries, and more particularly by his victories over the individual chiefs and heroes, most conspicuous for their power, and whose haughtiness and martial spirit could ill brook the elevation of one sprung from a slave woman, in order that, by reducing these warriors to submission, and by gaining their good will and friendship, he might, by means of his own intrepidity and the intercession of his friends advocating his cause, attain the chief object of his ambition; his acknowledgment as an Arab chief, and his subsequent marriage with Ibla.

The second part includes the period when the hero suspends his poem at Mecca. This grand point he at length attains, not only by the friendly dispositions of his former associates, and the continuance of his own heroic deeds, but also by the means of his two sons and a

brother, whom he discovers amongst the herpes of the desert. Encouraged by their counsels, and urged by his own ambition, after various conflicts and conquests, he resolves to crush the envious malice of his domestic foes, and in despite of all the machinations contrived against him, and the hostilities of all the most potent kings of Arabia, he succeeds in accomplishing this second object of his ambition.

The third part comprises the death of Antar, and most of his comrades and relations; in the course of which he wages endless wars against the more distant tribes,—visits Constantinople and Europe, and invades that part of Arabia inhabited by the Æthiopians, amongst whom he discovers his mother's relations, and finds out that she was the daughter of a mighty monarch, and himself thus descended in both lines from a majestic race. His last conquest is over his domestic enemies. His death is consonant with the rules of poetical justice. He falls under the hand of one whom he might have justly punished with death, but who was the object of cruelty he had never practised on any one before, not even his most inveterate foes.

This division is not at all pursued in the original; but as it is evident that the publication of the whole work at once was impossible, the translator has endeavoured to render its appearance less objectionable. He has also taken another liberty, and has divided the work into chapters according to his own fancy.

The copy of the original from which the translation is made is an uninterrupted narrative. But the larger copy\* he has in his possession, as also one or two other copies he has seen, is divided into sections of very great length. Another copy, which he only saw for a few minutes, appeared to be cut up into portions much shorter than the chapters as now printed. This is the only alteration he has deemed it advisable to make. Perhaps it would have made the work more generally acceptable, had he ventured even

\* Mr. Burkardt procured this at Cairo for the translator; it may be a matter of regret that it had not come to hand still sooner, as the present translation was already finished. Thus he was deprived of the satisfaction of comparing the two copies as he proceeded in the work, and it will be acknowledged, that afterwards it became too serious a task. Mr. Burkardt said, he did not think there was any material difference; and wherever the translator has referred to the large copy, he has only found greater redundancies, except in some instances where improvements and addition have been made in the translation.

to curtail this abridgement, and to omit many of those reiterated repetitions, which, whilst they tend to give an idea of the original composition, materially damp the interest of the story in our estimation, and certainly weary the general reader. But where to begin, or where to stop, is difficult to decide. To take the opinion of the ignorant in oriental literature would be unwise in the extreme. The advantage of the advice of oriental scholars was by no means easy to obtain; and of even one acquainted with the book in question, quite impossible\*.

Under these circumstances, the translator, unwilling to quit his original without having some decided landmark to guide him when deviating from the straight course, has adhered as closely as possible to the Arabic idiom, only endeavouring to render it intelligible to the English reader; and if he has succeeded at all in combining what is rarely compatible, an easy English style with

\* Even Mr. Burkardt had never read it through; neither can the translator say that he ever heard of an European who had waded through the Hijasiyeh copy, the only one hitherto known.

The Translator takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to C. J. Rich, Esq., the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, for much useful information.



the character of the Oriental, he will not consider his perseverance misapplied, or his opinion of the original as erroneous. If, on the other hand, the public should form a different opinion, he begs their judgment may rest solely on the translation, and he will readily join in wishing that the task had devolved on one more capable of doing justice to its merits\*.

\* Since the above has been in the press, a long treatise on *Antar*, translated from the German, has appeared in the two last numbers of the "New Monthly Magazine," for January, and February, 1820, with the signature of M. de Hammer. The Translator regrets that its late publication prevents his deriving any benefit from the suggestions of so accomplished an Oriental scholar as M. de Hammer, to whose exertions in every department of Asiatic literature the world is so much indebted. M. de Hammer mentions having twice read through the whole work!

**THE BINDER is requested to prefix this preface to the first volume when bound.**



*The Sixth Chapter continued.*

———said Antar to the Vizier, Indeed, my lord, you have overwhelmed your slave with favours and kindnesses, no tongue can describe; still I have one wish that you would allow me to view the Temples of Fire, that I may behold their ministers and treasures, and the service required in them. There let me observe its blazing, and how the officers supply the flame; so that, on my return home, I may be able to relate to my friends what I have seen in the Temples of Fire. O Aboolfawaris, replied Mubidan, I cannot possibly conduct you to the Temples of Fire, because you scoff at them. But if you are verily anxious to enter, purify your thoughts towards the adored God, and prostrate yourself in worship. I swear by the Almighty God, added Antar, that I do not visit them but with the purest views; for I am aware they are one of God's miracles. Upon this, Mubidan led him to the Chief Temple, where he beheld a magnificent building, of yellow brass, raised on pillars of steel, with precious stones in the interstices—the wonder of the age, to astonish the wisest of men. It had three stories, and to each story were three portals, and to each portal were

slaves and servants, stationed over the edifice. Antar gazed at these men with glittering forms; and round the waists of each were leather coverings in the form of short breeches; and they were standing at the doors of the Temple, some near and some at a distance. In their hands were pokers of steel, with which they raised the flame, heedless of the God of the two worlds, and uttering Magian words, that ravished the soul: whilst their Sheikh, seated on a bench of skin, chaunted in his own tongue. The fire blazed before him; the fuel was of aloe-wood; towards which they all addressed their prostrations, saying, "I and you, we laud the adored God." Mubidan accosted him with salutations, and prostrated himself before the fire, and walked round it, whilst Antar followed in great astonishment and surprise at all he did. However, he imitated him in every thing he observed him do; at which Mubidan was extremely pleased, seeing him thus walk round, and offer up his prayers. Ever, O Aboolfawaris, said he, may you continue your adorations to the fire, night and day; in it have I ever found my safety and prosperity. Never may any injury assail you! may no foe ever harm your person! My lord, replied Antar, where can we ever find a fire like your fire, for you kindle it with aloe-wood and perfumes; thence proceeds a delicious vapour, and thence issues this fragrant essence, that exhilarates the heart. But our abode is a barren waste, where nought is to be procured

but the dung of camels, and branches of green wood, whence proceeds a smoke and smell, to blind the sight and distract the brain, and to confuse the senses. Mubidan laughed, and felt convinced that Antar would never relinquish the worship of statues and images. After this, they quitted the Temple of Fire, and the fragrant odours, more exquisite than ambergris. Just then the recollection of Ibla occurred to his mind, and his imagination being agitated with his passion, he thus spoke:

“The logs of aloe sparkle in the fire, and the  
 “flames blaze high in the air; the sweetness of its  
 “vapour refreshes my heart, when it is wafted  
 “with a northerly wind. Its brilliancy and flame  
 “are like the face of my beauteous Ibla. But,  
 “O fire, blaze not—burn not—for in my heart is  
 “a flame more furious than thee! Sleep has aban-  
 “doned my eyes by night, when I behold my  
 “friends in the wings of darkness. Delightful  
 “would be to me the abode of my tribe, were I  
 “even poor, and not worth a halter. In a distant  
 “land, I should feel no more anxiety for the song,  
 “though all its cities were in my possession. The  
 “smoke of the herbs at home, when it is scented  
 “even with camel’s dung, is sweeter to me than  
 “the aloe-wood, and more brilliant to my eyes in  
 “the obscurity of night. O my lord, my anxiety  
 “increases to see my friends: so permit me to de-  
 “part; thou art my stay and my support; be mer-  
 “ciful, and compassionate my situation. I have

“no succour in the world but thou, towards the  
“success of my projects. So grant me my request ;  
“and mayst thou ever live happy ; mayst thou  
“live long, and glorious, and great, in every felicity and every honour.”

After this, Mubidan conducted Antar to the treasuries of the Persian monarch, where he opened chests full of the precious metals, and jewels, and pearls, and articles, that confounded the sight, and amazed the senses. Come, Aboolfawaris, said he, what do you want ? What the king, in his munificence, replied Antar, has already bestowed on me, is sufficient for me. An Arab only prides himself on the number of his horses, and his he and she camels, and I have already obtained endless abundance ; but to show my obedience, I will take these three strings, and this chaplet of jewels, for the daughter of my uncle, Ibla. But as he cast his eyes around, he beheld a pavilion, whose like no king of the world possessed. It was called the Hemisphere, and it was a load for forty camels. It first belonged to Shedad the son of Aad ; it descended to Pharaoh, and afterwards to Nimrod, the son of Canaan ; and it continued to descend from King to King till it came to the Emperor of Greece. At that time Chosroe and Cæsar reigned over the whole earth—and the Euphrates divided them. The Emperor ruled over the countries of Europe and the Christian tribes, and Chosroe Nushirvan ruled over the Arabs and the Persians.



But at all times the Emperor was obliged to pay tribute to the Monarch of Persia, for his orders were obeyed in every land. But one year the Emperor went to visit the Persian king; and as amongst all his riches he had nothing to offer as a present but this pavilion, he gave it to him; and by the command of Chosroe it was pitched at Modayin, and it occupied in its immensity half the land of Modayin. The Persian king was greatly astonished, and every beholder was amazed; for it was of network, formed of plates of gold and silver and emeralds; and there were painted on it all that God had created—cities, villages, towns, trees, birds, countries, waters, and rivers. And Chosroe, as he looked at its beauties, was so overjoyed, that he relieved the Emperor from the capitation and tribute for ten whole years. It remained in the treasury of the King till Antar came with Monzar to Modayin, and slew the Greek warrior, and entered the treasury of the Persian Monarch: and as he looked at the pavilion, he said to Mubidan, I wish to have that pavilion, that I may present it to Ibla on the night of my marriage. Mubidan smiled, and ordered the slaves to remove the pavilion to the house; and they did as they were bid: and as they were quitting the treasury, said Antar to Mubidan, Know, my lord, that when I entered the temples of the Fire, I asked of it a favour; I know not whether it will grant it, or whether it will detain me longer, and withhold it. What was

thy wish, horseman of the age? said Mubidan. I requested, replied Antar, a speedy return to my family and country. Know then, said Mubidan, if the Fire consent to thy prayer, to-morrow, at an early hour, preparations shall be made for the journey. Upon this they proceeded to the King's palace. He received them most graciously, and seating Antar near him, inquired after his health, and what he had received. Verily, said Antar, the tongue fails in describing what I, your slave, have received from your bounty and munificence; and I have nothing further to demand, but a return to my family and country. But the King, turning towards Mubidan, threw him a roll of leaves, and said, Put aside all that is noted in this roll, property and jewels, for Aboolfawaris Antar. I have written to the treasury for money—to the wardrobe for superb stuffs—to the armoury for cuirasses and arms—and to the keeper of the women for male and female slaves; and let the whole be given over to Antar, in addition to the confiscated property, and with what he has chosen, and the pavilion called the Hemisphere; so that no blame or reproach be attached to me, but the reproach be on you alone. His departure must still be delayed three days: and when all is prepared for his journey, inform me, that I may also go forth to bid him farewell, and do towards him as he deserves at my hands.

Early next day Antar started up, and having

kissed the ground, he and Mubidan went forth. The latter sent for the treasurer, and told him what quantity of money the king had assigned to Aboolfawaris Antar; and he said, I have the Great King's order for a hundred thousand imperial dinars, and a hundred thousand Dakyanos dinars, each dinar of the value of seven, and four hundred thousand dirhems of silver to distribute; and five hundred embroidered velvet robes, and a thousand silk vests, of the royal manufacture, as presents; and, moreover, four thousand pieces of light silk for khelaats, to give away; and be all this property ready, in chests and on mules. Mubidan called for the armourer, and told him what the King had ordered respecting pavilions, tents, and cuirasses, and arms, for Aboolfawaris Antar, saying, I have received the royal signet to assign over to Aboolfawaris Antar twenty of the grandest pavilions, and pavilions denominated Quarter Globes; and four thousand common tents, and four thousand cuirasses, and four thousand breast-plates, and every thing of that description, according to the list; and all with their respective cases and camels. Mubidan sent for the keeper of the women, and communicated the orders of the Great King respecting Aboolfawaris Antar, saying, I have received the royal signet to consign over to Antar four hundred white male slaves, with their clothes and accoutrements, and their horses and their trappings; and four hundred strong black slaves, fit for battle and war, with their Chief Abool-

mout, with all their horses and their accoutrements, and their breast-plates, and cuirasses; and four hundred Georgian female slaves, and four hundred fair European slaves, and four hundred Copht, and four hundred Persian slaves, and four hundred slaves of Tibah; and let every slave be mounted on a mule, and under every slave let there be two chests of rich silk.

And Mubidan having directed his deputy to prepare all he had enumerated in three days, Antar and Monzar, and the heroes that were with them, withdrew, preceded by servants loaded with presents, and khelaats, and money. But when the three days had expired, the slaves came forth with their burthens, and prepared the camels and the mules. And just as Antar was setting out, behold Mubidan came towards him, and taking him by the hand, conducted him to Nushirvan. As soon as Antar entered the hall of audience, he kissed the ground. The King directed him to be seated. Aboolfawaris, said he, I have heard from King Monzar that you slew in his presence one of the lions of Khifan, your feet being fettered, and only your hands at liberty.—Now this event is thus explained:—When Bahram, the Chief of Dilem, saw that Antar had acquired such an increase of wealth, all that the Greek had brought with him from the Emperor, and all the property of the wrestler Ros-tam, and presents and donations which were in Mubidan's possession, the disease of envy fell upon

him, and preyed upon his heart and body. He presented himself to Chosroe, and exclaimed, O most noble Monarch, the Kings of the world have not received from you what you have bestowed on this black slave; and he is a worthless, insignificant wretch! He slew your satrap Khosrewan; he routed his army of twenty thousand horse; and the Kings of the age will say of you, that your munificence is only the result of your fear of his sword and spear. The Emperor will also be enraged against you, because he has slain his warrior, and made him drink of the cup of death and perdition; and he will demand of you blood and revenge. My opinion is, you should seize this wicked slave; take back all the presents you have made him; and detain him in slavery and bondage. Slay him, and make him drink of the cup of annihilation. The King was exceedingly wrath; And what, he exclaimed, shall be my excuse with the Kings of the world, when they shall say, Nushirvan gave a Bedoween immense wealth, then betrayed him, and took back all he had bestowed on him? I shall be called a miser. Renounce such a project, O Bahram! If you fear the reproaches of Kings, returned Bahram, send for this slave into your presence! tell him you have heard from King Monzar that he slew a lion of Khifan before him when his feet were fettered, and his hands alone at liberty. He will say, Yes, O King! Then say you wish to see him combat



with a lion. Let loose at him your lion, that you have brought up and named Khemees—huge as an elephant: a beast, your armies and your horsemen dare not face. Should he slay that ferocious lion, he will have merited at your hands the wealth you have bestowed on him. Should the lion destroy him, all your property will revert to you. The Kings of the wilds and the deserts will hold you excused, and no reproach be attached to your name. The Monarch hung his head towards the ground; and after a little reflection, he exclaimed, But should Antar slay the lion, and make him taste of the cup of vengeance —. Should Antar slay the lion, said Bahram, interrupting him, then let my blood and my property be legally his. Chosroe joyed in his heart, and ordered him to be seated; and Mubidan was directed to produce the hero. So he repaired to his dwelling, and, preventing his departure, conducted him to the presence of the Great King. When Antar entered the audience-chamber, he made his salutation, and kissed the ground. The King ordered him to sit down; and after talking familiarly with him for a while, I have heard, he continued, O Aboolfawaris, from King Monzar, that you engaged a lion in his presence, your legs being fettered, and only your hands at liberty. I am very anxious to see you thus contend with a lion which I have brought up, and named Khemees; huge as an immense elephant—of amazing strength



and fierceness. O my lord, cried Antar, have you only sent for me to meet a lion? He is the veriest dog of the wilds and the plains. By your life, O King of the age, I was thinking that you could only have called on me in some great crisis, or against a vast army, in order that I might destroy them with my sword. But if it be only to encounter this brute, come on, as you please! The Monarch was struck with wonder at the strength of his heart, and commanded the lion to be brought forth. A concourse of people went out; and having bound the beast of the forests with chains of iron, and five stout warriors holding each a link of the chain, they dragged him out. His body was of enormous length, his make broad, his chest wide, his nostrils flat, his mane yellow, and flashes of fire shot from his eyes. Each fang was a horror, and his claws terrors. At the sight, the King's indignation against Bahram increased; but turning towards Antar, Now, Aboolfawaris, he cried, descend; let me behold your contest with this furious lion. Antar instantly sprang up; and tucking the skirts of his garments within his girdle, he grasped his sword in his right, and his shield in his left hand, and, thus armed, stalked towards the lion, his heart harder than rock; and, as he thought of Ibla, he thus spoke:

"O lion, stand firm—flinch not, attack me, for  
"I fear thee not—assault me, I will not shrink  
"from the fight with one like thee—I dread thee

“not. If thou thinkest thy face stern, I am also  
“fierce of aspect, but no coward. This day thou  
“shalt lie prostrate—thou shalt be humbled low  
“in the dust.—Receive the blow from the arm of  
“Antar, and lie deeply dyed in thine own blood.”

The mind of the King was rapt in astonishment at these verses; and he felt more and more the intrepidity of Antar, who stood in front of the lion, and, shouting at him, began to draw him on, as a ferocious lion does a weaker animal:—sometimes he assailed him on the left, sometimes from the right; and the lion knew not which way to turn in the presence of Antar, who, at length, crying out “O by Abs! O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla!” struck the beast with Dharni between the eyes, and the sword continued to slide through his body till it issued out between his thighs. Antar cut him in twain before the Hall of Audience as if he had divided him with a scale; then, coming forward, he prayed for the continuation of the Monarch’s glory. “Never be thy hand paralysed!” cried Chosroe: “may no one ever harm thee, O Aboolfawaris, thou ornament of every assembly! for thou art indeed an undaunted lion, and a victorious warrior! and thy enemies are overthrown.” He instantly ordered Bahram to be seized and his head to be struck off, and his property to be given to Antar—money, furniture, and slaves; and though Antar wished to intercede for him, “By the burning of the Fire, O horseman of

the world!" exclaimed the King, "he is a villain. "It was he who persuaded me to order this combat: but I only consented to his suggestions, that all his possessions might devolve on you; and I now grant you all his wealth. Take them, and depart, but do not reproach me for my offence." The officers struck off Bahram's head, and loaded Antar with every article he possessed. Monzar rejoiced at Antar's accession of wealth; for he had been the cause of raising the honour and credit of the Arabs among the worshippers of Fire. Thus Antar departed from the land of Modayin with boundless riches and incalculable wealth. The Great King also mounted, with Mubidan and all the Satraps, to take leave of Antar: and when they were at some distance from Modayin, and had plunged into the barren desert, Antar dismounted from Abjer, and, moving towards the King, kissed his feet in the stirrup, and begged him to return with his attendants, thus addressing him:

"O thou whose station is sublime—in thy beneficence above the height of Sirius and Aries!—  
"thou art the king like whom there is no king,  
"and whose munificence is renowned over hill and dale. O thou, my hope! thou hast overwhelmed me with favours. O thou whose largesses resemble the beauteous rain-cloud! thou hast bestowed gifts on me whose extent I cannot count;  
"so liberal is thy hand, O thou, my life and my hope! thou art the man to whom all kings must

“submit; and in thy justice thou hast surpassed  
“all thy predecessors.”

Do not imagine, exclaimed the King with augmented delight, that we have been able duly to recompense you. What we have given you is perishable, as every thing human is—but your praises will endure for ages. He then kissed Antar between the eyes, and bade him adieu, giving him as a last token a rich robe: and begging him to visit him frequently, he departed.

Monzar and Antar travelled side by side, traversing the rocks and the deserts in social converse, and reciting verses day and night until they reached Hirah: and the day of their arrival was a general festival. The flags and standards were waved over their heads; and the Arabs were amazed when they saw the immense wealth that accompanied Antar. Monzar lodged Antar at a magnificent mansion, and made a splendid entertainment and feast for all classes. Antar, after a stay of three days, on the fourth morning resumed his journey. Monzar presented him a thousand Asafeer camels and five hundred loads of the rarities of Irak, and fifty noble steeds, of the most generous breed, with their armour and coats of mail, and a hundred female slaves and two hundred strong male slaves; and the chief of all the slaves was Aboolmout. O Aboolfawaris, said Monzar, will you take an escort to protect you and conduct you home? What say you? exclaimed Antar; is one like me in want of

a tax-gatherer? can one like me fear even a countless host? Were even whole armies to assail me, I would meet them! Were even Death to encounter me, I would engage him! O my lord, he added, I only consider all this wealth as proceeding from you. I am now one of your freedmen and your slave—for when you had power over me you gave me liberty, and when I was a prisoner you released me. May your sword be ever drawn in conquest against your foes! and may your munificence ever flow towards your suppliants! And as he kissed the ground he thus continued:

“ O great and renowned Monarch, be glorified!  
“ for no one can ever vaunt himself superior to thy  
“ glories. As to liberality, thy hand has grasped  
“ it all: as to rain, thy palm bestows it—and thy  
“ hand calms every woe. How many hast thou  
“ relieved from sorrow, whose pains vanish as soon  
“ as thy countenance appears! The copiousness  
“ of generosity flows from thy hand in eternal  
“ streams; and one may see thy fingers ever sup-  
“ plying, ever showering. The armies of battle  
“ are thy drawn sword, and wherever it moves  
“ against the foe, it vanquishes. May the glory it  
“ desires never fail it, and may the world ever be  
“ at thy command! May thy lord ever grant thee  
“ every favour, and mayst thou avert and subdue  
“ all thy enemies! May the projects and efforts of  
“ man ever fail against thy enterprises, and may  
“ glory ever belong to the grasp of the hand and

“the fingers of King Monzar! He has attained  
“every honour, every virtue, every excellence,  
“every felicity, and universal liberality.”

Most marvellous! exclaimed Monzar: this is indeed the man who has so nobly treated me, and raised me to the highest dignity with his laudatory poetry. Antar embraced Monzar, and bade him farewell: whilst Monzar, dismounting from his horse, took off all his clothes, and put them on Antar, giving him also every thing else he had with him on that day, and then returned home with his attendants. But Antar traversed the deserts and the wildernesses, his slaves marching before him with all his property: and he rejoiced in the accomplishment of his hopes, except when the greatness of his anxious love afflicted him; and as he approached the land of Hijaz his passions were roused, and he thus spoke:

“Is it the breeze from the heights of the land of  
“Shurebah that revives me and resuscitates my  
“heart, or is it the gale from the tamarisks? Is  
“it the flame that consumes me for Ibla, or is it  
“the lightning’s flash from her dwelling that de-  
“prives me of my senses? O thou spot where she  
“resides, may thy hillocks be ever inhabited by  
“the families, and may thy plains be ever crowded  
“with friends! Have thine eyelids been seen to  
“watch at night, as my eyelids have watched ever  
“since I quitted thee? And has the turtle-dove’s  
“moan filled thee with sorrow in thy sleeplessness,

“ as the turtle-dove’s moan has distressed me? I  
“ departed from thee not uneasy, or much in  
“ anguish; but my uncle has outraged me, and  
“ coveted my death. He has exposed me to a sea  
“ of dangers, but I plunged into it with my glitter-  
“ ing two-edged blade. I have cut through the  
“ neck of fortune, and the nocturnal vicissitudes  
“ and the nightly calamities have trembled. My  
“ good fortune has seated me in a mansion of glory,  
“ man and genii could never attain. I have en-  
“ countered in Irak horsemen that may be accounted  
“ as whole tribes when the battle rages. I am  
“ returning with the wealth of Chosroe and Cæsar  
“ —with he and she camels, horses, and slaves;  
“ and, when I reach home, my enemies shall weep,  
“ as one day they laughed when Shiboob announced  
“ my death. They indeed sought my destruction  
“ in a distant land; but they knew not that death  
“ was—my sword and my spear!”



## CHAPTER VII.

ANTAR continued to pass over the plains and wilds until he arrived at a place called Zatool Menahil. Now Antar, whenever he approached a halting-place, always sent a slave forward, lest any one should be concealed there. Accordingly he despatched a slave, who on reaching the spot saw it already occupied by five black slaves, of the colour of pitch and night; and with them was a magnificent howdah, on the summit of which was a golden crescent. Within was a person weeping and sobbing from a wounded heart, and screaming out, Woe unto these dastard slaves! Where are thine eyes, O Antar, that they might behold me? And thus she continued her lament:

“Where are thine eyes, O knight of men and  
“genii? Oh! that thou couldst see me in the infamy  
“of despair with wretches who respect no protection.  
“No—no, and have no mercy! O that I had never  
“lived in this age of traitors, who only see in thee  
“my misery and dishonour! Why has God pro-  
“longed my existence now the lion is gone, who  
“ever protected the country and the women? May  
“God ever bedew his grave with plenteous showers  
“that fail not! for, in truth, he was a knight and

“ a hero that could vanquish with his fingers the  
“ beasts of the desert, and destroy the warriors in  
“ the day of battle, whenever he appeared in the  
“ plain of contention.”

Antar arriving at that moment, was greatly surprised at this address; and hastening up to the slaves, Ye accursed wretches! he exclaimed, whose are these tents? Who is it that intends to halt here? Who is this that is crying and weeping, and is calling on the name of Antar? Go to thine own work, replied one of them: Away! away! or thou wilt soon be a corpse—Away to the desert, before the Nocturnal Evil overtake thee, or the Depredator of the Age take thee prisoner, and seize thy arms and thy horse, and join thee to his other captives. Antar’s whole heart and soul throbbed at such language; his agony and anguish were intense, when lo! the stranger raised up the veil of the howdah, and a damsel appeared, exclaiming, O my cousin! art thou among the living, and I in the power of the foe? Antar gazed earnestly, and behold it was Ibla! She had thrown herself on the ground, and was endeavouring to rise, but she could not stand, so exhausted was she by her grief. At such a sight Antar’s distress and affliction augmented. What means this dreadful event, this calamity? he cried: Who is it that has forced thee to this desert? Whence come these slaves with thee? He instantly rode towards her; the slaves raised a loud scream, but Antar roared like a lion: he slackened the bridle

of his horse—he encountered the first, and pierced him through the chest, driving his spear through his back—he transfixed a second through the mouth, and forced out the weapon at the back of his head—a third he pierced through the right side, and impelled his spear out on the left—and when the other two perceived the effects of his thrusts, they fled to the wilds and the deserts.

Now the occasion of this extraordinary event was as follows: when Shiboob returned from the land of Shiban, and quitted his brother, he launched into the deserts and escaped. Day and night he mourned for his brother, until he reached the country of the tribe of Abs, where he announced the death of Antar. On entering the tents he bared his head and tore off his clothes, raising loud lamentations and screams; and the weeping and the wailing were universal. Shedad rent his garments, and was clamorous in his sorrow and affliction; he threw down his tent, his brother Zakhmetool Jewad did the same, and all their friends and associates; and there was not one but wept bitterly. The same did also the sons of King Zoheir; and they assembled together and came in a body to Shedad, and when he saw them he thus mourned the death of Antar:

“ The affliction is extreme! fixed is it in my heart.  
“ Its intenseness blinds me—Evil is let loose upon  
“ me—Murdered is the hero of the brave, Antar!  
“ Alas! the misery and wretchedness that have fallen  
“ on me. He is gone—how long will my tears flow



“ in sorrow for him ! How long shall I endure this  
“ torture ! O expedition in a luckless hour ! How  
“ fatal was that marriage to him ! Alas ! alas for  
“ him, whose person has vanished from us ; buried  
“ low beneath the earth in the place where he  
“ fought. Let the heavens weep his loss and death  
“ in tears ! May its showers be exhausted for ever !  
“ Let the beauteous stars fall at his fatal end ! Let  
“ the air be darkened, and the sun be eclipsed ! Let  
“ the full moon be veiled also in her station through  
“ grief, and may she ever be involved in obscurity !  
“ Abandoned are the steeds and the camps by the  
“ Absian youth ; his dwelling has forfeited its pos-  
“ sessor. O race of Abs ! ye have lost a chief—  
“ How many were the heroes he slew ! How many  
“ the captives he rescued ! He was the prostrator  
“ of horsemen in the entanglement of spears, and  
“ on the day of battle how many heads laid he low !  
“ He was an intrepid lion in the day of contention—  
“ the smiling, and the stern champion of his tribe.  
“ Woe to the Absians ! now that he is gone, soon  
“ will ye encounter misery ; and the grim-visaged  
“ warriors will plunder ye. Gone is he who pro-  
“ tected the women from the foe ! Hereafter never  
“ will the trampling hostile steeds quit the dwellings ;  
“ he used to fell them down with his sword and  
“ spear, and make them drink cups of death. Noble  
“ and magnanimous was he in every act ; high-  
“ prized was he among men. Oh ! I will weep for  
“ him as long as the west wind blows, in tears that  
“ shall stream and shall moisten the sands.”

Prince Malik repaired to the tents of his father King Zoheir, his tears streaming from his eyes; and as he sobbed aloud, he sent for Shiboob, and made every inquiry of him : O King of Kings, he ended by saying, truly Ibla and her father have brought ill luck on Antar, and the whole tribe of Abs. But when King Zoheir inquired for Malik, Ibla's father (for he wished to speak to him about this affair), he was told that he and his son had been long absent, and none but the women were in the tents. For Prince Malik, and the companions that loved Antar, ever reproached and abused them, saying, Why did ye resolve on exposing the protector of the tribe to an ocean of deaths and dangers? You have now left the Arab hordes to plunder us in every plain and wild; and by the truth of Lat, and Uzza, and the great Hibel\*, every one that comes near us may slay us, and make us drink the odious draughts of death. So Malik, seeing how matters stood, determined to pass some time in roaming about the deserts, and not to remain with his family an object of scorn and disgrace. Accordingly he took with him fifteen horsemen and departed, with the view of gaining some spoil among the Arab tribes. They set out, and traversed the deserts and the sands, until they reached the land of Kenanah, where water failed them, and their thirst became intense. Truly, my son, said Malik to Amroo, thirst grievously afflicts me; gallop on, and descend into yonder valley.

\* Three idols of Arabian idolatry.

Amroo galloped away into an extensive plain, watered with gushing springs. On one side of the valley was a hovel, and at the entrance was a spear fixed in the ground, and a horse ready saddled. He halted, and, as he looked attentively around, there issued forth an old woman, who screamed at the sight of a stranger, exclaiming, What makes thee stop at the dwelling of the outrageous lion, thou son of infamy and disgrace? O mother of horsemen, he replied, I thirst, and I am come hither in quest of water. What people are ye? We are of the tribe of Kenanah, said she, an honourable and trust-worthy race; our habitation is in this spot, for the lion only dwells in his lair. But whilst they were thus conversing, lo! a youth started out of the hovel, and shouted at Amroo. He was a horseman of consummate bravery, and an intrepid hero. His name was Vachid, son of Mesar, the Kenanian; and being just then displeased with his tribe, he had removed to this place. He stared at Amroo, and seeing him talk with his mother, he became like one frantic. Tell me who thou art? he roared. Amroo's eyes shot fire. Check thy wrath, young man, he replied, for we are of the tribe of the noble Abs, horsemen of destruction and sudden death. Thou son of infamy and disgrace, cried Vachid, to one like me dost thou speak thus? to me whom the lions of the forest dread? Dismount and be humbled, before thou art extended a corpse on the earth. Amroo was highly incensed. But Vachid vaulted on his



steed, snatched up his spear, and drove at him like a lion: he assailed him, and tearing him off his saddle, dashed him down at the door of the hut, roaring and bellowing. The old woman pinioned his shoulders, and Amroo was almost dead.

Now Malik, alarmed at his son's long absence, went in search of him, accompanied by the others, until they came to the valley, where they perceived the flowing streams, and, not far off, the horseman on the back of his steed, and Amroo bound with cords. Alas! my son, exclaimed Malik. His eyes rolled in horror, and he rushed down on Vachid, who received him as the parched ground the first of the rain. He shouted at him, and driving the heel of his spear against his chest, threw him on his back. He immediately plunged into the midst of his companions, and hurled them to the earth; three only were unhurt; and they all delivered themselves up to him, seeing death flash from his eyes. Vachid bound some, and as his mother secured the remainder he thus spoke:

“ When I degrade every horseman in the day of  
“ battle, I defend my wife with my Indian blade.  
“ Noble is the youth that braves every evil, and  
“ knows that man is not eternal; that clads himself  
“ in armour during the meridian heat, and wanders  
“ during the nights and the thick darkness. Ask  
“ the Absians of me, O Animah! mark my conduct  
“ towards them, and laud the glories of my birth;  
“ I gave them to drink of bitter-flavoured blood



“ with my hand, when they came complaining of  
“ thirst; I cut down the chiefs of the party; blood  
“ gushed from their wounds, and they were strug-  
“ gling with their hands on the ground. Who  
“ refuses such water to those who scour the wilds  
“ where dwell and prowl the dæmons? I am the  
“ night, though I am not black; I am the ocean,  
“ though I do not foam. Kenanah is my tribe, the  
“ door of every virtue; they are noble, high-minded,  
“ and proud; and I have a spirit no other knight  
“ ever attained—I am exalted above the Sun, and  
“ Moon, and the Great Bear.”

Vachid passed that night rejoicing in his triumph over his enemies; but at the dawn of day, being resolved to demand a ransom from his prisoners, lo! fifty horsemen of the tribe of Kenanah joined him, wishing to make peace with him; and he showed them the captive horsemen of Abs; and treating them kindly, he marched back with them, the whole party driving the Absians before them, till they reached their own country, where he was received with great joy. Having pitched his tents, and erected his standards, Vachid reposed that night with his family; but early next day he summoned Malik, son of Carad, and the captive warriors, and demanded of them a heavy ransom in he and she camels, threatening and menacing them with his vengeance. O Arabs, cried Ghayadh, do not ask of us beyond our means, for we are poor Arabs, and the greatest of us all is only master of what his

sword and spear can procure. Know, too, that we only quitted our country from poverty and want; not one of us possesses any he or she camels, I assure you. I know very well, replied Vachid, when the Arabs are taken prisoners and are in difficulty, they always talk after this manner. But by the faith of an Arab, if you do not guarantee to me all your property, and hasten with all your he and she camels, I will bring annihilation down upon ye all; not one of ye will I spare. Whilst Vachid was thus haranguing, up came the old woman, who recognizing Malik among the captives, My son, said she to Vachid, do you mark that prisoner? Yes! he replied. By your existence, she continued, he has a daughter called Ibla, whose equal in form and beauty the heavens do not shadow. Take my advice, demand her in marriage, and release him from bondage. Arab, cried Vachid, addressing Malik, know that I was determined on killing you; but I have just now heard from this old woman that you have a daughter called Ibla, lovely and beautiful; and she has described her charms in the most extravagant manner; I therefore desire you to marry her lawfully to me. Malik, now considering his escape as secure, eagerly replied; Arab, you deserve her more than any one else, but we have in our family a thousand rivals, and they will not permit me to wed her to a stranger. Malik then related to Vachid all that had passed about Antar, and all the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred; how he had exposed

Antar to extreme danger in sending him to procure camels for the marriage dower; how he was assured of his death, and that he was reduced to dust. But there is still another man in the tribe, called Amarah, who loves her; and I fear, continued Malik, he will oppose your pretensions. This is but a juggle, cried Vachid; I shall instantly set you free that you may execute this engagement; but not one of your cousins will I release until your daughter is mine: and beware, for if you are not as good as your word, they shall be laid low headless. Well! said Malik, I will satisfy you. I swear to you, that I will perform every thing I have promised. Let my son Amroo and myself depart; my companions I will leave in bondage. I will only be absent ten days, and if I fail in my word, cut off the heads of my cousins, and make me responsible for their blood, and I will pay their families the compensation-money\*. May God never comfort thee! exclaimed Ghayadh, it is solely on thy account we have fallen into this state of captivity and torture, and our expedition will terminate in the forfeiture of our lives. Cousin, cried Malik, reproach me not; it is to save you that I have promised my child; and my heart consents to abandon my tribe and my brethren merely that I may preserve you and myself. However I will not let Vachid release one of ye till ye engage yourselves most solemnly to keep the whole a secret from

\* *Diyet*—in those days it amounted to ten camels.



the Absians. Who would be such a fool, exclaimed Ghayadh, as to tell it? Who will venture to confess that one horseman has thus reduced us to disgrace, and has thus tied us up like so many mules? Soon after, Malik and Amroo departed for the tribe of Abs. Vachid followed him three days after, taking with him a troop of noble Arabs; but when they reached the tribe of Abs, they concealed themselves among the rocks, that Malik might have time to visit his daughter and his family. Malik having thus given his hand and contracted the marriage, and imagining that his affairs, though once in a luckless state, were now in proper train, set out for the land of Shurebah and Mount-Saadi; Ghayadh having enjoined him not to delay his return. He and his son Amroo hastened over the hills and the sands; but they did not feel secure until they had reached their country, where, under cover of the night, they skulked among the tents, and found all the families in grief and affliction on account of Antar. Malik repaired to his own tents, near which he perceived a newly-made grave, his daughter sitting by it drowned in tears, in the deepest affliction, and clothed in black. The tears flowed in torrents down her cheeks, and she was tearing the flesh off her wrists with her teeth, and beating her bosom with her hands; and, as she dashed her head against the grave, she addressed it in these words:

“O grave, my tears shall ever bedew thy earth!  
“my eyes have renounced sweet sleep! O grave,

“ is there any one but my cousin Antar in thee, or  
“ is his sepulchre in my heart ! Alas, alas for thee !  
“ felled to the ground art thou, and the groans of a  
“ distracted mourner survive. They slew him barbarously, and his foes exult when they see my  
“ agony and misery on his account. O, by God !  
“ never will I surrender myself to another, were he  
“ to come with a thousand charms.”

Malik now feeling assured of Antar's death, displayed all his artifice and hypocrisy by expressing his grief and distress ; and, as he entered his wife's apartment, O my cousin, said he, what misfortune is this ? on whose account is all this lamentation and wailing ? Your nephew Antar ! she replied : accounts of his death arrived during your absence ; and there is not an individual in the whole tribe but abuses you ; never will you escape from the perils that surround you. Upon this, Malik made show of still more vehement sorrow ; he rent his clothes, and exclaimed, By the faith of an Arab, we rather deserve their prayers, for many of us are slain, some are now captives, and now that I am returned, I find you in this afflicted state. Never can we deliver ourselves from these troubles but by emigrating. He then repaired to his daughter, and kissing her head, My child, said he, let not this sad affair prey upon thy mind, moderate thy grief and distress : and whilst he pitied her, she blushed for him. She sprang up from the tomb, and starting off from him, Away ! she cried, no one slew my

cousin but thou ; thou wast the man that exposed him to an ocean of perils ; truly will thy treachery soon share the evils thy arm has brought on him. Her father made no reply, but hastened to the tents of Shedad ; and as he drew nigh, he heard Shedad sobbing and sighing, and in tears, thus giving vent to his sorrow :

“ O my eyelids, let your tears flow abundantly,  
“ weep for the generous, noble horseman ; a knight  
“ in whom I took refuge when my efforts failed, at  
“ my up-risings and my down-sittings. My brother  
“ exposed him to a sea of death in his malice, and  
“ the hearts of the envious exult. He planned his  
“ murder, and he has abandoned me. No more  
“ will my honour and my engagements be respected.  
“ He behaved cruelly to him in exacting the marriage dower, and he now refuses to do him justice.  
“ *He* was the drawn sword of the race of Abs, cleaving through armour above the skin. *He* used to fell the foe in every land, till the warriors cried out for succour. Prostrate, fallen, bowed to the earth is *he* now, beneath the shadow of lances and the waving of banners. Now *he* is gone, the Absian dames are in sorrow, dashing their hands against their cheeks in fear of slavery ; dishevelled is their hair, streaming are their tears over their fair necks decorated with chains ; sighing they mourn the hero of Abs in sobs of sorrow, that give pleasure to the envious. Grieve they must ever in tears from their eyes for him who



"was the illustrious knight. May God destroy  
"Malik, son of Carad, and make him suffer what  
"the tribe of Themood endured!"

Having listened to this lament, Malik entered: he tore off his garments, and renewed his sighs and his tears. Indeed, my brother, said he, we also require your prayers. And he attempted to kiss him; but Shedad turned away from him. Away with this deceit and hypocrisy, said he. Who but you sent my son to Irak? But there are who will demand his blood at your hands, and will requite you for his death. Malik shrunk away, and hot coals were burning in his heart, as he sought for pretexts to cover his guilt. He laid not down that night before he told his wife what had happened to him in his expedition; how he had betrothed his daughter, and had by her means rescued his life and soul; but that his cousins were still detained as hostages; and how he had engaged them to keep the whole affair a secret. Upon this they resolved on emigrating, and Malik concealed himself, on account of his companions whom he had left in captivity, and lest Amarah or Rebia, on hearing what he was doing, might mar his project; for these were again bent on their former plans, the moment they heard that Antar had fallen. Amarah indeed was in ecstasies, and whispered to himself, "now then will Ibla be mine." So taking with him Oorwah, son of Wird, and ten other horsemen, he departed on a plundering expedition for a marriage dower, from



the land of Yemen. Malik no sooner heard of Amarah's departure, than he made his preparations for migrating. But the three days had scarcely elapsed, when a slave arrived from Vachid, to inform him that his master was already at the springs of Zeba, accompanied by forty horsemen, concealed hard by. Return ! said Malik, return to him, and tell him we are on our way. And at night Malik struck his tents, and loaded the camels. What means this ? inquired Ibla. Whither, my father, are you going ? We cannot possibly remain here any longer, replied Malik, for the very stones cry out against us, and all the families are convinced that you and I were alone the cause of Antar's destruction ; but I swear by the life of your eyes, that I only despatched him for these Asafeer camels in order to raise your dignity amongst the high and low, and now our relations consider us as enemies. It is my wish, therefore, to absent myself until this is somewhat blown over, and then we will return again home ; but should we remain long here, Amarah will come and demand you in marriage ; you do not like him, and I have no excuse by which I can elude his pretensions ; besides, I cannot ever force you to a marriage with any one, not the object of your choice. No one but Antar can my heart ever love, said Ibla ; and, moreover, what can that wretch Amarah do ? And thus she recited :

“ O heart, be patient under the agonies I endure.  
“ But how can my tears cease to flow ! no balm is

"there to soothe them. How can my tears be  
 "soothed away! ever must they flow for the loss of  
 "him who shamed the brilliancy of the loveliest.  
 "High exalted are his glory and his exploits: noble  
 "is his birth, permanent in the pinnacle of honour.  
 "He who dwells in every life, he, the eternal  
 "Cupbearer, has made him drink of the cups of  
 "death. Oh! I shall weep for him for ever, as  
 "long as the dove pours forth its lament on the  
 "boughs and the leaves. O Aboolfawaris! I have  
 "not a breath of life remaining: Oh! then, how  
 "can I be patient under my transports and my  
 "passion?"

Her sorrows burst forth anew, but her father  
 regarded her not. About midnight they de-  
 parted, traversing rocks and deserts, and before  
 morning they had quitted the country. When  
 King Zoheir heard of it, Wherever he goes, may  
 death overtake him! said he. God grant he may  
 never return, and never be seen or heard of more!  
 How diabolical are his malice and hypocrisy! how  
 detestable his art and deceit! By the faith of an  
 Arab, had we not been related, I would have or-  
 dered him to be put to death, before he could have  
 escaped. But wherever he goes, his punishment  
 will overtake him for his conduct to Antar.

In the mean time, Malik travelled on till he  
 reached the Springs of Zeba, where Vachid was  
 concealed with his prisoners; their feet bare, their  
 bodies naked, and their heads uncovered: misery

and disgrace were their lot. At day-break arrived Malik, with his loaded camels, and slaves, and all his property. His male slaves led the camels. Ibla was mounted on a howdah, and many attendants walked by her side. Vachid, the moment he saw the cavalcade, recognized them: he sprang out of his concealment; he slackened his bridle, and grasped his spear, followed by his horsemen; and when they came close to Malik, they saluted him, who, in answer to their inquiries, told them what had passed. Salute your spouse, he added. I have faithfully brought you the object of your wishes. Soothe her heart, and then, perhaps, she will return your affection; and if you request any thing of her, she will not refuse you. Ibla was seized with horror at hearing these words. Who are these people? cried she; whom is my father addressing with so much respect? who is this horseman? O my sister, replied Amroo, we owe him our lives: he had taken us prisoners, but has released us out of regard for you; and we have married you to him. He is your husband, and your protector; and it is our intention to make his country our home; for he is a man of honour, and he is one of the Chiefs of the tribe of Kenanah. He then informed her of their imprisonment and distresses; and that some were even detained in captivity as hostages for her marriage. We, he continued, are bound to him by solemn engagements, and now we have fulfilled his wishes. Ibla's agony was severe indeed: she



tore off her garments, and screamed in the fulness of her grief, hopeless of rescue. Who is he that demands me in marriage of you? she cried. The die is cast, he replied; receive him—deny him not; he has not his equal—no one is to be compared to him. And as he was about to return to the horsemen, Ibla flung herself on the ground, weeping and sobbing. She cast the sand over her head, exclaiming, Alas, O Antar! may God destroy him who destroyed thee! Now thou art gone, how infinite is my misery. O by the Arabs! O for that high-minded Chief! O for that renowned hero! And in the midst of her tears and sighs she thus complained:

“Copiously flow my tears; disease arises in my  
“frame; a fire is kindled in my bowels and my  
“liver. No support have I against my afflictions.  
“I have lost all patience, and anguish consumes  
“my body. Is there any hope for me in my  
“agonies, now that fortune has betrayed me in the  
“hero of the Battle of Lions—the cleaver of skulls,  
“and of ribs, and of armour—the scatterer of hos-  
“tile armies over the universe? Flow then, my  
“tears, in grief for him; increase, that I may see  
“my tears moisten every spot of rust. Mayst  
“thou, O Wild Beast, be drowned in the water of  
“my tears! O my tears, never be ye exhausted;  
“ever be ye multiplied. My dishonour in the  
“deserts shall never be accomplished by my con-

"sent. But patience! never, never more will I  
"complain to any one."

Whilst Ibla was thus speaking, Vachid stood gazing at what God had given her of beauty and loveliness; and his heart was pierced by the arrows of her glances. Her brother would have beaten her, and driven her back to the howdah; but Vachid kept him off, for he began to pity her. Keep off, he cried, for truly her heart is overcharged with affliction; her distress and sorrow are great. Have patience with me till we reach home, continued he, addressing Ibla in a softened tone; I will appoint slave-girls and free-born women to attend on thee. And he attempted to kiss her between the eyes, and raise her into the howdah. But she struck him violently on the chest, and threw him on his back. Avaunt, she exclaimed, thou vilest of Arabs! basest of all that ever struck a tent-peg in the desert: thy marriage with thine own mother is nearer at hand than with me. Begone: never mayst thou be respected! never protected! When her father and brother heard these words, they stood abashed in the presence of Vachid. Amroo ran towards her, and, raising his arm, with a stick beat her over the shoulders, saying, Is it in such terms you receive your husband? he is indeed a noble Chief. And he drew forth his sword, and beat her with the flat part of it. Paralysed be thy hand! stifened be thy limbs and joints! thou foulest of men,

exclaimed Ibla, sighing deeply. Strike me dead at once, if thou art a horseman, and put off the garments of infamy and disgrace; for truly thou art degraded among the Arabs in every plain. Ye have all been taken prisoners by these horsemen, and have ransomed your lives by a shameful bargain, sacrificing a poor girl, helpless and ignorant. May God pour down on you all the miseries of the age! At this her brother was still more exasperated; and he beat her with his whip till he made the blood flow. He then replaced her in the howdah. Mind not what she says, said he to Vachid, who also mounted his horse, and led her camel by the bridle. But the prisoners being released, set off on their way home. Ibla, in the mean time, made the plains re-echo to her shrieks; and Vachid thought he should never reach his tents: whilst Ibla continually called on the name of Antar, looking out to the right and to the left, and weeping till evening came over them; and she remained three days without food or sleep. On the fourth day she was quite exhausted by hunger and watching, and excess of grief. Often did she invoke her father and her brother, exclaiming, O God, send down enemies upon them, and dreadful calamities. Thus she continued, till one morning a great dust arose, and darkened the land; when lo! there appeared thirty slaves like eagles, and they came down like voracious hawks. They no sooner marked the howdah, and the party with their camels, than they



fixed their spears and let go their bridles, whilst their Chief directed himself towards the howdah, crying out, Oh what a glorious morning! I am the Nocturnal Evil, and the Depredator of the Age. Now this slave was called Abooddegi, son of Nabih the Kelbian, born in some of the corners of Yemen, of a tribe named the tribe of Riyan. His constant practice was to carry off the Arab maidens: he acknowledged no protection, and made no distinction between right and wrong. He only stayed three days in one country, during which time he overwhelmed it with blood and massacres; for he was one of the prodigies of the time. The maiden whom he made captive he kept for three days to himself, and then consigned her to his slaves, who, when they had glutted their barbarity, seized all she had, murdered her, roasted her, and devoured her. They afterwards departed for another country. Such was their usual conduct towards the women of Arabia; and their leader was surnamed the Nocturnal Evil, the Depredator of the Age. As soon as he beheld Ibla, and the horsemen of Kenanah, he darted towards her, followed by his slaves like black eagles. Vachid stared; his eyes became like burning coals. Remain with your daughter's howdah, said he to Malik: tell her to mark my deeds in the field of battle: long have I wished to meet this warrior. He galloped away, grasping his spear, and assaulted the slave in the boldest style. But he found him a tempestuous sea. The contest became general;

warriors attacked warriors, and horsemen encountered each other. Steel clashed against steel, and the close and the distant met. Vachid fiercely engaged the Chief, and a furious conflict ensued. Vachid, fearing Malik would regard him with the eye of inferiority, exposed himself to every peril: he exerted every energy to attain victory and glory: he poured down his thrusts with the utmost vehemence, and he imagined his enemy must fall beneath his blows. But his hopes were unavailing; for the slave at length struck Vachid's lance, and made it shiver into four pieces: he pierced him in the chest, and forced his spear out behind his back. Vachid fell prostrate on the earth. When Ibla's father beheld this frightful accident, rage and indignation possessed him; and exclaiming to Ibla, Ah! what a wretch art thou! he and his son mounted, wishing to keep off the Nocturnal Evil from the women. But they were seized with the greatest horrors. The slave shouted at Malik in a voice like a peal of thunder; and quickly turning round his spear, he struck him with the butt end—overthrowing him, and nearly killing him; he then drove at Amroo, his eyes rolling like burning coals. Amroo delivered himself up without difficulty, crying out, Young man, may God preserve thee! Pity thy prisoner! take the women and the families; but spare us the terrors of the combat. So the slave pinioned him, and tied down his arms; and having treated Malik in the same manner, he

sprang on his horse to assist his companions. Ibla rejoiced over her family, and her sorrows were relieved: but the unhappy girl was distracted, not knowing what to do, so overcome was she by fears and terrors: but whilst she was conversing with her mother upon this subject, Wretched woman, exclaimed Malik to his wife, come to me, and unbind me, for I am nearly dead. Let us mount these scattered horses; let each of us take one; and let us escape. His wife accordingly alighted, and unbound him. Ibla did the same for her brother. Malik and Amroo mounted two horses; and taking each a female behind him, they sought the wilds and the plains, considering themselves now beyond every danger. In the mean time the slaves were employed in combating the Kenanians. But Malik and the rest were traversing the rocks and deserts, happy in their deliverance from the enemy, when on a sudden there appeared ten horsemen like eagles, preceded by a string of camels, which they were goading on with the spikes of their lances.

Now these were horsemen of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, headed by Amarah and Oorwah, who were returning from their expedition into the land of Yemen, exulting and victorious. Amarah's sole anxiety was to reach home, that he might again set eyes on Ibla's face. At that moment he heard Malik's shouts: he immediately advanced; and as they came nigh they recognized each other. Amarah dismounted, and hailed Malik and Amroo, who



were in such fright and alarm they with difficulty discovered their friends. Amarah gazed at the brilliant Ibla, and lo! her complexion and her face turned from a bright red to a deadly pale. He was amazed. What means all this, my cousins? said he. O Amarah! replied Malik, hasten to your prize: hurry over the plains before the troop of horsemen overtake us, and you fall into the misery and distress into which we also fell. Malik now recounted his adventures: how he had betrothed his daughter to Vachid, and what had occurred on the journey. He also described the slave and Vachid, and their intrepid conduct, so forcibly, that when he finished his narrative, an universal trembling seized Amarah and Oorwah. Just at that moment arose a great dust; loud shouts struck them; and lo! the blacks rushed on them—the terrible slave at their head, roaring out, Whither, ye dogs, have ye escaped? Behind ye, close, is the Nocturnal Evil, and the Depredator of the Age! Having secured Malik and Amroo with cords, he went to aid his comrades, and attacked the people of Kenanah, who amounted to forty horsemen, as we before stated. It was not even mid-day when he had slain thirty-five of them, and hurled them to destruction. The other five escaped over the plain by the speed of their horses. After this the victors turned back in quest of the howdah, but they found no one in it; for their prisoners had fled. The slave galloped in pursuit of them, and sent forth a shriek that would

have split a rock ; for he was in the fiercest agony of rage. He hastened after the fugitives, followed by his companions, till they perceived the party ; who no sooner discovered them, than they were horror-struck. O my cousin, said they to Oorwah, the slaves have overtaken us ; and the Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age is at their head. Let us turn upon them : let us die like brave men ; let us not live like cowards. Amarah, O Amarah, cried Ibla, this is the moment for energy and exertion. He who once opposed you on my account is dead, and crushed to the earth : had he, indeed, been alive, never should I have been a captive in the hands of enemies : greatly would it have grieved him to have seen me in this state of distress. In short, there is now no one but thee to assist me. Exhibit before me this day a proof of thy bravery, of which thou boastest so much : let me see how thou canst fight these black slaves. At these words, all the pride of an Arab sprang into the heart of Amarah ; death itself appeared indifferent to him. By the life of thine eyes, O thou joy of my heart, O thou dispeller of my sorrows, replied he, this day will I exhibit before thee all my prowess in its true blaze ; and thou shalt learn that all I have said of myself is true. So he summoned up his courage, adjusted himself properly, tucked up his skirts, twirled his whiskers, and folded up his hair under his turban, drawing it off from his shoulders. He then pulled forth his spear, and set out on a full gallop, exclaiming,

This assault, O Ibla, is for thy bright eyes; and he went off among the foremost, accompanied by Oorwah, who cried out, Do you look out on the right, I will to the left. But Amarah recited these verses:

“To-day I will exhibit my prowess and my  
“courage: the warriors and the horsemen shall  
“stand in awe of me. I will plunge into a sea of  
“blood, in quest of glory, and the heroes shall  
“behold my impetuosity and my thrusts. Ibla  
“shall mark the deeds of a ferocious lion. Now  
“that it is all over with that infernal black, I shall  
“be glorified among the Arabs, and they shall  
“acknowledge my valour in the field of battle.”

Amarah had not finished his speech, when one of the slaves gave him a blow that upset him, and laid him sprawling on the ground. Abooddegi attacked Oorwah, and shouted at him in a voice like thunder: his assault was that of an eagle; and a vigorous contest ensued, would turn an infant grey. Abooddegi darted close up to him, so that their stirrups grated: he seized Oorwah by the breast-plate, and, dragging him towards him, wrenched him out of his saddle, and held him suspended in his hand. Dismounting, he pinioned him, and bound his arms tight. The conflict continued till the sun turned pale; and the slaves having slain all that remained of the Absians, the Nocturnal Evil hastened up to Ibla's father and his son, and, wounding them severely, threw them on the ground. He reposed in that spot for the night, with his slaves and prisoners; but at day-



break they departed : Ibla ever in tears and grief, and the men tied on the backs of the horses, plunged in infamy and disgrace. Do not be so distressed, said the Nocturnal Evil, to calm their sorrows ; rather rejoice in your safety. I shall not demand of you money or camels : but whoever has a beautiful daughter or sister, let him send her to me for three days and nights. Then will I set him at liberty. But whoever does not consent to these my terms, will instantly be my victim. Hast thou ever, O my cousin, said Amarah to Oorwah (for Amarah was bound by his side, stripped and exposed), hast ever heard of a more iniquitous fellow than this base slave ? Thou, indeed, wilt be able to escape : Malik, also, and Amroo : they will all get well out of this scrape. But I, poor I, must die under stripes and tortures. How so, thou foul mustachioéd fellow ? cried Oorwah. Oh ! continued Amarah, you will give him your lovely sister Selma, and Malik will surrender that woman of women, Ibla ; and the unhappy Amarah will die in misery and wretchedness. I am sure there will be no occasion to touch me once with a sword or a spear ; for were I but to see him alone with Ibla, my death and dissolution would be instantaneous : indeed, I should expire of anguish. Ibla cannot be otherwise than of ill omen to him, said Oorwah, as she has already been to others before him. To whomsoever she is affianced, his mother will weep and mourn for him. Whoever takes her will forfeit his property, and have his throat cut. You have



observed how we travelled over hills and dales, and how we obtained these camels; but as soon as we beheld *her* face, misfortunes were let loose on us, and miseries came down upon us. Whilst this was passing between Amarah and Oorwah, the Nocturnal Evil sent on before him five slaves; and consigning over to their care Ibla's howdah, Hasten, said he, to the spot of Zatool Menahil; pitch our tents there; for there I intend to remain three days with this lovely damsel. After which, mark what I will do to these wretches when I have taken away their property, and received their ransom. The slaves rode forward, and Antar met them, as we have already described: some of them he slew; the rest he put to flight. Antar was now wholly wrapped up in Ibla, frequently asking after her health; for misery had impaired her charms. She was bewildered at the sight of her beloved: her tears flowed profusely. At last recovering, she thus addressed him:

“All my misery—all my grief is past, now that  
“we have met after so long an absence. Time  
“now happily announces the existence of one who  
“had been trampled beneath the dumb grave.  
“Now the eyes of the age are illumined, after a  
“period of darkness, and I am returned to life  
“after my death. O Knight of men and Genii!  
“O thou that excellest every warrior in glory!  
“my eyes gladden at beholding thy liberality, and  
“the beauty of thy truth. I will implore God ever  
“to exalt thy glories, both morning and evening.”

She concluded by relating to Antar what had happened to her with the foul slave and Vachid: how the latter had taken her father and brother prisoners, and how they had ransomed themselves by sacrificing her. As Antar listened, he wept. In return, he detailed to her the horrors he had undergone: what had happened to him with Choroë, and all that had passed in Persia: how he had extricated himself from his troubles: and he described the riches he had brought with him. Now her soul seemed to revive after death. O my cousin, said she, by my life that is in thy heart, bear me away, and return to the nation that has loaded thee with favours. Leave my father and brother with this adulterous slave; let him treat them as he pleases: return no more to the tribe of Abs. Antar smiled at her expressions of love, and rejoiced in her faith and constancy. Hail to all that can give thee pleasure, he replied; dismiss from thy mind whatever can pain thee; for by the life of thine eyes and the black of thine eye brows, I will subdue all the world for thee. I will make thee supreme over the high and low. Then calling to his attendants, whom he ordered to halt there, Protect my cousin, said he, the mistress of all this wealth. This day I will give you the joyous spectacle of the destruction of her enemies. And he advanced to meet the horsemen. The Nocturnal Evil was following fast his companions, whom he had sent forward to pitch his tents; and so happy was he, he thought he should never arrive; when

lo ! two of his slaves came towards him at a full gallop, not daring even to look behind them. What has befallen you in this desert ? he exclaimed : where are my Absian damsel, and your other comrades ? Our comrades, they replied, are already a prey to the birds and the eagles. But a black, not even like a negro, has taken possession of your maiden. His look terrifies the senses : his face is that of a Ghoul. When he strikes a skull, he cleaves it ; when he thrusts at a horseman, he annihilates him. He hears not what any one says ; to no human being does he deign to reply. His thrust is his address ; his blow is his answer. At hearing this, Abooddegi hissed like a serpent ; he roared and bellowed, Does one like me fear man, dæmon, genii, or the devil ? and he instantly gave the rein to his steed ; and, poising his spear, he departed, in order to clear up this mystery ; and as he pursued his way, he thus exclaimed :

“ Were I afraid of the conflict of man, I should  
“ not be called the Nocturnal Depredator. How  
“ can I fear man or genii, I, who have a heart  
“ harder than mountain rock ? I dwell alone in  
“ the wilds and the wastes, to chase the lions, the  
“ inhabitants of gloomy haunts. How many nights  
“ have I passed where the Ghouls watch with me,  
“ and tremble at my shadow ! How many horse-  
“ men have I left felled to the earth, gnawing their  
“ right hands and their left ! Faith has no charms  
“ for me ; no pleasure has a guest in my favours.



“To break a piece of bread is even hard to me, as  
“I fear my evening repast may be but scanty.  
“I have no connexion with men, and they evince  
“their enmity to me on that account throughout  
“the world. I have no protection among man, for  
“treachery is the sole rule of my conduct. No  
“relative have I but my spear and my sword;  
“those two in the contest are my paternal and  
“maternal uncle. On the back of a steed was I  
“born by night. How then shall I fear nocturnal  
“calamities!”

He continued his course over the plains till he met Antar the valiant lion. Who art thou, he cried, that hast slain my companions, and hast seized my Asbian maid? To-day thou shalt die; to-day thou shalt fall into annihilation! Thou dastard—thou offspring of an uncircumcised race, exclaimed Antar, since when has Ibla been thy slave? By God, thou foul Arab, had it not been for my absence in quest of a marriage dower for her, thou wouldst have waited long for such an opportunity. Away with thee! thy success is but a dream. Heroes have turned grey for her; and every one, on foot or on horseback be he, has failed in his attempts on her. Come on: let us to the field this instant. Now to the battle of swords; and know, that this will be the most inauspicious of days for thee. Antar immediately assailed him: he galloped and charged with him, and commenced the conflict. As soon as Ibla's father beheld Antar in full con-

test with their common foe, Protector of Abs and Adnan, he cried, release us from this dæmon: make him drink of death, nephew! for he is a perfidious wretch; and hadst thou not arrived thus opportunely, Ibla would have been rendered infamous among the Arabs for ever. O that thou hadst never been born, nor Ibla either! exclaimed Oorwah; for she brings ill luck on every one that seeks her. By Heaven, said Amarah, she is not too dearly purchased by the loss of lives or the sacrifice of souls, or by the cleaving of skulls and heads. This misery, this disgrace we endure, are all on her account. But still never, oh never! shall I be able to command one embrace or one kiss. Yet I think it is only on account of this black slave that she is so obdurate. Whilst they were conversing, Antar was engaging his antagonist; and a battle ensued between them that would have daunted the boldest warriors. And they continued the combat until Antar, observing his adversary flag, pressed on him, wearied him, and terrified him; then, extending his spear, pierced him between the breasts, and forced the barb out through his shoulders, crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla! He hastened towards the captives, and liberated them, expressing his delight at meeting his uncle Malik. Rejoice at this deliverance from death, he exclaimed, but know that all your late sufferings are only a just punishment for your past conduct. You promised your



daughter to me hypocritically and deceitfully : you despatched me to the land of Irak in search of her dower, and you exposed me to a sea of perils and dangers. In the meantime, you affianced her to a horseman of Kenanah : but God has at last rewarded your treachery and insult. Do not reproach me, dear nephew, replied Malik ; your brother Shiboob returned home, and, announcing your death, deprived us of every hope of seeing you again. And Malik recounted all their adventures, from the return of Shiboob to the encounter at Zatoul-Menahil.

O Aboolfawaris ! exclaimed Amarah, every one gains his own in time. Praise be to God that you came off victorious, and thus saved us from death. Antar thanked him, and conducted them to his tents, where they halted ; and as they beheld his countless profusion of wealth and jewels, their minds were stupefied, their eyes were scared, and their senses bewildered. Nephew, said Malik, whence is all this property, this wealth, these tents, and these pavilions ? doubtless some of the noble Kings of the land have stopped here. Uncle, replied Antar, all this wealth belongs to your slave, Antar. You demanded of me a thousand Asafeer camels ; I have brought them loaded, by the great King their owner, with gold and money. Having conducted them to the tents, he ordered his slaves to slay camels and sheep, and to prepare a feast ; whilst he sat down to relate to them all his adven-

tures in Irak and with Nushirvan, and described all the honours and dignities he had received. But when the slaves advanced to attend on Antar, he ordered them to offer their services to his illustrious Chiefs. Antar soon after rejoined Ibla, inquiring after her health, and sympathising in her sufferings. He kissed her between the eyes: she threw herself into his arms, and kissed his face and cheeks. Rejoice in these riches, said he tenderly to her; such a sight, my cousin, regales the eye, and enlivens the heart and soul. Mark, too, these female slaves, that resemble moons, and this silver litter, studded with costly jewels; and rule me as thou wilt, night and day. Truly the great King has enriched me with this crown of jewels, which no human being has as yet touched. Verily, replied Ibla, your safety is more acceptable to me than all you have described: no pleasure have I felt but in your presence. Antar smiled, and his bosom expanded with joy at the purity of her love. He quitted her, having first stationed a guard over her, fearful of any accident. And Antar's enemies reposed that night under the protection of Antar, conversing about his good fortune and exalted honours. Well! said Amroo to his father, I can no longer remain with the tribe of Abs; I shall set out for the land of Yemen. I shall migrate; for I have not an eye to look on this black slave, who even presumes to take possession of Ibla—that full moon. What can a man do, added Malik, when his projects are

thus thwarted? Could the God of heaven in his wrath be more adverse to him, when I exposed him to those oceans of perils? but he has escaped from them all, and has, moreover, brought with him all this wealth, and these precious loadings. Know, my son, when we reach home, every one will love Antar, and hate us; for you observed their behaviour to us when they heard he was dead. Amroo, said Oorwah, if Antar reaches the tribe of Abs and Adnan, he will rule over it, and depose King Zoheir: he will exalt himself to his station; the clans, too, will obey and follow him. The greatest Kings cannot produce such wealth. When Amarah heard this, he wept in excess of envy and misery. Disgraced, dishonoured, is the family of Zeead, O my cousins, he cried; verily my gall is bursting at this vile black slave, whom fortune favours. By the truth of our idols, should he enter unto Ibla, I shall expire of anguish. Oh that the Nocturnal Evil of the Age had sacrificed me as a sheep, so that I had never beheld this vile wretch return in safety. And he wept till morning, and there was not one of the party that slept or felt at ease, so intense were their jealousy and hatred. At daylight, Antar ordered the slaves to prepare for departure and load the camels. Six hundred was the number of his blacks; all headed by Aboolmout, and he was a bold intrepid horseman. When the mules and camels were loaded, and the female slaves were mounted on them, Grecians, Persians, Cophts,

Georgians, and Franks, Antar presented to Ibla three variegated robes, studded with the precious metals and jewels: he clothed her in them, and placed on her head the diadem that the King of Persia had given him. He also ordered forth for her the magnificent silver litter, the supports of which were of burnished gold; and eight mules were required to carry it. At the sight of this mass of splendour, Ibla was stupefied and amazed. Her father Malik, as he surveyed it, was in the greatest consternation and surprise: but as to her mother, her tongue was tied up in her mouth, so vast was her astonishment. Amarah! he wept, and sighed, and groaned, and moaned. Antar cared not for any of them, so entirely was he devoted to Ibla; producing articles after articles in succession, till she was bewildered. He raised her into the litter, with her mother, and he commanded the slaves to march forward, and to attend to them on the journey. When Ibla was seated in the litter, her countenance became radiant and illumined: she smiled in the loveliest manner. Every charm was heightened; and from her eyelashes she shot arrows that penetrated the slayer of men and heroes. Again Amarah cast his eyes upon her: he was confounded. His rage became more intense: the fiercest anguish and torture seized him. Alas, O Amarah! said he to himself, from this moment thou art indeed a wretch—a lost man. Now Antar delivered Ibla over to her father, saying, Receive



your daughter and her property. Malik was profuse in his praises and expressions of admiration, exhibiting outwardly the reverse of what was in his mind. Nephew, he replied, from this day Ibla is your handmaid, and her father and her brother are numbered among your slaves. Upon this, Antar advanced, and kissed his uncle's hand, and paid him every possible respect. Thus they continued, till between them and the tribe of Abs there remained only one day's journey; when, on inquiring for Amarah, he was not to be found. I imagine, said Malik, Amarah is gone on before us, to announce our arrival. No, no, said Antar, I am not in such favour with Amarah, that he should do such an act; but if it be true, King Zoheir will come out with all his family to meet us. Well, said Malik, I will precede you, and congratulate the tribe on your arrival; and I shall thus conciliate your father and your uncles. It is your own affair, added Antar; do as you please. Malik accordingly changed his horse, and set off, mounted on one of Antar's noble steeds, with his son Amroo, and Oorwah, and Ibla's mother; and all those whose envy was consuming their bodies and souls. Travelling with great speed, they arrived early the next day in the land of the tribe of Abs. Malik immediately repaired to the habitations of Shedad, crying out, Good news, good luck to ye, O family of Carad! Antar, son of Shedad, is returned. Shedad looked up: Do you indeed speak



the truth, O Malik? he asked. Yes, by the Ruler of empires, replied Malik. They all started up, and mounted their horses. They were soon scattered about; they seemed like a torrent, all exclaiming, Welcome, joy! begone, sorrow! and they sallied forth to meet Antar. The news soon reached King Zoheir. Well! said he, this is the most wonderful of all events: it must be noted down, and written, as unheard of amidst the Arabs or the Persians. By the truth of Lat, and Uzza, and Hibel\*, we must all go and meet him, and twitch the noses of his enemies, and rejoice the hearts of his friends. So he went forth, accompanied by his sons, and the whole tribe of illustrious Arabs. Antar, having separated from his uncle, stayed behind till near midnight; when he set out, conversing with Ibla, the most beautiful of human beings, and feasting himself with looking on her until it was daylight; when, riding close to her, O my cousin, said he, know that your father is gone forward to announce our approach, and to tell King Zoheir to come out and meet us. I wish, also, to precede you, and to meet them nearer home; for I now feel secure about you against all the treacheries of fortune, and the calamities of night. Having then given orders to some slaves to protect her, and to keep off the road, fearing that the dust of the horses might

\* Three idols of the Arabian idolatry.

molest her, he departed, and the whole earth was too confined for him in the expansion of his love and joy. He travelled on till mid-day, when lo ! a great dust arose, and the horsemen of Abs and Adnan advanced : before them marched the slaves, flourishing their swords, and damsels playing on cymbals, and the standards floated over their heads. First was seen King Zoheir, like a lion starting from his den, and over his head waved the eagle banner. The instant Antar beheld him, he dismounted from Abjer, and the delight of this meeting made him forget all his past troubles : and as they drew nigh, they expressed their satisfaction in one acclaim. Oh what a glorious day ! was the universal shout. Antar stood before the King, kissed his hand, and prayed for his eternal glory and happiness. And as he advanced towards Prince Malik, he thus exclaimed :

“ The age has removed its vizor from that radiant form, glorious in perfect brilliancy, sparkling in splendour ; so that darkness is illumined by it ; like an hitherto unseen youth, glowing in beauty, moving towards sublimity in matchless lustre, and dashing to the earth all that would rival him, like birds shot by the arrow of the archer. Victory has firmly linked its banners to his stirrups, to fell all thy foes with the waving spear—O thou phoenix of this age ! thou illustrious hero of the period ! thou attainer of all glory !”

O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed Prince Malik, may

God curse the world when thou art gone! And he besought him to mount his horse. The noble Abians all surrounded him, whilst in reply to King Zoheir's inquiries, he related his adventures. His mother and his brothers wept, and sobbed, and clamoured at the ecstasy of meeting, and in the excess of their happiness after all their past alarms and afflictions. When Antar had spoken to them all, his slaves arrived conducting the camels, headed by the fierce Aboolmout, who in front of the blacks galloped round them to the right and to the left. The whole land was involved in dust. In the rear came Ibla's litter, all of silver studded with precious stones; before her marched the imperial steeds and beauteous slaves like the Houris of Paradise, encompassing the lovely full-moon of Majesty, as she approached. Antar dismounted from Abjer, and girded his loins with a zone of gold brocade worth a hundred thousand dirhems. He directed the slaves to lead aside some camels and mules that were laden with wealth, and also ten fine coursers of unrivalled beauty, with their chests and baggage, and presented them to King Zoheir; and kissing the ground before him, he begged his acceptance of them. The King received them, and before each chest stood a slave-girl, either Grecian or Abyssinian. To all the horsemen he distributed robes and money, and gave them slaves and youths, so that there was not one but partook of Antar's bounty. King Zoheir was amazed and in the

greatest astonishment at the quantity of goods. By the truth of the holy Kabaa, said he, Antar must have completely impoverished the King of Persia; and he desired all the Absians, to whom Antar had given something, to make a suitable return. To his father Shedad he presented abundance of silver and gold, and many stout slaves; but the remainder with the Asafeer camels he delivered to Malik, his uncle. Thus they separated, and every one sought his own tent. But Amroo, Ibla's brother, made the camels that conveyed his sister kneel down—he lifted up the curtain of the litter—but Ibla was not there!—

# LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

## A N T A R.

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### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

AMBOO cried out; he screamed; he wept; he sharply questioned Antar. Alas! said he, from the moment I parted from her I know not what has happened. The women and slaves were instantly sent for:—not one could give any information respecting Ibla. Then was Antar's grief and anguish most severe—his tears flowed rapidly down his cheek. But the heart of her father was replete with gladness; and all Antar's enemies exulted in secret. King Zoheir and his son Malik soon learned what had happened, and their hearts felt what the heart of man never felt before. This event lay heavy on them all. The horsemen mounted their steeds, and scoured the country in every direction, till, darkness coming on, they returned without gaining any intelligence. Be comforted, be con-



soled, said King Zoheir; let it be my business to clear up this mystery. O King, continued Antar, I am alone to blame, for I left her with those who knew not her worth. I was induced too hastily to come and meet you, fearful that the dust of the horsemen would distress her. After this, he repaired to the habitation of his mother, who threw herself into his arms and wept for joy.

But Oorwah and his companions, on their return home with Malik, Ibla's father, acquainted Rebia with all that had happened to Amarah — how Antar had rescued him and his comrades from captivity and disgrace. Our grand object, said Rebia, is the destruction of Antar; and all my exertions shall be directed to that point. I will demand of no one but of King Zoheir himself vengeance for my brother's untimely fate: he shall deliver Antar over to me, that I may kill him and bring down perdition on him, for he must have been the cause of Amarah's death. The next day, as King Zoheir and his sons were sitting in their tents, Rebia presented himself, accompanied by his brothers. Having kissed the ground and made obeisance, he explained the extraordinary disappearance of his brother when in company with Antar; saying, No one, O King, slew him but Antar. I therefore demand of you his person, that I may kill him with my own hand. King Zoheir was convinced that this representation was only founded in fraud and hypocrisy. Cousin, he

replied, let Antar alone in his grief: he is now under great affliction for the loss of his uncle's daughter. But if his guilt on this subject should be ascertained, I will either deliver him over to you, or I will slay him with my own hand. When Rebia heard this, he departed overwhelmed with shame.

The cause of Ibla's disappearance was the following.—Soon after Antar had quitted Ibla in the morning, in order to meet King Zoheir, sleep came upon her by the visitation of Fate and Destiny: in the same manner, too, the women and slaves all fell asleep on the backs of the camels. Ibla awoke, and, finding herself in the midst of an extensive plain, she said to her female attendants, Let me alight and relieve the weariness of my limbs. The slaves assisted her to descend, and over their eyes immediately fell a heavy sleep: the camels passed on, and they left her behind. But, whilst Ibla remained thus abandoned, lo! a horseman rode down towards her, exclaiming, "Hurrah! by the Arabs! Fortune has at length awakened from her sleep, and is recovered from her supineness—she has given me what no human power could command." This horseman was Amarah: for when he beheld Ibla clothed in all those rich robes and garments, he roamed among the rocks and the plains; and as he continued straying, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, he thus exclaimed:

"I wander, and my heart is the captive of

“ Hope. I long to facilitate a meeting, but it is  
“ arduous. I weep for my dishonour, yet am I a  
“ noble chief, and warriors consult me. Were  
“ it not for the vicissitudes of Fortune, Fate would  
“ not have distressed me — a slave would not have  
“ succeeded, and a Chief be humiliated. O daughter  
“ of Malik ! my love draws me towards thee  
“ with strong ties, and I am thy captive ; I mad-  
“ den, and I complain of my passion in the deserts ;  
“ and within my ribs is a raging flame at this  
“ separation.”

Thus Amarah raved till he came near home, when his agony and anxiety became intense. In the night he chanced to pass over the track of the camels, and thus he discovered Ibla. As soon as he saw her, he recognised her ; and he felt as if all his hopes were accomplished. But still fearing that Antar would annihilate his existence, in a moment he snatched her up violently from the ground, and, placing her behind him on his horse, he launched into the deserts. What ! Amarah, thou mine of filth and infamy, cried Ibla, dost thou dare to make the daughter of thy cousin a prisoner ? thou foul-mustachioed wretch ! I have caught thee, he replied ; and now I shall not perish in the sea of love for thee. By the faith of an Arab, never, as long as I breathe, shall Antar see thee more. All his wishes and desires being thus realised, he urged on his steed, and sought the land of Yemen, the

country of the Cahtanians, in order to request the protection of Meljem the son of Handala, King of the tribe of Tey, and remain under his shadow. He had travelled on till mid-day, when, lo! a dust arose, and thirty horsemen appeared, who, as soon as they drew nigh, surrounded Amarah. This party was of the tribe of Tey, and their Chief, a noble horseman, called Moofrij, son of Hamam. And as they closed on Amarah they perceived a damsel weeping and wailing, and most sumptuously attired. Congratulate yourselves on this plunder and spoil, said their leader to his comrades; doubtless this damsel is a daughter of some great King, and this miserable fellow has carried her off. Come on—let us rescue her: if he resists you, kill him. At the word, they made towards Amarah. Dismount, young man, they exclaimed, and wait on this noble horseman, Moofrij, son of Hamam. This order soon convinced Amarah that he had fallen into a scrape; and though he was willing to secure himself, and bargain for his life with the property, yet his love for Ibla checked him. “ Daughter of Malik, said he to her, dismount, that I may drive these antagonists away from thee, even though I may drink of the cup of death. But if this should prove the termination of thy meeting with me, I swear by the God that created and beautified thee that no human being after me shall possess thee.” Amarah, cried Ibla, may God never let thy native soil flourish, nor suffer thee to escape from the

perils of fortune, thou son of infamy and disgrace. Ibla had not finished her speech before the horsemen surrounded them on all sides; and Moofrij attacked at their head. Ibla looked round to the right and to the left, shooting arrows from her eyelashes. Moofrij marked the beauties of her form: his heart throbbed. But one of the horsemen assaulted Amarah, and, wounding him, took him prisoner, and secured him with cords, a miserable, contemptible wretch! What Arab art thou? thou foul-mustachioed fellow! he exclaimed. I am the Chief Amarah, the brother of Rebia son of Zeead, of the noble race of Abs, he replied. As Moofrij listened to this, his senses fled away with joy. Woe unto thee, that wanderest over these deserts, thou son of infamy and disgrace! he cried; for between us there exists an ancient feud. So he fastened him across his horse, and carried him away towards his own country. My cousins, said he to his friends, a rich spoil is fallen to my share, namely, this damsel; but the ransom that may arise from the captive, that be yours. It is for you to command, O noble Chief, they replied. They travelled on till it was dark; and when they had dismounted to repose and sleep, Moofrij demanded of Ibla what man demands of woman. She repulsed and reviled him. Keep off, touch me not, cried she, or thou diest, as many others before thee have done; for my husband is a man men cannot resist—a warrior warriors cannot withstand; and



never will his endeavours to discover me cease. To whom dost thou allude, unhappy girl? said he. I mean, replied Ibla, Antar, the son of Shedad. As soon as he heard this, his indignation redoubled; he seized on a whip, and beat her till he made her groan with pain. He left her; and, having reposed till morning, he resumed his journey: and in a few days they reached their own country, and their families rejoiced at their return. Moofrij delivered Ibla over to his mother. As to Amarah, he handcuffed and fettered him, and beat him with a stick three times a day—morning, mid-day, and sunset; saying, Ransom thyself, thou filth! Moofrij was continually with Ibla, importuning her to marry him; but she ever rejected his proposals, weeping and shrieking at him: and, as this continued a long time, he became greatly enraged at her, and beat her with a stick till the blood came; when his mother, hearing her screams, ran in and took her away from him. “O my son, said she, you torment yourself about one that regards you not, and you have given your heart to one who will not keep it. Apply to the daughters of your uncles, and fix not your affections on one who has no inclination for you. Let her be your menial servant—for there are certain people who will not give way but when they are disgraced: others there are, who, being nobly born, yield to mild treatment.” His mother’s remonstrance had its effect. He complied; and, stripping her of her

rich garments, clothed her in a coat of undressed leather: and Ibla became his mother's slave-girl by day and by night, and her employment was to draw off the milk and to milk the buffaloes. The old woman also always spoke to her in the harshest manner, that she might stand in greater awe of her son. Thus Ibla passed her days in such servile offices, and her nights in weeping and wailing, and interrupting the repose of the house, and ever calling on Antar. The ruffian Amarah often heard her, and his heart was rent with anguish—anticipating death and every thing dreadful. Now Amarah had despatched one of Moofrij's slaves to his brother Rebia, to tell him what had happened; and the slave hastened away till he reached the dwellings of Abs and Adnan. But Rebia had about that time gone down to the valley of Thaklan, in consequence of King Zoheir's having said to him, You can establish no charge against Antar; so depart, make inquiries, investigate the affair of Ibla's disappearance, and we will punish the criminal according to his actions: for I will not deliver Antar up to you—I will not leave him to your discretion. This was the cause of Rebia's removal from the tribe of Abs; and he set out with his brothers in high dudgeon, his heart greatly inflamed against Antar. He came and settled in that spot, and two hundred tents of the tribe followed him: but they were scarcely established when Moofrij's slave arrived and informed Rebia of his brother Amarah's

situation, and demanded his ransom. At this proposal he flew into a violent passion. He instantly assembled his brothers and adherents, to whom he related the whole story, explaining the cruel predicament in which Amarah was placed. Verily, said he, we shall be disgraced amongst all the Arabs on account of my brother's affair with Ibla; for it is an unheard-of injury. But, should we decide on ransoming him with our property, this disgrace will for ever cling to us; and it will be said, the family of Zeead, unable to liberate their brother by force of arms, ransomed him with money and effects. It is my opinion we should set out with these two hundred horsemen, and cast ourselves amongst the hot coals of the Teyans. Let us exercise every energy, that our enterprise may succeed; and if we can lay hands on any of Moofrij's property we will seize it, and rescue my brother from his misery: but if we cannot thus effect our purpose, we will secrete ourselves in the country; there we will watch him day and night, until some one may fall into our clutches with whom we may procure his exchange. However, let all this be kept concealed from King Zoheir; for should he hear it, he may bring charges against us, saying, your brother has offered violence to the wife of a man and the daughter of his uncle, and you dared to demand reparation for his blood. It is, indeed, a severe calamity that Amarah has brought down upon us. Most true, said one of



his brothers ; we are in difficulties, so do what you think best ; consult on the state of our affairs ; haste away before the transaction become publicly known, and we become a tale in the mouths of men and women. Upon this they secured the slave, the bearer of the intelligence, and quitted their homes, seeking the mountains of Aja and Selma and the habitations of the Teyans. Oorwah was of the party. And they pursued their journey, traversing the plains and the wilds.

But Antar had despatched Shiboob to gain some authentic information about Ibla. He remained in anxious expectation of his return, whilst a flame of fire blazed in his heart, as he frequently exclaimed, Alas, alas ! I feel a grief that cauterizes my very soul. Oh for some news ! Oh that I could enjoy one look at her face ! And, as his afflictions completely subdued him, he sighed and groaned, and thus spoke :

“ My tears stand in drops on my eyelids, and  
“ short is the sleep of my eyes. For love there is  
“ no rest—no comfort when the railers advise. We  
“ met—but our meeting quenched not the flame.  
“ No ! it did not cool the boiling heat. How long  
“ shall I mourn for the mate that grieves me ?  
“ Tears and lamentations avail not. I have im-  
“ plored a peaceable life from Fortune, but her  
“ favours to me are like the boons of a miser. I  
“ am dying, and the most extraordinary forbear-  
“ ance aids me not in my calamities.”

Thus Antar passed a long time in the greatest agony and affliction, never eating or drinking, except in the society of King Zoheir, till Shiboob returned. Antar, the instant he saw him, started up. My soul is on fire at your long absence, he cried. Have you gained any information of Ibla? or, after this long absence, have you returned in vain? O my brother, replied Shiboob, I am not come without intelligence: I have news for you that would cure even the deepest buried disease of the heart. After I had passed through various cities of Yemen, I came to Sana and Aden, and encountered numerous difficulties until I reached the tribe of Tey. It was there I found Ibla in the power of Moofrij: there she attends on the camels and the sheep. He has clothed her in garments of raw leather, and makes her serve in the meanest offices day and night. His mother too threatens her, and treats her harshly in her speech: so that she weeps both when she rises and lies down. She calls on your name, and seeks her wonted succour from you both night and day. Antar listened, and trembled. He shook with fear, and the tears gushed from his eyes. Well, Shiboob, said he; but what was the cause of her falling into the power of Moofrij? How came he, of all people, to obtain possession of her? Son of my mother, replied Shiboob, the cause of all this is Amarah; in whose mind are ever harboured evil and deceit. Shiboob then related all Amarah's contrivances. His envy at last overpowered



him, he added, at the sight of that vast wealth that you had with you. He turned aside into the desert; but his love for Ibla was so violent, that he followed your traces, and watched her after you had quitted her in the morning. Fate and destiny overcame her. He seized her; and though he was desirous to vanquish her, Moofrij overtook him in the desert. He tore her away from him, and reduced him to a most pitiable state. Antar's heart was almost bursting as he listened to this narrative. Brother, said he, how did you obtain this information? Know, continued Shiboob, that when I quitted you, I made the circuit of every tribe and horde, and made inquiries of every one I met, whether on horseback or on foot, until I came to Aja and Selma and the waters of the tribe of Tey. With every family I passed one night, saying to myself peradventure I may learn something. On the last night of my stay I slept in the dwelling of Moofrij, and my place of rest was close to that of one of his slaves called Moobshir. He invited me to converse with him, and was very kind to me; and to his questions about my connexions, Son of my aunt, I replied, I am of the tribe of Jalhema, of the family of Saad, son of Khoozrej—and this is the family of Hatim Tey. So he complimented me. But when all was still and quiet, and every one asleep, the voice of Ibla struck upon my ears. She was loudly wailing, and exclaiming through the calmness of the night, Oh for the joys of Mount

Saadi and the land of Shurebah! and she was expressing her regrets at being separated from her native soil, and her loss of friends; adding, O protector of the tribe of Abs, how often have I called on thee! Where is the path by which I can give thee news of myself and meet thee, O son of my uncle? for torments distract me. My eyes are ulcered with weeping, O son of my uncle! Thy foes triumph, and watchful are the eyes of thy enemies. It was the very moment of meeting, when separation closely followed its traces; and thou hadst but just arrived from Irak, when we were again scattered over the globe. Woe to me! my lot is nothing but tears and sighs. What a misery it is to put on raw leather for a garment! Cruel is this grievous state. Hasten then, son of my uncle, thy arrival; rescue me by thy exertions, that laid low the lions of the caverns. Let me hear thy shouts in the tumult of spearsmen and swordsmen. After this doleful effusion, my brother, she sobbed and sighed so bitterly, it might almost be said that she was dead, and that her soul had departed. Again she sighed from her sorrowing heart, and thus spoke:

“ My anxious love is vehement, and my tears  
“ flow profusely, and they ease the anguish of my  
“ pains in my frame. Ask my burning sighs, that  
“ mount on high—they will tell you of the flaming  
“ passion in my liver. By your violence you over-  
“ power my weakness: I have not forbearance or

“resignation to endure it. O bird of the tamarisk! all the livelong night, drooping, he mourns for his mate that is gone and returns not. This is thy sorrow, and to-morrow thou art relieved: but, alas, what is the state of the captive of love and anguish! O western breeze, blow to my country, and give information of me to the fierce lion, the hero of Abs, and their champion when start forth the foreheads of the horse and warriors in multitudes! How oft has he protected me with the edge of his sword—he, the refuge of mothers fearful of being bereft of their children! Here I dwell, hoping for a relief from my agonies at his hand: to no other will I complain.”

(As Shiboob repeated these verses, streams flowed from the eyes of Antar.) I immediately turned, continued Shiboob, towards the slave near whom I was lying; Son of my aunt, said I, why is this damsel grieving? does she not sleep? does she pass her nights generally thus? Young man, replied the slave, she is a foreigner, and she is a captive: it is thus she passes her mornings and her evenings. Her name is Ibla, daughter of Malik, the Absian. I soon contrived to draw from him the whole story: how Moofrij happened to meet Amarah and her: how he took Amarah prisoner, and carried her home; and when he demanded of her what man demands of woman, how she used the most opprobrious expressions towards him—threatening him



with her cousin, a fierce lion, who had raised himself from the state of a slave to that of a Chief: how Moofrij upon this treated her most vilely—stripping her of her clothes, and overwhelming her with cruelties: how also he behaved in the same manner to Amarah—handcuffing and fettering him until he should ransom himself with money and camels; and that he had sent to Rebia to rescue him from misery. At hearing this, O son of my mother, sweet sleep abandoned my eyes, and I anxiously waited for the dawn of day, that I might hasten to you, and return with my intelligence. But on my way I met the family of Zeead, travelling towards that tribe. I turned out of the road, so that they did not see me: and this is what I have seen and heard during my absence. Antar listened to all these details. At last he swooned, and though alive he seemed lost to all feeling, so violent was his rage against Amarah—so vast his love for Ibla. I must be revenged, he cried, on that family of Zeead: I will deprive them of their sweet slumbers. He instantly summoned his father and mother; and as he informed them of all these extraordinary events, they began to weep and wail; and soon was the circumstance known among all the family of Carad. The next day Antar hastened to Prince Malik, and informed him of the discovery of Ibla: upon which he conducted him to the tents of King Zoheir. O my lord, exclaimed Antar, bursting into tears in his presence, let this be a judgment on

them for their false accusation of me respecting their brother's blood, after I had kindly liberated him from that Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age. When King Zoheir had heard all this infamous transaction, greatly exasperated against Amarah and Rebia, he exclaimed, May God curse the family of Zeead ! Truly have they committed a most dastardly act ; for their brother has carried off Ibla, the daughter of their uncle by birth, and has brought indelible disgrace upon her, according to the usages of Arabia. They even dared to demand vengeance of me upon Antar, guiltless and nowise implicated. O Aboolfawaris, he added, do what you please. Observe what will be their fate. The Lord God has driven them to their ruin. I am convinced they will be subdued by their foes, and that not one of them will return home. I will stop till I hear of them : then let us all march together, and let us ease our hearts upon them ; and never will I trace my way back till I have rescued Ibla with the sword, and have slain Moofrij, son of Hamam. Antar thanked him for his kind intentions. O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik as they were returning, what have you resolved on doing after this conversation ? My lord, replied Antar, I cannot wait here after what I have heard of my cousin Ibla ; I must absolutely be gone in quest of her, were I even to die on her account. It is my determination to set out this very night : but, as I do not wish to impose difficulties on any



human being, I shall this time depend entirely on myself. I will not put the King to any trouble, nor harass him by an expedition with me. I request, therefore, you will keep this affair secret. No, Aboolfawaris, cried the Prince, I will not suffer you to go on this adventure alone. I will accompany you. I too will expose my life in the liberation of Ibla. All I beseech of you, by my life that is yours, is to wait a little; perhaps my father will go forth to the chase, and leave the tents unoccupied: then let us avail ourselves of the opportunity, and consult what measures should be taken, so that my father may not impede us, or prevent our departure. Antar assented to his wishes. He went to bed, but his eyes were suffused in tears, watching till the day dawned; when in rushed Prince Malik. Come, Aboolfawaris, he cried, prepare for the journey; acquaint the family of Carad; take with you your uncle Malik and your father Shedad. Shiboob was accordingly despatched to summon Shedad and Malik, with his son Amroo, whom he desired to make ready for an expedition, as they had been all insulted; whilst the Prince hurried to his own tents, and ordered the slaves to call out the horsemen and his adherents. And the day was not illumined, or the sun risen high, before the horsemen started from their dwellings, and assembled, to the number of two hundred noble warriors, clothed in steel, in front of whom stood Antar, on Abjer; and Shiboob went ahead. But Antar's imagination was totally

occupied with the idea that Ibla was calling on his name, and he was in the severest inquietude about her. I am at hand, he cried, O daughter of my uncle, I am at hand. I have heard your cry. I am going to annihilate your enemies. And turning to Prince Malik, Truly, my lord, he said, it is very absurd in me to set out to the assistance of my foes. This is the most grievous circumstance of all; for I am aware, that though they become victorious by my means, they will not let me be quiet. But it is on Ibla's account I act thus. Some poet has observed, "Had I a heart of pity and compassion for myself, I would not pass the night grieving in the agony of love. It is extraordinary, that from thine eyes I feel no arrow, but still my heart is pierced with shafts. I am kind to thy friends in my love, though they are my foes; and on account of two eyes, a thousand eyes are respected." Again turning to Prince Malik, he said, On Ibla's account I will submit to these pains. And thus he continued:

"I endure torments from my relations that fatigue me, and I conceal from them my passion and my transports. When they question me, I say, Kill me, for I am an oppressive tyrant. They insult me, and seek to separate me from my beloved; and she is my hope and my object. They long for my death. It is their sole wish to see me felled to the ground in the day of battle. But when the foe comes upon them, they entreat

“ my aid, and are inclined to love me. I will have  
“ patience till I obtain my desire, and I will punish  
“ the enemy by my resignation to insults.”

May God never abandon thy mouth ! exclaimed the young Prince, highly gratified at these verses ; may no one ever harm thee ! Thus they travelled on, traversing the deserts and the rocks on the backs of their horses.

In the mean time, Moofrij was expecting the ransom, and importuning Ibla morning and evening. It so happened, that the story of Amarah and Ibla became so well known throughout the tribe of Tey, that Selma the mother of Vachid at last heard it. (Now she was clothed in mourning for the death of her son.) She no sooner learnt the captivity of Amarah, than she mounted her camel, and took with her a party of slaves, bent on revenge, that the flame now blazing in her heart might be appeased. On reaching the tents of Moofrij, she presented herself to him. She blushed, and wept. She demanded of him vengeance for her son, requesting him to deliver Amarah over to her, that she might slaughter him with her own hand, and drink his blood—that perchance the fire in her entrails might be quenched. O aunt, he replied, I will have vengeance for your son. But I will not have done with these boors of Absians till I have received their ransom, and taken their Chiefs, and have massacred them all at the tomb of thy son, that his grave may be watered with their blood. I will also



drag before thee in chains their black, Antar: direct me to punish him as it may please thee, and make him drink of the cup of perdition. As to this Amarah, I have only demanded his ransom as a stratagem. Some one of his brothers will probably come with the ransom, accompanied with a party of their Chiefs: I will seize them all. Their black slave will hear of it, and he will haste to rescue them: him too will I capture, and deliver over to you. The heart of Selma was overjoyed. Oh, cried she, I long to torment this prisoner we have already in our power, until the others arrive, and fall into our hands. Do as you please, said he. At the word, she started up like a lioness, and snatching up a whip, she went to Amarah. She beat him like a fury, and in her madness tore off his skin with her teeth. O mother of men, cried Amarah, I have ransomed myself with money and camels. How, cried she, you filth, how have you ransomed yourself? do you imagine that you will be delivered from death and destruction? By the faith of an Arab, were all the wealth of the whole tribe of Abs to be proffered, it should not release you from your tortures: I will positively slaughter you as I would a sheep. She then discovered to him who she was, and what had befallen her son. And as to the slave Moofrij has despatched to bring the ransom, she added, it is all a trick and stratagem, that he may seize your property, and lay his hands on your friends. Amarah was thus con-

vinced that his death was nigh, and he felt how impossible it was to escape from immediate dissolution; and he repented sorely of what he had done. Ah! I never indeed laid my account to this, groaned he to himself; never more shall I taste of food or wine: unless Antar come in quest of Ibla, never shall I be liberated. Thus Amarah endured his sorrows. Moofrij, in the mean time, was expecting of Ibla the completion of his hopes; and thus was he occupied.

But Rebia was hastening with his hardy warriors, passing many a horde, till he reached the tribe of Tey. Know, said he to his comrades, we are now in the land of the Teyans, our enemies; our object is the deliverance of my brother. Nothing is required in this affair but prudence in our plans, that they may be surprised, and we attack them to advantage. Let us therefore detain the slave, and despatch one of our own people to Moofrij as a decoy: let him say to him, Mount your horse, O Chief, the Absians are arrived with only ten horsemen, to escort the ransom money; they met some travellers in your country, whom they have plundered. They are now in your territories with their booty, which of right belongs to you: meet them, and rescue your property from the foe, or eternal will be your disgrace. Now I am sure, sons of my uncle, he will come down upon us with a few attendants, in the height of his folly and intrepidity. But let us disperse ourselves, whilst ten are sta-



tioned to reconnoitre; and when he approaches, let us all rush out on him; let us take him prisoner; and having ransomed our brother with his own person, let us return home safe; thus converting our afflictions into honour and glory. Rebia's plan and stratagem amazed them, and they felt certain of their brother's deliverance. (We have already mentioned that Rebia was a great adept in every fraud and artifice.) They reposed till morning, when his brother Anis was sent on to Moofrij, with every requisite direction. He set out, and reached the tents of Moofrij. At that time Selma, Vachid's mother, was with him, and they were in deep conversation. The fumes of wine were still working on him, when one of his attendants came in, and said, Master, at the door of the tent stands a stranger, inquiring for your tents. Moofrij went forth, and beheld Anis, on horseback. God preserve you, O Arab, said he; what do you want? Anis repeated to him what Rebia had instructed him to say, adding, Overtake the Absians before blood be shed, and the property be lost that is now at your disposal. Moofrij turned back into his tent, roaring like a lion, and in great wrath. He put on his breast-plate, and girded on his sword, and ordered his slave to prepare his black steed; but he said not a word to any one of his family. Selma heard all that was passing, and saw the confusion in which he was. Son of my uncle, said she, what is the matter? what have you heard from

this horseman that has so much disturbed you? Let me hear it; and be not too precipitate, lest you fall into trouble. He accordingly explained to her all he had learnt from Anis, and his eyes were like two balls of burning coals. Now Selma was one of the most subtle women in all Arabia—very cunning and clever in every act. Lion-warrior, she cried, this is all false. He is come to deceive you, in order to entice you out: they will overpower you with numbers, take you prisoner, and ransom their brother from bondage with you. This is a common trick among such fellows. I am fully persuaded you ought not to go forth with less than two hundred horsemen; for undoubtedly they are lying in ambush for you, and waiting for you. Moreover, the proof of there being some fraud intended is, that the slave whom you sent has not returned; so look to what you are about. Moofrij was astonished. How must this business be arranged? said he. The best plan, she replied, is to seize this horseman, who has come on this errand: imprison him, and chain him to his countryman. Then take with you some of your warriors, in whom you can confide in difficulties. Set out all at once, and let your meeting be the assault of the cleaving scimitar; and thus take them all prisoners. Moofrij approved of this advice; and instantly rushing out, pulled Anis off his horse, and pinioned him, saying to a slave, Carry him to his countryman, and torture him: soon will I cut off their heads, and march

to their country, and destroy it. Having selected two hundred horsemen, he departed, traversing the plains and the wilds. The slave dragged Anis to Amarah, and threw him down opposite to him. Oh, my brother, said Amarah, truly I am quite bewildered and confounded; for what has happened to me never befel any human being before, so vast are the horrors I have endured; and I am expecting my ransom of you and Rebia. Anis upon this acquainted him with Rebia's stratagem, and how Selma had discovered it all to Moofrij, advising him to seize him. Amarah burst into tears. Alas! said he, this is a sad affair—a most deplorable expedition: every vestige of the family of Zeead will be effaced. All this, added Anis, is owing to thee, O Amarah. Thou hast brought us into this scrape by thy villany. We warned thee against Ibla, but thou wouldst not be dissuaded; and thou hast continued thy violent proceedings till misfortunes have overwhelmed us all: and if the family of Zeead be destroyed, it will be owing to thy obstinacy and ill luck. It is very true, my brother, cried Amarah; but still I wish that Ibla was in my power, and then I should not care what happened.

When Rebia had despatched Anis, he divided his people into three parties, leaving ten to keep a look out; and saying to them, As soon as you observe Moofrij and his horsemen, with my brother Anis, ride up to him. Salute him, and say, O Chief, we are the persons come to ransom our brother from



bondage: but we chanced to encounter a band of horsemen, who carried off the cattle we had with us. We have been sent on to inform you, that you may come and rescue your property; for we are now in your country, and under your protection. Contrive to conduct him among the ravines: then the ambuscade shall rush out. We will overpower him; for I know he will only come slightly attended, on account of his confidence in his superior gallantry and prowess. The party lay concealed, and the ten were looking out, when lo! Moofrij appeared, accompanied with a troop of warriors; and they no sooner came up with the Absians, than they plied their swords among them, and split open their skulls. Grief and dismay fell upon them, and their consternation was great. In a moment seven were slain; three fled towards the concealed party, and communicated the event. The ambuscade being now brought to light, and all their artifices being made manifest, Moofrij saw that Selma's hint was correct. The whole plot was now discovered. He rushed down upon them like a lion in his wrath, and shaved off their heads from their bodies. Cousins, exclaimed Rebia, our stratagem cannot succeed, unless it is well supported. I strongly suspect he has seized my brother Anis, and is now come to fight us; so that we have no means of escape but our sharp swords and our long spears: otherwise we shall be destroyed in this land, and Antar will exult over us. He spoke, and as-

sailed the foe. The dust arose. He wielded his sword among them. The confusion was universal. Cowards sought the mountains: but the bold plunged into a sea of distress, and patiently submitted to calamities. They desisted not from fighting until the day closed, when they quitted the contest. The family of Zeead took refuge under the sand-hills; fifty being killed, and many wounded. Moofrij returned to his tents, and congratulated his friends on the termination of their difficulties, saying, Truly was Selma's advice perfectly correct. Having reposed till morning, the two parties mounted their hard-hoofed steeds, slung on their spears, girded on their swords, and sought the field of battle. Moofrij started out between the two parties, and appeared between the two corps, exclaiming, O family of Zeead, we understood you were coming with camels, but ye are come with troops and warriors. You imagined you would succeed against us: but now only anticipate the devastation of your lands, and the extirpation of your families. Come on—to the battle—the thrust and the blow! Him whom you came to rescue you shall never reach, and him whom you sent I have seized; and thus he continued in verse:

“The snort of the war-horse, with the pliant  
“spear, and the blow of the sabre on the thin  
“casques, are sweeter to me than gaming over cups  
“and the goblets, and the cupbearer. Ye think,  
“O Absians, that I am dead, and that your slave



“ survives in the tents ; but your stratagem has  
“ made him a captive, and he is in chains. Ye  
“ have perfidiously deceived me, and this is one of  
“ the results of treachery. I imagined the party  
“ were come light, only leading baggage and ca-  
“ mels ; but they came heavy-armed and laden,  
“ tight-waisted, girthed for the chase. But I have  
“ sworn that I will disperse your numbers in the  
“ day of encounter, and I will steep my lance in  
“ the blood of horsemen as it streams at my feet  
“ and legs.”

Rebia came down upon him ; but Cais, urging on his horse, engaged him first. The dust arose between them : the horsemen approached the scene of uproar, and extended their necks, with anxious looks. A general shout, “ O by the valiant Cah-tan,” arose from the midst of the black dust-cloud ! and lo ! Moofrij had taken Cais prisoner, and bound him with cords, a miserable wretch ! And he instantly returned to the contest and clamour. Rebia was confounded, and repented of what he had done. Alas, he cried, we have fallen into misfortune ; we shall be totally annihilated by our enmity towards Antar. Could I but feel certain that we should escape safe out of this conflict, I would send to King Zoheir and make our excuses for our base and improper conduct ; I would beg him to despatch our countryman and defender, Antar, to rescue us from perils. He had scarcely spoken these words when a shout from Moofrij and an-

other yell were heard issuing from the black dust; and, lo! he had taken a third brother prisoner. Rebia screamed out in horror of his situation, and he resolved on attacking him; but Oorwah anticipated him. He was a lion-like horseman; and he rushed against Moofrij, thus reciting:

“ Away with boasting, for Fortune builds up  
“ and throws down. She is impartial or oppressive  
“ unintentionally, and elevates to glory him who  
“ has passed a life in ignominy. She makes the  
“ afflicted smile—now giving, now denying. To  
“ him who lives in the glories of the world the day  
“ sometimes brings joy that turns to bitterness.  
“ May I forfeit the high-bred steed if I do not  
“ plunge with him into seas of death and the over-  
“ shadowing dust. I will smite every warrior with  
“ my Indian blade, that rebounds from the frac-  
“ ture and is not blunted. I will sacrifice myself  
“ for the tribes with my long spear until it be ho-  
“ noured and respected.”

But Moofrij soon interrupted him and assailed him. A dreadful conflict ensued between them; till Moofrij, rushing furiously at Oorwah, overwhelmed him, and, assaulting him with the vehemence of a lion, grasped him by the throat: he clung to him and made him his captive. The Absians raised vast shouts. The Teyans attacked them from all quarters: and the contest was so fierce, that, the noise of it being soon spread throughout the whole clan, both riders and pedes-

trians joined the party; and they did not desist till it was dark. Rebia now saw death and destruction were at hand. Accompanied by his party, he took refuge among the sand-hills; and there were only seventy remaining out of the two hundred. Thirty were prisoners, fifteen had fled, the rest were slain, and all were wounded with the points of the arrows. Distracted and bewildered as they were, thirst augmented their anguish. Well, said they to Rebia, what is your plan now? what is your advice? Sons of my uncle, he replied, we have indeed fallen into the sea of Destiny and Fatality—we can find no favour with any one; and all these calamities are owing to my brother Amarah and that black slave. We have no other resource but to send to Moofrij and demand his protection; here to remain with him in bondage until we can redeem our lives by our property. They reposed, waiting for the day-light; and it was scarcely dawn when Rebia despatched a man to Moofrij, saying, Noble warrior! lion-hero! Arabs do not pride themselves over the Persians but on the sanctity of their protection and hospitality. We demand protection of you, that we may surrender ourselves to you and procure our ransom: but if you will not abstain from shedding blood, at least let us be supplied with water. Be just to us in the conflict—come out against us with equal numbers, that we may exert ourselves and die under our standards and our ensigns. When the messenger

had communicated this proposal, Moofrij laughed. What consideration is due to you, he cried, now that you have falsified your word? By the faith of an Arab, you have no refuge against death unless you throw away your arms, and all of you come dismounted before me, that I may shave off your beards and cut off your noses and your ears. On this condition you shall be furnished with water. Then will I hang ye all, by Lat and Uzza! My lord, said the messenger, whose name was Jemeel, and he was a celebrated orator, here I stand in your presence: take my horse and my arms; cut off my ears, if you please; shave off my beard; but, oh! let me moisten my heart and soul with one drop of water. Moofrij was softened: he accorded him his protection and allowed him some water, saying, You are now under my protection, but not so your companions. On you I have had compassion on account of your speech: so go your way, and interfere no more; otherwise I will leave you a corpse. As to your comrades, their death is resolved on. And if they keep themselves on the defensive, and do not descend from the sand-hills, I will torture them with hunger and thirst till they be all stupified: then will I take them prisoners, and hang them all on one day. Jemeel returned back to Rebia; and, having told them what had passed, the consternation was universal. Should he cut off our noses and our ears, eternal will be our disgrace and infamy. But, said

Jemeel, security is the great gain of man: and thus informing them that he had obtained the protection of Moofrij for himself, he turned away his horse and sought his own safety. Rebia and his friends descended, and commenced another attack. The Teyans assailed them right and left, and drove upon them with their long spears. Before mid-day they were all in the wildest confusion: thirst reduced them to the state of drunkards, and they were all made prisoners. Moofrij carried them, all bound with cords, to his tents. They preceded him, overwhelmed in disgrace and infamy. Selma was more overjoyed than any one: she abused the Absians to their faces, crying out, You filthy Arabs, I must absolutely drink of your blood till I am gorged. Moofrij ordered them all to be cast into the same place with Amarah: and he sent word to the tribe of Jalhema, and to King Maljem, son of Handhala, and his brother the Blood-drinker, congratulating them on the misery that had befallen the family of Zeead, and requesting their attendance to see them all hanged.

Now Ibla was rejoicing at the downfall of her enemies—very glad was she that they were thus chained and fettered, and reduced to such wretchedness and misery. Many of her sorrows were soothed—for she still expected the arrival of her cousin. The night was not far spent when Moofrij became intoxicated. The people had departed to their respective tents, and every one was asleep,



when Moofrij happened to think of Ibla; and as he was considering how he should complete his gratification, he repaired to his mother, and said, I wish you would bring me that Absian damsel, that I may enjoy her this night. If she will not consent, I will use her most cruelly; I will multiply her distresses and slay all her countrymen. Away hastened his mother to Ibla. Go to your master instantly, said she, that he may show some kindness to you and your countrymen; but, if you still obstinately refuse to yield to him, dread his violence. Barbarian, vile hag, exclaimed Ibla, were your son even to hack my limbs with the sword, or to massacre the whole tribe of Abs and all that the sun rises upon, never would he see me his property, never see me yield or submit to him. Wishes he my death? I will kill myself with mine own hand. Accursed wretch! cried the old woman. She struck her with her fist, and ordered the slave-girls to drag her forth, as she screamed out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! who can now save me? who can assist me? who can redeem me from this captivity? Alas! is there any one to deliver me from this distress? She continued shrieking and screaming till even the family of Zeead heard her cries in the stillness of the night. What is the matter with the daughter of our uncle, that she screams and cries so loud? asked they of their guards; who informed them of what had passed between her and Moofrij—how he had sworn and confirmed his

oaths, that, if she did not submit to his demands, he would not leave one of them alive. Be satisfied, said Oorwah; I will request of the Almighty that she may irritate him still more, so that his cruelty may be sharpened, and he strike off our heads at once: but if Moofrij will listen to me, he will have nothing to do with her, for she brings ill luck on every one that demands her—lucky is he who lets her alone. Oorwah had hardly done speaking when loud screams and shouts were heard. Every one in the tents was in confusion and in motion, sword in hand. It is well, said Oorwah, it is God's work; and to-night will Moofrij be slain, were he even the horseman of the plains and the mountains. The shouts and the uproar became more distinct, and the roars of, O by Abs, O by Adnan, were echoing loud; but the howl of Antar overpowered them all. Dreadful misfortunes overwhelmed the tribe of Tey. Scimitars were labouring in every hand: blood flowed in torrents: men were slain: many were hewn in pieces. The Teyans were rushing upon one another: some sought flight. The camels were dispersed over the plains and the deserts. But the cause of this confusion was as follows.

## CHAPTER IX.

As we before stated, Antar departed in pursuit of Ibla, traversing various tribes and hordes, till, coming nigh to the tribe of Tey, he resolved to send away Shiboob, to gain information, and to learn what had happened to Rebia and his brothers. At that moment a horseman met them, advancing from the sand-hills, and tearing up the earth in his speed. Antar accosted him, and lo ! it was Jemeel the Absian. God preserve you, young man, said Antar. And joy be with you—you, the protector of our tribe, replied Jemeel, as he flung himself off his horse on the ground ; and, covering his head with sand, he bewailed his family and friends. Antar went towards him : he took him by the hand and quieted his sorrows. He conducted him to Prince Malik, who questioned him as to what had befallen him. Know, O Prince, he replied, that the family of Zeead are in bondage : noble warriors are slain, and only a few remain out of the whole party—I left them all either prisoners or dead. Thus communicating all that had passed, he added, I have received the protection of Moolfrij, to the exception of my comrades. O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed the Prince, let us away with all

speed; perhaps we may join our party in the contest, and rescue them from their terrible situation: thus let it be known that they are the freedmen of thy sword and thy intrepidity. I am aware, O Prince, said Antar, that my honours with respect to them are entirely useless, were I even to plant their glories on the backs of the clouds: but it is your order to join them. There is not one of them that can brave dangers, and I am sure that they are at this moment in chains and bondage; for, as Jemeel remarked, they have neither the power to breathe nor think. My plan is this: let us surprise the foe in the dark; let us throw our troops among the tents; let us convert their joys into sorrow; let us establish tears and grief in their land, and rescue Ibla before morning. Upon this they continued their journey, till, being close to the tents, they perceived that their lights were extinguished, and both freemen and slaves were asleep. Take you the left, my lord, said Antar to Prince Malik; leave me the right—and mark what I will do with them, thus taken unawares. So he left one hundred and fifty with the Prince; and, with only fifty men, he assaulted on the right, conspicuous among the tents and the tent-ropes. Malik attacked on the left like a ferocious lion. They gave one universal shout, and the whole earth trembled. The sword spared neither old nor young, whilst the troops poured down among the tents. Moofrij was anxiously expecting Ibla; but, as soon

as he heard the uproar, intoxication fled from his brain, and his consternation and alarm increased. He hastened to the door of the tent. Bring me my horse, he exclaimed to his slaves ; bring me my armour of war and cuirass, that I may discover what means this tumult, and what means this conflict, that appears like a flame of fire. Peradventure Fatality and Destiny have driven the Absian slave to this land, that I may destroy him and hurl down annihilation upon him ; and thus will I exterminate both him and his friends. Ibla heard Antar, in the tranquillity of the night, roaring like a peal of thunder. Her heart was soothed, after all her agitations. She raised her voice and cried out, Now am I sure of comfort, after all my miseries : misfortune is coming upon thee, thou son of infamy and disgrace : the noble horseman is at hand : the tribe of Abs will pounce down upon thee like eagles, and will deliver the fawn of the desert from thy grasp : this night shall thy mother mourn for thee. The mother of Moofrij heard this ; and, being in the wildest consternation, she struck her on the face, crying out, Dost thou dare to abuse us thus—thou, a captive in our hands ? This very hour thou shalt behold the head of that black. Dost thou imagine he will be able to aid thee, fallen as thou art into the clutches of the devouring eagle ? As she turned towards her son, she saw him mounting his horse, tottering still in intoxication and the fumes of wine. She was alarmed, and



dissuaded him from the contest of swords and spears. Now scimitars were at work on all sides : shouts shook the land : frightful were the blows of Antar's sword, and deadly were the thrusts of Antar's spear. Shiboob was casting fire among the tents and dwellings ; and dust arose that was blacker than the darkness of night. The camels fled in terror away : the necks of men and women were trampled on. Thus continued the fray till it was near morning. The country was involved in lamentation, and husbands abandoned their tender wives : death and disgrace were conspicuous. All sought the plains and the deserts, quitting the tents and the habitations ; whilst Shiboob made his way to the prisoners in chains and in utter dismay. Selma, Vachid's mother, no sooner beheld this sad reverse, than she rushed from the tents, intending to seek the open country ; but perceiving Moofrij's mother detaining him from the conflict and turning his horse's head towards the sand-hills, and also marking his flight under the guidance of a slave, she mounted a noble steed, and, snatching up a sword, Never, she cried, will I depart from the tents till I have eased my heart, and accomplished my desires on the foe. And she darted towards the prisoners, and had already wounded many of them, resolved to slaughter them all, when Shiboob arrived and roared at her. She fled : her horse was swift, and she rode off among the fugitives. Shiboob approached Rebia, and loosened his arms and

those of his comrades, who sprang towards their friends, whose death they had considered inevitable; and they released one another, exclaiming, O by Abs, O by Adnan! and the mountains and the rocks echoed back the shout. When the day dawned, not a youth or an old man was found, but was either dead or a captive. Shiboob in the mean time was roaming about the tents in search of Ibla, whom at last he found almost smothered with the entrails of the dead, groaning like a woman bereft of her children; and as she listened for the voice of Antar, she thus exclaimed:

“O my cousin, ease my heart, and lead me  
“home by the hand, for my body is worn out, and  
“my strength fails. For the black hero I have  
“encountered disgrace. My frame—the Zephyr  
“would overwhelm it, so greatly have they ex-  
“hausted me with eternal pains. My resignation  
“—it is at an end. My foes exult over me, and  
“I have endured endless horrors. Convey me to  
“the protection of Antar; no one but the lion can  
“defend the fawn. Tell him I am in dismay, and  
“my heart wanders wild in its fears. My eye-lids  
“—no sleep have they; but they mourn for eter-  
“nal sleep. Were a rock to experience a portion  
“of my sufferings, the rock itself would be cast  
“down. This eternal banishment will never end:  
“it is a separation that exceeds the distance of the  
“planets.”

Shiboob heard her lamentations, and his heart

grieved for her distress. He hastened towards her, and, discovering himself, he bore her away in his arms, and conveyed her to his brother Antar; who, the moment he saw her, dismounted, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes, saying, Grievous indeed it is to me that you should suffer and endure such calamities, and I be alive in the world. But this is the misfortune of the times, against which no human being can find refuge. Take her, he added to Shiboob, take her to the tent of Moofrij: place her on his throne, and protect her, whilst I go to Prince Malik, and see what he is about. Shiboob entered the tent of Moofrij; and as he found it empty, he searched about, and opened some chests, in which he saw all Ibla's rich robes and garments, and strings of jewels. Shiboob was exceedingly pleased, and delivered them to Ibla. Thus all her distress and affliction vanished, and her hopes and wishes were realized. Antar had departed to the opposite quarter, in quest of Prince Malik and his associates, to observe how the combat stood. But Prince Malik and his friends were renowned horsemen, and had performed the deeds of heroes that night, destroying the enemy with the sword, and forcing their way among the tents, and brandishing their spears and their scimitars: the Prince ever at their head, like an eagle, or a lion, when he rushes out from his den. Antar rode up to him, and kissed his hand, congratulating him on



his safety, and inquiring about the acts of the night. O Aboolfawaris, he replied, it has been a night comprising many nights: but by your good fortune we have succeeded in our attempts. They perceived, that during that night's contest only three of Antar's heroes had been killed, and thirty of Prince Malik's. But disgrace had fallen abundantly on the adverse party, and a most dreadful example had been made of them. Fate and destiny had been let loose upon them. My lord, said Antar, we must not remain in this land; for we have no friends, no associates, no allies in it. And as they were setting out for their own tents, Rebia came up to Antar, and wept tears of deceit and fraud. Cousin, said he, we have not the face to meet thee, on account of our shameful deeds, and thy infinite kindness towards us. May God render thy favour towards us eternal; for it is God that has united thee to Ibla, thy cousin. After him came up Amarah, crying in excess of jealousy, envy, and regret. Son of my uncle, exclaimed he, what is done, is done. It is all the work of human failings: do not therefore revenge yourself on me for what I have done: do pardon my transgression, and forgive me. Antar pitied them; and feeling favourably inclined towards them on account of his relationship, he embraced and saluted them; thus congratulating them on their escape:

“Exult, if ye will—or be just: behold in the

“time of battle my exploits. Although I am abused  
“for being black, my acts are the acts of the noble-  
“born.”

As the family of Zeead listened, the passion of envy burnt in their hearts; and though they thanked him outwardly, internally their galls were bursting with rage. They now returned to their tents, and reposed; and when they had had their wounds dressed, said Antar to them, Sons of my uncle, although we shall never be vanquished, and we have gained a signal victory, yet we are in the land of Cahtan; and there is not an individual in it but dreads us, and is our foe. So come away: let us refresh ourselves, and depart. Prince Malik having also expressed his approbation, they slaughtered some of the captured camels and sheep, and prepared their dinner.

But Moofrij, when he fled and sought the sands, fearful of death and infamy, turned his eyes back over the desert; and as he beheld the noble Absians take possession of his tents, and his own companions sleeping in death, his soul festered at the sight, and he hastened his flight over the plains.

The Absians had no sooner finished their repast, than they set out on their way home. They had not been long gone when the tribe of Jadeelah arrived, about five hundred strong, in order to enjoy the sight of the execution of the Zeead family. Moofrij joined them, overwhelmed in tears and sighs, and lamentations, and telling them the



misfortunes he had suffered from the Absians. Let us pursue them, cried the strangers; let us speedily annihilate them. Just then arrived also the tribe of Nibhan, amounting to five thousand warriors, and headed by Mohelhil, son of Foyadh; and he was one of the lion-tyrants at that period of ignorance, most renowned for his courage in the field, of a most untractable temper, and of harsh manners. He also came to see the Zeead family hung. The confusion of Moofrij increased; for these allies were come at his invitation. But when he had detailed every particular of the past events, one of the Nibhanians advanced, Jabir by name—their mighty champion in the dust of confusion, and their voracious lion. Disgraced are the tribes of Nibhan and Tey, he cried; I will not dismount from the back of this horse till I have slain that slave Antar, son of Shedad, and destroyed the tribes of Abs and Zeead. And he instantly galloped away, followed by the tribes of Jadeelah and Nibhan. Moofrij collected the remnant of his people, and they set out, traversing the plains and the rocks—in all about fifteen thousand men, armed with cuirasses, and well accoutred for war. Proceeding with great speed, they overtook the Absians about evening, just as they were about to halt, and repose for the night: but as the valiant Teyans drew nigh, the Absians prepared for battle. What sayest thou, hero of war and tumults? said Moofrij to Jabir. Shall we attack the Absians with the riving scimitar?

Shall we convert their joys into sorrows? By no means, returned Jabir: the Absians form but a small party, and we are a numerous army. If we assail them by night, we shall be worsted, and they will have the advantage of us in the engagement. Our attack would be too confused, and thus we may fail. My opinion is this: do you take four thousand men, and station yourself in the desert, cutting off their road home: I will remain with the rest in the rear. As soon as morning dawns, let us attack them on both sides. Moofrij was convinced that Jabir was an experienced horseman. (Now this Jabir was the father of Asedoorrahees, who had most extraordinary adventures with Antar, and whose deadly deeds were a warning to the wise.) According to Jabir's directions, Moofrij went off with four thousand horsemen, and cut off the communication from every traveller and passenger. When the Absians heard the shouts, and saw the glitter of spears, and the dazzling brightness of scimitars, they cried out to Antar, Now, indeed, is confusion let loose upon us. What is your advice in this crisis, O Aboolfawaris? the Teyans have overtaken us, and you well know that their hearts are cauterized on account of our united deeds. Cousins, replied Antar, this is a conjuncture that alarms me not; it does not cause me the smallest uneasiness; neither is it worth a question. If they assault us by night, disgrace and misery will befall them, and we shall have the advantage of them;

for a small party is concealed in the shades of the night, particularly when it is mixed with superior numbers. I observe that they are formed into two divisions, which have separated, said Prince Malik. One division is gone forward, and the other keeps behind. I will explain this to you, O Prince, said Antar. They fear that we shall run away in the night, and seek our own country; for they feel certain that we must be greatly embarrassed about their numbers: but I swear by him who infuses light into the moon, I will not let the morning dawn before this affair be decided, and the foe be dispersed over the plains and the sand-hills; for the Lord of Heaven has aided me. Direct your companions to prepare their warlike instruments, that I may show you the dreadful deeds I will execute upon them this very night. Cousin, said Rebia, what is your plan? I am resolved, replied Antar, to let them alone until they alight from their horses, and feel secure in the obscurity of the night: then will I charge with you this division in front of us. But I am aware, that the shouts will also come down upon our rear, and that the troops will rush in vast crowds to the scene of carnage. Do you, however, not be wanting in the engagement, but attack them in the hour of contest in small bodies, and dash among them at random. In the onset, cry out to your associates; but when all are mixed together, be silent, and mention not "Abs and Adnan." Dart forwards into the plain, and the



road that leads out of this land, leaving them to cut up each other with their own swords; and before the dawn of day your exertions will have succeeded, and numbers of the enemy will be extirpated. Rebia greatly approved of Antar's plan, which he communicated to his people, desiring every one to prepare for the conflict. O Ebe ool\* Ebyez, cried Amarah, addressing himself to Oorwah, this is indeed an awful night! What terrible things will happen in the dark during this combat! My best plan would be to take this opportunity of slaying Antar myself, and pierce him with this spear; for he will be off his guard in the attack, and we will say the Teyans slew him. The project you suggest, O Amarah, is most infamous, said Oorwah. Disasters and calamities would be the consequences of it; for if we kill Antar this night, the Teyans will not leave one of us alive. My opinion is, that we should exert ourselves, and assist him in the slaughter, so that we may depart in safety out of this land. When they were ready, Antar advanced with the troops a little, and then halted till the enemy had alighted, and every trembling coward felt secure. The night was exceedingly dark, and many of them being already asleep, said Antar to Shiboob, I beg that you will protect Ibla this night. Watch over her in the hour of battle; for I wish to exhibit before her exploits, such as ages shall record. Mount her

\* Father of Candour.



upon one of the noblest steeds, and clothe her in a strong breast-plate of steel, such as blades of India will not penetrate. He then hastened to Prince Malik; and when they were all assembled, they made one universal shout, at which the whole country shook. They pointed the barbs of their spears: they brandished the blades of their scimitars, and rushed down, in the obscurity of the night, upon the four thousand, the division under Moofrij, stationed to intercept their retreat. They aimed the blow of the sword, and levelled the penetrating spear. Now this division, feeling secure in the protection of the great army in their rear, had dismounted, and they were asleep; neither did they recover themselves till the Absians were already among them, with their falchions. Every one sprang up from his sleep, and, grasping his sword, fell upon any one that was near him, fearful of Antar: and thus they all promiscuously assailed each other with their sabres. The shouts and the commotion increased. The obscurity of night overshadowed them. The confusion and agitation were general. Warriors were thrown down, singly and in pairs. Jabir, the Nibhanian, heard the shouts of the horsemen. Greatly dismayed, he turned towards Mohelhil, and said, Verily the Absians have acted like heroes: they have boldly marched into horrors and calamities. If we attack them, to aid our friends, we shall unavoidably fail; but if we abandon them, the Absians will destroy them, and escape out of our land in safety. Away with

such discourse, exclaimed Mohelhil : assault the foe with me, that we may annihilate them to the last. So they all rushed towards the division under Moofrij, and cut down the foe with their swords. In a moment all were involved in the black dust. The tumult redoubled. Skulls were clipped off from bodies like reeds. Cowards fled : the brave stood firm. War raged with foot and leg. Heads and hair turned gray. Shame fell upon the weak-hearted : the noble in soul were undaunted. Heads and trunks were heaped up together. The sword decided the fate of heroes : it was impartial in its judgments, and never unjust. Blows fell at random. Warriors were hurled down, and trampled on. What was once hidden and concealed, now became public. Lives were torn away promiscuously. The King of Death grasped souls, and never failed. But Antar exposed himself to every peril, for he knew Ibla was looking at him. He exhibited horrors and wonders. He cut through the horsemen : he strewed the troops : and thus he continued till midnight, when he conducted away the Absians to the open desert ; and there the slaughter was carried on between the two armies till the dawn of day, and the victors became distinguished from the vanquished. The Teyans now looked round, and observed that they were contending with each other, whilst the Absians were standing apart in the plain. Now the loss of the Teyans during that night amounted to nine

thousand, who had drunk of the cup of death: of the Absians there were only twenty slain. Amarah had been trodden down under the horses' feet, and his ribs were broken. Rebia was severely wounded. They were now about to dismount, when lo! Selma, the mother of Vachid, appeared on the field of battle, and exclaimed, Disgraced for ever are the Teyans by the hand of this black slave. She was quite frantic. Moofrij rode up to her, having first changed his horse, and put on his coat of mail and cuirass. Turn back, my aunt, he cried, I will accomplish your wishes. I will soon bring you this Antar, bound as a prisoner. I will destroy the whole tribe of Abs, and the family of Zeead; for this day my flame burns fiercer than yours, and my shame is greater than yours; and if I do not annihilate them all with the blade of my sword, let the Arabs blush for me in every land. Thus he induced Selma to retreat from the scene of engagement; and driving his own horse among the troops, galloping and riding about to and fro, he exclaimed, Never, O Absians, never did there happen between man and man the like of what has occurred between you and us these two nights. But the past is past. It is now the light of day: now shall the dust cover the plains, and the skill of noble warriors be manifested in the contest; for it is the custom of Arabs to act fairly—such is the characteristic of the brave. Come on then—on to the battle—on to the blow of the sword and the thrust of the spear, that I may



make ye drink of the cup of death and perdition. But let no one dare to oppose me, if not of equal rank; and when the noble horsemen are satisfied with fighting, then let the vile slaves contend; and Moofrij intended that Antar should hear him, as he thus continued:

“If I do not demand my due and debt with the blow of the sword and the Redeinian lance, may I never be secure from the nocturnal catastrophes! May sleep never visit my eyelids! Ye have known the deeds that have raised this war between me and you, sons of Adnan; and if I do not appease myself among you, never may I be called ennobled in my parents! Here I stand; and in my hand is a polished-bladed one and a bloody double-edged one, with which I will exterminate your horsemen in open fight, when the coward gnaws his two hands in agony.”

Antar heard his address, and well he understood his views and meaning. And as he was stopping by the side of Ibla, soothing her heart, and inquiring how she felt, Cousin, said she, I feel no disquietude or uneasiness as long as you are alive. At these words, Antar sprung from his horse on the ground. He stripped off his armour and steel, so that he remained in his ordinary dress, with short sleeves, his head uncovered, and barefoot. Again he vaulted on the back of Abjer, and bellowed at Moofrij like the most ferocious lion: Thou coward, wouldst shame me with thy deceit and artful speech? thou



and all thy race are of the same stamp. Are ye indeed men of such high dignity and honour? But mark how numerous ye are, and we how few. We, however, have committed our lives to the chances of war and carnage. What is, is. Here are you and I in the plain of commotion; you clothed in steel, and I in my simple garments. Exhibit your prowess to the multitude, and your powers before these noble warriors. Antar rushed at Moofrij; and, as he galloped about, he thus addressed him:

“When my adversary charges me with a debt,  
“I discharge the debt with my Redeinian lance.  
“The edge of the sword makes us all even, and it  
“shall justly decide between me and you. I am  
“exalted by my scimitar and my spear to the sub-  
“limity of the shooting stars and the two Bears.  
“Wretches! ye are ignorant of my might, but the  
“inhabitants of the two hemispheres know it. The  
“hand of time has not annihilated my force, and  
“the fingers of age have not been extended against  
“me. How many horsemen, laid low by my sword,  
“remain with begrimed cheeks, and hands steeped  
“in gore, whilst the eagles of death hover round  
“them, and the ravens crowd about them. I hum-  
“ble the fugitives in terror of my battle, and I  
“force the tears from both their eyes. How then  
“shall I sleep unrevenged, whilst my sword is  
“sharp-pointed, and its double edge is bloody,  
“with which I will extirpate all your horsemen,  
“and quench my fury, and gladden my eyes!”

Having concluded, he immediately dashed at Moofrij, like a wild lion, or an outrageous hyæna. Moofrij received him, and imagined he had him within his grasp. The two heroes encountered each other like two mountains; but after a conflict of two hours, the powers of Moofrij were enervated by fatigue: he flagged and failed—disgrace succeeded to glory; and whilst he was contending with Antar, he turned towards the Teyans, signifying to them to fall upon Antar bodily, and rescue him from death. Antar, perceiving his situation, pressed upon him: he clung to him, and cut off all retreat, till stirrup grated stirrup. He at length grasped Dhami, and aimed at Moofrij between the eyes. He received the blow on his shield; but the scimitar hewed it in two, and also his helmet: it continued its sway till it issued out between his thighs, through the horse's belly, even to the ground. The whole mass was thus cleft into four portions; and as Antar marked the effect of the blow, he exclaimed, O by Abs, O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla. The Absians were perfectly astounded at the vastness of his strength, and there was not one but rejoiced and congratulated himself. But horror struck into the hearts of the Teyans; and just as they were about to make one united effort against Antar, Jabir, the Nibhanian leader, prevented them, saying, Cousins, if ye attack this dæmon at once, ye will be worsted; for if he be not slain, all our hopes will be frustrated. He will

infuse terror and consternation into your souls, and thus will his impetuosity be roused to mightier deeds. But I have discovered a mode of attacking that no one else has perceived. I am certain that I can overwhelm him with evils. Now will I assail him, and make him quaff the draught of perdition, and I will make Ibla one of my slave girls. Thus saying, he sprung forward in quest of Antar, fierce as the fiercest lion, and completely immersed in steel, and a well-riveted coat of mail; and as he approached, he thus addressed him: Come on—now for my battle! Away—away with thy conceit, thou foul Arab! base is the tribe that has admitted thee, and deservedly disgraced. Silence! cried Antar. May thy mother lose thee! may thy family forfeit thee! All thou hast uttered about thyself is false—vain babbling of the tongue, and absurdity. I acknowledge no rank, no dignity, but this cleaving scimitar, and this penetrating spear; and he who boasts, saying, my father was such a one, my grandfather such a one—all empty words—all idle nonsense. And if thou hast any doubts on the subject, invoke thy father and thy progenitors, that they may all come and deliver thee from my presence. Antar summed up all in these verses:

“ I am a slave, and low in rank; but my sword  
“ shall gain me honour and respect: a sword—  
“ when I wield it on the days of battle, the necks  
“ of the Arab chieftains bow down to it.”



And he fell upon Jabir like a column of clouds. They commenced the contest with the utmost fury, forcing down draughts of sudden death, so that every one present was in utter astonishment. For two hours they persisted in the frightful combat, till fatigue fell on Jabir's arms: he slackened in his efforts, for he perceived in Antar what was not in himself. Antar, aware of his condition, grasped him, and clung to him, and cut off all means of escape. He pierced him through the chest with his spear, and made the barb issue out at his back. Jabir fell down dead, weltering in his blood. Come on against this vile black, make him drink of the cup of infamy, exclaimed Mohelhil, as he observed the fate of Moofrij and Jabir. So the Teyans poured down upon Antar from all quarters. But Antar, still in his common clothing, met them like a voracious lion. Prince Malik now joined the conflict. Horsemen encountered horsemen, and heroes heroes. The brave were hurled to the ground. Sword and spear played round heads and bodies: and there ensued an engagement ages will record. They continued plundering souls from bodies, until it was almost dark; when an immense number of the Teyans and Nibhanians being slain, the rest took to flight, pursued by Antar and his friends, till, having driven them out of that land, they returned for their scattered horses and dispersed arms: and when they had collected every thing, they sought their own tents, like the lions of the



forest, preceded by Antar, like the judas-flower. Ibla rejoiced in his prowess and intrepidity, and smiled : and, as Antar saw her smile, Daughter of my uncle, said he, are you smiling at what you saw me perform this day in the carnage and the combat ? By the faith of an Arab, she replied, my sight was bewildered at your slaughter among these wretches. Her words descended into his heart sweeter than the purest water to the thirsty spirit. And as he told her all he had done among the Teyans, he thus added :

“ O Ibla, if the shades of the sable battle-dust  
“ conceal from thee my achievements on the day of  
“ conflicts, arise and ask my Abjer if I ever let him  
“ charge but at the armies like the gloomy night.  
“ Ask my sword of me, if I ever smote with it on  
“ the dreadful day but the skulls of Kings. Ask  
“ my lance of me, if ever I thrust with it but at  
“ the panoplied hero between the throat and the  
“ under jaw. I steep my sword, I steep my spear  
“ in streams : I practise patience, and fear not hell  
“ itself. How many of my blows with the sword-  
“ edge have been cleaving blows ! How many are  
“ the spear-thrusts of which my saddle-bow and  
“ my hip-bone have complained ! And were there  
“ not one at whose power even Kings tremble, I  
“ would make the vault of the firmament the back  
“ of a horse.”

Ibla was greatly delighted at this description, and thanked him for his address and his actions.

The same did Prince Malik and others, except Malik, Ibla's father, and Rebia and Amarah, and the family of Zeead, for their galls and their hearts were bursting with rage. After this they all retired to their tents, and, having eaten their dinner, their eyes sought repose. But Antar mounted his horse, and was about to keep the night-watch. What, said Prince Malik, will you keep the watch, and shall we sleep, fatigued as you must be from the labours of the battle? Let me relieve you; at least, I will take my turn of duty. No, by the faith of a noble Arab, cried Antar, masters must not serve their slaves. When Rebia observed Prince Malik riding with Antar, he also mounted, and Malik, son of Carad, and many other warriors, quitted their tents likewise; but, as they roamed about, Antar's enemies remained in one party together. The night was calm: and, as they were abusing Antar as usual, Sons of my uncle, said Ibla's father, these imprecations do not ease my pain; for though this slave is an ignoble wretch, yet the Lord of Heaven favours him—and he whom the God of Heaven protects is protected against all human power. All my exertions and efforts have failed, and I am melted even as lead is melted, for I cannot deliver myself from the clutches of this black slave; all my contrivances for his destruction revert on myself; his fortitude and eloquence only increase, and the Lord of Heaven favours him. For my part, said Amarah, my ears

have no pleasure in Antar's poetry ; there is no harmony whatever in it. Hold ! O Amarah, cried Oorwah, you speak foully and falsely. No one in the whole tribe of Abs and Adnan will agree with you on that point ; for there is not an individual in all our tribes, no, not even in the tribes of Cahtan, more fluent in his discourses than Antar—none whose heart and spirit are firmer in the field of battle. I do not speak thus of him from my love towards him ; but let the truth be spoken. Did you not mark the noble Antar on his return from the conflict and the carnage, which he described in such beautiful rhymes, saying, “ Were I not afraid “ of the power of God, I would make the vault of “ the firmament the back of a horse ? ” Ah ! said Ibla's father, I have not an eye that can bear to look at that black slave ; neither will I dwell in the land where he dwells. I will wait patiently till we quit this country and these sand-hills ; but, when we reach home, I will carry away my daughter, and fly during the night in quest of some one that may protect me from this vile black : I will be honoured among strangers, but not live disgraced among my family and connexions. By God, exclaimed Rebia, I will not permit you to emigrate ; I will not submit to such a separation : but I will give you a hint—profit by it, and you will succeed in your expectations, and all your wishes will be accomplished ; never will you again be annoyed about Antar nor any one else. Let not your ene-



mies exult in your emigration and departure, nor fill their hearts with joy. Oh ! do advise me, my friend Rebia, cried Malik, in this troublesome affair, that I may not be browbeaten and bullied. Be quiet, said Rebia, till we reach our own country. Introduce yourself to Prince Shas, son of King Zoheir, and demand his protection : tell him all your grievances, and surrender your daughter to him, saying, O Prince, my daughter is your hand-maiden, I beg that she may live under your protection ; marry her to whomsoever you please, but let not that foul slave, Antar, covet her. Thus will your daughter remain with the illustrious Shas, secure from every act of violence, whilst we will deliberate about slaying Antar. We will expose him to perils, and make him drink of the cup of dangers : you will not see him return for a length of time. Thus they continued in conversation till midnight, when they returned to their tents ; and, having first divided the spoil, they mounted their horses and departed, traversing plains and deserts until the day shone over them, when, lo ! a dust arose in their rear and darkened the whole land. Speedily it advanced, and the wild beasts fled before it : the black column appeared like a mass of clouds. Scimitars glittered, the spear-barbs sparkled, and shouts shook the mountains and the valleys. These, they cried, are the Teyans ; they are coming upon us from their hordes—horse and foot have overtaken us. And all were terrified, expect-



ing death and destruction. Be of good cheer, cried Antar, observing how their countenances were disfigured with dismay; fear not their numbers; be not alarmed at the glittering of swords or the sparkling of spears; I alone will meet this numerous host, were they even double their numbers: do ye only protect my rear. Antar galloped towards the dust, to learn what occasioned it, followed by Prince Malik and the tribes of Abs and Carad; but the horsemen of Zeead stayed behind with Amarah, Rebia, and Malik, Ibla's father. This was the Teyan army, headed by King Maljem, son of Handalah, and his brother the Blood-drinker: for Moofrij, when he had taken Rebia and his comrades prisoners, sent to these warriors to come and assist at the execution of the family of Zeead; and they no sooner received the glad tidings, than they assembled their troops and hastened to take vengeance on the family of Zeead: but when they reached the country of Moofrij, and saw nothing but dead bodies strewed about, broken spears, and shattered scimitars, they halted in the greatest consternation. Shortly arrived the fugitives, with Mohelhil, routed and dispersed. King Maljem having questioned them as to what had happened, Mohelhil imparted to him all that had occurred with Antar, who had already slain Moofrij and Jabir, and scattered their troops over the rocks and the plains. Indeed! cried Maljem: you have clothed us with dishonour, and disgraced us in

every quarter of Arabia, by your flight before that base-born slave. When he had collected the remnant of the discomfited army, after a halt of two hours, he mounted, and set out with a force of twenty thousand horsemen, who travelled with the utmost speed till they overtook the Absians, as we have already stated, at a spot which happened to be the last of the Cahtanian territory and the first of the land of Adnan ; and, as soon as they beheld the Absians, they encompassed them on every side. The Absians were terrified at the sight of their vast numbers, and at the brilliancy of their steel armour and coats of mail. O Malik, said Oorwah to Ibla's father, verily we have fallen into a most perilous situation ; Antar is our only resource, in order to avoid death and perdition. You are right, replied he, much agitated and in great disorder ; take my advice and fly, otherwise we must drink of the cup of annihilation. If you resolve on flight, observed Oorwah, the first captive will be your daughter Ibla. Let her alone, continued Malik, let her be captured, provided that vile slave do not possess her. At any rate, said Rebia, we must wait awhile, till these horsemen come nearer to us ; and, when the dust arises on all sides, let us give the reins to our steeds, and cry out, Fly, Absians, fly ! and let us then scatter ourselves over the desert. Those who join us will be our excuse, and those who remain behind will be slain and buried in the sand. No one will ever survive to bring any accusation

against us: we, on the contrary, shall appear to have fought with our friends, and be secure from blame and reproach. I am convinced Antar will never abandon his beloved Ibla or fly, so vast is his intrepidity and pride—he will fight till the foe sever his head. Malik, son of King Zoheir, will not follow us, so that death and destruction must overwhelm him. To this they all assented; and, with this vile nefarious project, they resolved on flight. But Antar received the twenty thousand as the parched land the first of the rain—his heart harder than stone, and his soul more impetuous than the waves of the sea when it roars. He penetrated the thick dust with blows irresistible and thrusts more rapid than the twinkling of the eye, followed by the horsemen of Abs and Carad, under Prince Malik, who, pouring down vehemently upon the enemy, exerted every energy in concert with Antar: they imitated his deeds, and made the foe drink of the cup of death and perdition. In less than an hour, Antar checked the progress of the hostile tribe, and their van was driven back upon their rear. They roared out at Antar from a distance, but ventured not to approach the spot where he fought. Antar cut through them, although their numbers were great and their force immense. Ibla screamed out to him in a loud voice, for she trembled in excess of fear. Shiboob moved round her, and protected her with his arrows. But as soon as Antar heard Ibla's voice and cries, in order

to relieve her mind of the foe, he dashed into the midst of the troops and armies, and plied his whole force among them. In the mean time Rebia, Amarah, and the family of Zeead halted till the dust thickened, when they gave the reins to their steeds and fled, exclaiming, Fly, Absians, fly! But they had not proceeded far when a dust arose in front of them that obscured the whole country. Let us wheel to the left, cried Oorwah, that we may escape death and destruction. At the word, they turned their horses' heads and galloped to the left; but, before they had advanced any distance, another dust arose in front. Whither can we now fly? exclaimed Oorwah; the enemy has cut off every road and communication in this desert and wild. They drew up and halted, eagerly staring round them. At last the dust cleared away, and there appeared horsemen of a swarthy complexion, mounted on chargers swifter than antelopes; every one exclaiming, O by Abs! O by Adnan! At these shouts their souls revived; they hastened forwards and saluted them, and related all the horrors they had endured from the Teyans. Overtake Prince Malik and Antar, they cried in conclusion, for they are combating twenty thousand lion-warriors, and are almost overpowered and destroyed. Upon this the horsemen rode on at full speed towards the field of contention, and, rushing upon the Teyans, they shouted, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Antar was at that moment nearly exhausted; he was



covered with wounds, and his courage cooled : for he had rescued Ibla from captivity seven times, and had overthrown the heroes around her : he had also driven back the enemy five times from Prince Malik, now rushing to the right, now to the left, whilst the Teyans wheeled in whichever direction he moved. At this critical juncture arrived the Absians, as we have stated, and attacked the enemy, as we have described.

When Antar departed to accomplish Ibla's deliverance, with Prince Malik, King Zoheir was attending a marriage-feast with the tribe of Fazarah ; and upon his return, three days after, he inquired for Antar and his son, but was told they had set out for the land of Tey. Being greatly alarmed for them both, he instantly sent for his son Shas. Know, my son, said he, that your brother Malik is gone with Antar against the Teyans ; and I am in fears about them, being aware of the great power of King Maljem, son of Handala, and his brother, the Blood-drinker. I wish that you and your brother Cais would mount, with two thousand horsemen, and overtake them. Return not without them. Shas obeyed his father's orders, and marched on till he came up with them in the field of carnage.

Now Antar's powers expanded. He dismounted from Abjer, who was much fatigued at the dreadful scenes he had endured. He mounted another, and assailed the enemy with the impetuosity of a

lion ; and in the fury of his assault he overthrew heroes, and plunged them into misery and disgrace : he hewed off joints and arms, and cut through the troops, right and left. The deeds of the Absians would have turned infants gray. King Maljem and his brother halted upon a high sand-hill, taking no part in the contest, but waiting to receive Antar and the Absians as captives ; when lo ! they observed their own army staggering, and the Absians making their way through them ; and blood flowing over the land, and the steadiest hearts quaking, and their horses stumbling over carcasses, and warriors hurled to the ground, and the bravest wounded. Instantly King Maljem and the Blood-drinker darted forward, and eagerly ordered their troops to renew the conflict, and to force back the fugitives to the combat. Thus was Maljem engaged in the terrors of war, and in the thickest of the fight, when a bellow, like a peal of thunder, echoed behind him. He quickly turned round, and behold it was Antar ! Foam issued from the corners of his lips as he overthrew the heroes, right and left. Maljem was horror-struck at his yell, and the immensity of his form : but Antar rushed upon him in this state of terror, and pierced him with his spear through the thigh, forcing it even into the ribs of his steed. Maljem nearly drank of the cup of annihilation ; but, urged by the sweetness of life, he clung to the neck of his horse, and fled. Antar then roared out at his brother ; and as he was about to pierce him

also, he fled, and followed Maljem. The troops soon imitated their leaders, and the standards and ensigns were reversed. Antar and the Absians furiously pursued them, till they had driven them out of that land; when they returned for the dispersed cattle and scattered arms: and having collected the spoil, they halted, and congratulated each other on their safety. But Antar searched for his friend, Prince Malik, whom he at last found, but covered with wounds. He soothed his anguish, and calmed his heart with encouraging expressions; and turning towards Shas and Cais, he complimented and thanked them for their timely appearance, extolling them and their father, King Zoheir. Cais smiled upon him, and felicitated him on his escape; thus captivating Antar's whole mind and heart. Shas, on the contrary, received him haughtily, and with the harshest severity and most overbearing pride, exclaiming, Welcome, thou son of Zebeeba! When they had reposed and eaten, Rebia inquired of Shas the cause of his coming; who gave an explanation of all that had passed with his father on the subject. The next day, Shas, Malik, Cais, and Antar, with the whole army, marched forward, preceded by their immense plunder, the united property of three large tribes; and after three days marching, they approached their own country. As soon as they halted for the night, Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, repaired to the tents of Prince Shas. Malik cast himself at his feet, and

kissed his hand. What is the matter, O Malik ? said Shas. O my lord, cried Malik, you have indeed done us the greatest of favours ; and you have exposed yourself to imminent perils on our account : but now I implore you, my lord, graciously to bestow on us your protection. Keep off this vile black from my daughter : take her to your own dwelling when we reach home, and make her serve you as your slave ; only suffer not this base-born to dishonour me in my daughter. It is true, my lord, his reputation is great, and his friends are numerous ; and I am quite worn out by his attentions and importunities. His object is to espouse my daughter, and our enemies already exult in my shame and disgrace. I throw myself on you, my lord, and I consign my affairs entirely over to you : for you alone are able to assist me, and protect my daughter. Tell me whether you will do so or not ! Either take my hand, or I will turn my face to the wilds and the deserts, and go down to one of the Arab princes, and demand protection of him ; where I may become at least a respected guest, far from my own country. Shas pitied his distress : he endeavoured to soothe and calm him, saying, I will keep this black slave away from you : verily he shall be prohibited from any intercourse with your daughter, or I will make him drink of the cup of perdition. Thus Shas, having quieted Malik's mind, and dismissing him, sent for Antar ; who no sooner appeared, than Shas abruptly commenced



by saying, Know, O son of Zebeeba, outrage ever ends ill; and he who covets what is not his by right, is an oppressor and a tyrant. Your uncle Malik was with me just now, and complained to me of his situation. I have granted to him my special protection, and his daughter Ibla will henceforward live in my family, and with my wife. Her enemies will be mine, and I warn you that you must no more frequent her society: no more must you talk of your marriage with her, either in private or in public; otherwise in no land will you have a more decided enemy than myself. I have heard you say a thousand times that you will never submit to disgrace or infamy; but now you are wittingly dishonouring yourself by a worldly lust after women. Do you indeed say, exclaimed Antar, whilst the tears started into his eyes, and he sighed from his sorrowing heart, do you indeed say that I am dishonoured by reason of my worldly desires? God forbid! Indeed, though love and affection thus overwhelm me in disgrace, it is my uncle himself that has excited my passion; for when she is a prisoner, he urges me to liberate her, and I expose my life to perils for her sake: but when his daughter is safe in his tent, he calls me a slave, and the son of a slave-woman. Antar's eyes flashed fire, and he quitted the presence of Shas; but he conquered his feelings till he came to his friend, Prince Malik, to whom he related all that had lately passed with Shas. O Aboolfawaris, said he, greatly distressed,

let not your bosom be agitated—let not your thoughts grieve you: for by him who created man and things, I will carry off Ibla for you, were I even to be slain in the attempt. I will accomplish your wishes. Wait patiently till we reach the presence of my father, and you shall see what I will do to your enemies. I will so act that you shall enjoy supreme authority over them all, high and low. Antar blessed him, and thanked him. Retiring, he waited till it was dark; when he said to his brother Shiboob, Son of a black, walk my horse Abjer into the open plain, that he may breathe freely, and recover from the fatigue of battles and conflicts; for I can no longer remain with this dastardly tribe. What has happened, asked Shiboob, that you are going to quit your country and family in such a hurry? Ay, cried Antar, as soon as we reach home, Prince Malik is resolved on taking my part; but Shas will never resign his hatred towards me. Thus disturbances will arise among the tribe, and this unhappy business will be productive of dissensions: so that the noble Arabs will say of me, that Antar was the cause of troubles and divisions among the tribe. Now I do not wish to load Prince Malik with my distresses, which are indeed intolerable; for he is interested about me in every trouble and adversity: it is my wish to cure my own disease with my own medicine, and not let my enemies triumph over me. I will establish myself at Mecca, near the holy shrine; and there will I

make my complaints to the Lord of mankind, in order that his supreme decrees may succour me, whether death assail me, or fortune relieve me. Do so, my brother, said Shiboob; wait patiently for Ibla, and comfort yourself. Yes, continued Antar; for as long as she resides in the habitation of her father and mother, my heart is at ease about her: but should her father listen to the addresses of any other person, then shall the Arabs learn what I will do: they shall see who is the most powerful. I will slay him, were he even in the chambers of Chosroe, or the Roman Emperor, or under the protection of the Kings of the tribe of Asfar. Not a man would I leave alive among them.

Shiboob followed his directions. He led out Abjer, and, quitting the tents, walked him about among the sands and wastes, till the renowned Antar joined him; and when it was quite dark, he mounted his steed and departed, preceded by Shiboob. They traversed plains and deserts; and, as they travelled on, Antar reflected on the frightful adventures he had encountered, and the dreadful scenes he had endured on account of Ibla. Still his ambitious passion was not assuaged, nor was his disorder, the result of his love, appeased: and thus he spoke:

“ If, O tear, thou canst not relieve me in my  
“ sorrow, perhaps thou mayst quench the flame  
“ that consumes me. O heart, if thou wilt not wait



“patiently for a meeting, die then the death of a  
“woe-begone, wandering stranger. How long must  
“I defy the evils of fortune, and encounter the  
“vicissitudes of night with the Indian blade! I  
“serve a tribe, whose hearts are the reverse of  
“what they exhibit in their fondness for me. I  
“am, in the field, the prince of their tribe; but, the  
“battle over, I am more despised than a slave.  
“Oh that I could annihilate this affection of a  
“lover! How it humiliates me! It agonizes my  
“heart; it enfeebles my courage. But I will soon  
“seek the sacred shrine, and complain of my ill-  
“usage to the Judge against whose decrees there  
“lies no appeal. I will renounce the days when  
“my tears deceived me, and I will aid the widowed  
“and plaintive dove. On thee, O daughter of Ma-  
“lik, be the peace of God! the blessing of a sor-  
“rowing, heart-grieved lover! I will depart, but  
“my soul is firm in its love for thee. Have pity,  
“then, on the cauterized heart of one far away.  
“Soon will my tribe remember me when the horse  
“advance—every noble warrior trampling and  
“stamping over them. Then, O daughter of Ma-  
“lik, will agony be plainly evident, when the coward  
“gnaws his hands in death.”

Having finished his verses, Antar pursued his way with Shiboob, travelling day and night, until they approached the land of Mecca. Ours, my brother, said Shiboob, is a singular history; equally so is our journey into this country, for we have seen



no one. Forward, O Ebe Reah, cried Antar, for hitherto we have never seen any one but that has brought evil upon us; and truly I am harassed with encountering disasters, and my heart is disgusted at fighting. And Antar quoted these two couplets: "Retire within yourself, and be familiar with solitude: when you are alone, you are in the right road. Wild beasts are tamed by gentle treatment, but men are never to be induced to abandon their iniquities." He had scarcely finished these lines, when he distinguished a scream through the calmness of the night. O Arabs, look! is there not a human being in this desert who will hearken to my cry, who will observe the respect due to rank and noble birth? Will no one deliver my virgin daughters from the miseries of captivity and infamy? Alas, O disgrace! Alas, no aid, no succour! Such was the cry; and thus a voice continued:

"Flow and stream, O eyes, in copious tears for the damsels, bereft of all assistance, friendless, dishonoured in the desert. Mounted on tall camels, they mourn for such iniquitous barbarity in the lonely waste. The old man, wounded, lies in the last agony, and his sons have been robbed of their lives by the calamitous spear. Their mother in her distress breathes in fire, and in the madness of her passion calls on instant death. O ye travellers by night under the veiled darkness, perhaps there is a hero among ye who can show himself a lion-warrior, and whose thrust in

“ the battle-day under the black clouds of dust  
“ may assist us against the foe before the pangs of  
“ death arrive, and thus obtain a noble reward from  
“ the eternal God.”

As Antar heard this, the flame in his heart blazed afresh. Alas, my brother, said he, this must be an oppressed female. Her enemies have slain her sons, have made her daughters captive, and have left her to become a prey to, her own anguish. I am resolved instantly to find out this wronged lady, and perhaps the God of Heaven will take vengeance on those who have wronged me. Thus saying, he slackened his bridle, and galloped over the country in the direction of the spot whence issued the voice. O mourner ! O woman of tears and woe ! he cried, tell me if any one has injured thee—that I may come to thy aid. Alas ! replied the woman, whilst she wept from joy that some one had answered to her cry, By the Lord of Heaven, a horseman of the desert has insulted me ; he has hurled at me the shafts of sorrow ; he has slain my three sons, taken captive my three daughters, and has wounded my husband As-hath, the son of Obad. It is now hree days and three nights that I am calling out in this wide desert, but no one has come to succour me—no one to intercede for me—no one has even vouchsafed me an answer, but thou, O Chief of the Arabs. If thou art a man of noble spirit, deliver me from this calamity. Of what tribe art thou ? exclaimed Antar. I am of the noble race of Ken-

deh, she replied. This year a famine visited our lands; so we emigrated, in order to go down to the country of Harith, where we have a daughter married. It was our intention to settle there: but a warrior, called Sudam, son of Salheb, attacked us with forty horsemen of the plundering Arabs in this wild. They slew my three sons, and my three daughters they took prisoners, and wounded my husband As-hath. They are now about to convey us to the mountains of Toweila, there to sell us as slaves. Take care of these women, said Antar to Shiboob; assist them down from the backs of the camels, whilst I go and look out for those vile wretches who have done this foul deed. Thus saying, he urged on Abjer; and it was just at the first dawning of day, when he distinguished some horsemen advancing from the centre of the desert, headed by Sudam, like a ferocious lion, who thus exclaimed:

“I am Sudam, the assailer of warriors; in me is  
“a heart harder than mountains. In horror and  
“fear of me, even the wild beasts of the waste  
“shrink into the obscurity of caverns: and were  
“Death a substance, I would steep his right hand  
“in the blood of his left.”

Antar grasped his spear; he slackened the bridle of his steed, and gave a shout that made the deserts and the rocks tremble. Frustrated are thy hopes, he cried; into hopeless misery art thou fallen. As Sudam cast his eyes on Antar, he rejoiced, and was



glad. Here is a glorious morning! he exclaimed, addressing his comrades: this booty to begin the day with will suffice. Assault him, one of ye; let him not escape: bring me his horse and his spoil. At the word, one of the forty galloped down upon Antar, crying out, State thy descent; peradventure thy connexion may protect thee: otherwise, deliver up thy horse and thy armour. But Antar deigned not an answer; and, without a word, he assailed him like a lion rushing out of his den: he brandished his lance before him, and, piercing him through the chest, forced the point out at his back; and he threw him down dead, weltering in his blood. Sudam and his associates marked Antar's intrepidity; they all stood aghast: but though Sudam was most anxious to engage him, his friends would not suffer him, and they all fell on Antar at once. He, however, received them as the parched soil the first of the rain; and plunging with them into the thick dust, he soon began to glean off horseman after horseman; so that the sun had scarcely risen, before they were all stretched upon the earth. Sudam was bewildered at such prodigious efforts of valour; and though he felt alarmed, he knew he must attack him. Accordingly, he advanced, and exclaimed, Hold, O Arab: tell me what horseman thou art, and with what tribe thou art connected; for thy battle excites my surprise, and thy prowess is most wonderful. I should be overjoyed in thy friendship, and I would willingly live with thee.



Let us unite our force and plunder; and, to begin, I will divide with thee the spoil that is now in our power. There are three virgins; and those who were to have shared them with me thou hast killed. Away, thou son of a cuckold, replied Antar; away with this absurdity: come on to the contest! Despair of this booty and these damsels, for the God on high has delivered them from bondage and infamy. Sudam was highly indignant that Antar should presume to thwart him, or he be disappointed of his prey; so he rushed upon him, and sought to engage him, conceiving that he must be like other warriors whom he had fought. But Antar received him like a ferocious lion: he gave him no time either to advance or to retreat, but struck him on the chest with his cleaving Dhami, and he divided him down to the belt of his back. Sudam fell down dead, weltering in his blood. At that moment Shiboob ran towards him, swift as a blast of wind; and seeing that Antar had slain the hero, he congratulated him on his safety. And when they had collected the scattered horses and dispersed spoil, they repaired to the women; who, at the sight of this plunder, felt convinced that their defender had destroyed their enemies. So they crowded round him, and kissed his hands, thanking and praising him; but the mother of the damsels advanced before the others, and thus extolled her deliverer:

“ May thy God grant thee all thou desirest in

“ thy hopes, and bestow on thy lands the blessings  
“ of plenteous showers ! O Knight of the troop !  
“ O thou unrivalled hero in the tumultuous clatter  
“ of spears and the thrusts of the lances ! may  
“ every morn thy foes tremble before thee ! May  
“ their lives dread the speed of death ! May thy  
“ envious enemies feel in every limb their hearts  
“ fried in flames and fire ! Mayst thou increase in  
“ glory wherever they insult thee ; and may the  
“ sword of thy honour rest on their skulls and  
“ heads ! Were people to be impartial in their  
“ language, and tell the truth, no one but thee  
“ would they style a hero : for truly thou standest  
“ alone, unequalled in the universe, matchless in  
“ the mountains and the valleys.”

Antar was exceedingly gratified at the old lady's verses, and greatly admired her eloquence, and the elegance of her expressions. He requested the young women to veil themselves ; and turning towards their father, who was lying on the ground, he dismounted, and bound up his wounds, and assisted him to sit down to repose himself a little ; congratulating him at the same time on his deliverance from his enemies. The Sheikh thanked him, and kissed his hands. Antar also rested himself awhile after the fatigues of the conflict, and the old lady brought him something to eat, which she placed before him, whilst her daughters stood round him in silent admiration. Now Antar had eaten

nothing since his separation from Ibla, neither had he slept; so he ate till he was satisfied, and then asked them whither they were going with their baggage? We wish, they replied, to proceed on our journey to the tribe of Harith, for they are our relations; and with them we intend to remain all this year, O Aboolfawaris. Upon this, Antar directed them to mount their camels: so they all seated themselves in their howdahs, together with the Sheikh; and they departed, seeking the rocky deserts. But as Antar accompanied them, the Sheikh questioned him about his affairs, and his projects, and his expectations. Antar informed him of all his adventures with his uncle Malik, and that he was now going to Mecca and the holy shrine, there to take up his residence for some time. O Aboolfawaris, said the Sheikh, my heart is much interested in your fate: you have made me forget even the slaughter of my sons; for you have indeed acted nobly towards me, and done what no friend ever did for friend before. But I have nothing with which to recompense you for these honourable deeds, but these honourable damsels, whom you liberated with the blade of your sword and the barb of your spear. Take one of them, I beseech you: come and live with us, that we may serve you with all our power—myself, this old lady, and my daughters, even to our dying day. How can this be? said Antar. How can I resign

Ibla, my uncle's daughter? and he thus continued in verse :

“ Were my heart mine own, I should desire  
“ nothing beyond you—it would covet nothing but  
“ you. But it loves what tortures it; where no  
“ word, no deed encourages it.”

The Sheikh was amazed at Antar's love and passion : and thus they travelled on till they reached the land of Harith ; and as they were now in safety, Antar took leave of them ; and giving them all the horses and spoil he had captured, he separated from them, and, in company with Shiboob, traversed the plains and the wastes till he arrived at Mecca. He alighted in the Sacred Valley, and there he resided, passing his days in hunting, to relieve his sorrows and afflictions, and his nights with Shiboob, in talking over old stories and past events.



## CHAPTER X.

Soon after Antar's departure, the sons of Zoheir searched for him in every direction; but, when all their inquiries were fruitless, Prince Malik was sorely grieved for his loss, for he loved him sincerely. Shedad and his companions were also much troubled; but Malik, Ibla's father, and Rebia, and Shas, were the happiest of men. Now, indeed, said Shas to Amarah, your business has succeeded to your every wish—you have no rival with Ibla, in the absence of that obstinate black; therefore, as soon as you reach home, present to her father the marriage dower and settlement, be married to Ibla, and thus obtain your heart's desire: I will back your claims. And turning to Malik, Ibla's father, he added, Give your hand to Amarah—make your daughter over to him, and marry him to her: I, too, will stand as witness for you, that our projects may be completed, our hearts relieved from pain; and Ibla will be in security in the dwellings of the Zeead family. I swear by your liberality towards me, cried Malik, I wish Amarah may have ten sons by her at least; and he extended his hand to Amarah: and the contract was formed by shaking hands. Thus he married his daughter to him, and

the people of the tribe witnessed the deed. For my part, said Oorwah, I anticipate nothing but evil and ill luck to us all from this match; for whoever espouses that girl will rise in the morning a headless trunk. Prince Cais laughed at Oorwah's predictions, for he too was aware of their folly. The plot soon reached Prince Malik, who was in the rear of the army. By the faith of an Arab, said he to Shedad, I much fear that some sad disaster will befall my brother Shas for all this, and that he will repent when the evil day comes; but never will I permit Amarah to feast on Ibla until I am withdrawn from the mansions of this world. However, you may now demand back from your brother all that your son Antar gave him in cattle, and Asafeer camels, and he camels, and the tiaras and girdles, and the diadem; for it was all Antar's property. Let us say nothing about it, said Shedad, till we reach home; then you shall see what I will do in the presence of King Zoheir. Having marched on till evening, they alighted and reposed till morning, when they pursued their way to the land of Abs and Adnan, near the lake of Zat ool irdad, where they halted. Shas had always kept in the advance of the army, and it was his practice to pass his leisure time in hunting. One day, on the march, he separated from his brothers, and, only taking with him ten horsemen, he launched out among the wilds and the plains in pursuit of the antelope and the deer. Prince Malik went home. And just

as Shas and his comrades were returning, lo! a great dust arose and obscured the country; and there came forth a hundred horsemen, all in steel, and advancing from the quarter of the tribe of Fazarah. Shas and his friends divided themselves into three parties. Sons of my uncle, said he, if this troop attack us, we have no other means of escaping death but by the blows of the sword: separate, therefore, four horsemen in each division. To this they assented, and soon the ten heroes attacked the strangers; but in less than an hour they were all slain, and Shas was taken prisoner, and dragged before the chief, whose name was Maisoor, son of Zeead, of the tribe of Hazrej, which was also a division of the tribe of Harith. He was roaming about on a predatory excursion against the lands of Abs and Adnan; and for two days they had concealed themselves in the country of the tribe of Fazarah, but had not chanced to fall on any prey till they met Shas and his party. The prisoner was soon brought into the presence of Maisoor, who resolved on killing him, for Shas had slain Maisoor's brother in the fray; but as soon as he looked at him, and saw how magnificently he was dressed, and that he was mounted on an Arab steed, richly caparisoned with housings of burnished gold, studded with pearls and jewels, he was assured that he was a distinguished chieftain. State your birth and parentage, said he, perhaps they may save you, before you are laid low in the dust. I am the son of King



Zoheir, ruler of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, replied Shas. I have slain some of your countrymen, and am now in your power: demand whatever quantity of cattle you please; but, should you put me to death, you are aware that behind me are warlike tribes and heroes. Shas, you must die, exclaimed Maisoor, silent must be your soul; you afflicted me in my brother, and have left me to mourn him for ever. Upon this he placed him on the back of a horse, and scourged him with a whip he held in his hand till the blood streamed from every part of his body; and then Maisoor and his companions passed over deserts and wilds, seeking their own country, whilst Shas endured the pangs of death at every moment.

In the mean time Prince Malik and his companions reached home; but in the greatest distress at the disappearance of Antar, the intrepid warrior. When they presented themselves to King Zoheir, they informed him of the dreadful scenes they had endured with the Teyans, and the battles they had fought; and to the King's inquiries about Antar, they related his exploits. When he asked for his son Shas, they assured him he was on a hunting party, and that he would return in the evening. King Zoheir was persuaded that they had ill-used Antar; and observing his son Malik was full of grief, and that he was unable to speak, Tell me, my son, said he, what ails thee. May God curse every act of oppression and those who



abet it! exclaimed Malik: curses on those who know what justice is, and do not adhere to it. He then stated to him all that had happened to Antar: how he had exposed his life in battle and carnage for the family of Zeead, and had rescued them from dangers; and how they had obliged him to abandon them in the desert. Vilest of men, cried King Zoheir, turning to Amarah, this is all owing to your infamous conduct towards your tribe, and your treachery to Ibla in taking her captive: your death would indeed be more gladsome than your life! Is this the return that you make your cousin Antar, the destroyer of horsemen, for having delivered you, on his arrival from Persia, out of the hands of the Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age? He immediately ordered the slaves to seize Amarah. They rushed upon him, and, throwing him on the ground, they laid on him with such heavy blows, that the blood streamed from every part of his body till he was almost dead; whilst his brother Rebia stood by, but dared not make a single remark on the subject, knowing well what King Zoheir suffered on account of Antar's absence and his son's wounds. Oorwah only laughed at the indignities and disgraces thus heaped upon Amarah. Well, Amarah, said he, these are the first-fruits of your marriage with Ibla. Still the slaves continued to beat Amarah; and, when he was near his last gasp, they tied him, with his hands behind him, to a tent-pole, groaning in excess of pain. King Zo-

heir now ordered Malik, Ibla's father, into his presence. What! cried the king, do you consider yourself as one of the illustrious Arabs and a Chief of the tribe of Abs and Adnan in rank and degree? How then have you dared to act thus? How dared you to accept your daughter's dower from your nephew, and, refusing to acknowledge it, marry her to another? Your infamy and ignominy will not be consummated till you have wedded her to a wretch who has violated your honour, and clothed you in shame amongst all the Arabs of the desert and the plains. How often has Antar liberated you from captivity and misery, even after you had exposed him to a sea of deaths in the land of Irak! And did he not bring to you the wealth of the King of Persia and of King Monzar, with their he-camels and Asafeer she-camels? O my lord, replied Malik (for his deceit and cunning were ever at hand), I swear by your liberality I have not injured my nephew Antar. I have delivered my daughter over to your son Shas; and when I said to him, Let no one else interfere with her—she is your property; you know what is good and what is bad for us; you are lord over my children and my property; my daughter is at your disposal—marry her to any one you think will suit her: No one but the Chief Amarah is a proper match for her, was your son's reply. So he betrothed her to Amarah, and was arranging all our differences, when I objected, saying, My lord, how can this

be? my nephew has already brought me the marriage dower, and your father favours him on this point, as also your brother Malik. Away with your folly! continued Shas; I will settle it. And he sent for Antar, and made terms with him: at which being much exasperated, he abandoned us in the night, and we know not whither he is gone. So vexed am I at his absence, that I feel as if on the burning coals of hell—for he was indeed a limb of my own limbs; but I could not thwart Prince Shas's orders. Now that my daughter is at home, I pray you, do not use her ill, but look after her as you please: make her one of your handmaidens, and I am your slave. Do you and the tribe of Abs bear witness to what I say. King Zoheir saw through all his art and malevolence, but said, Let there be no compulsion used towards Ibla, till Antar appears, and we hear what he has to say; we will then decide who is to blame: and, when my son Shas returns, he will explain what you said to him, or I will expose you to the public for your conduct. King of the Age, exclaimed Shedad, it is my turn now to demand of Rebia and his brother the blood of my son. It is they and Malik, who has married his daughter to Amarah, who have destroyed him. O that thou, O Shedad, groaned out Amarah, O that thou wert but married with this kind of ceremony, which consists only of stripes and whips. King Zoheir and all his attendants laughed heartily at Amarah; and thus

they continued talking, till, it being dark, they all separated. But still Shas did not return. King Zoheir was in great distress, and was much agitated till the dawn of day—but Shas did not return. Convinced, at length, of the loss of his son, he called out to his horsemen, and ordered them to go forth in quest of Shas over the whole desert. They mounted their steeds, and plunged into the midst of the waste, where they roamed about the whole day, and returned at night, having heard nothing of Shas. King Zoheir's affliction increased, and the tears poured down like rain. Alas! it is his base conduct towards Antar, he cried, that has ruined my son. By the faith of a noble Arab of Medhr, if I hear of his death, I will strike off the head of that Amarah, and I will hang Malik, son of Carad.

Now Maisoor was continuing his journey with Shas, torturing him and making him swallow the bitterness of death, till he reached the land of the tribe of Harith, and Shas was nearly lifeless. When they were settled in Maisoor's tents, he summoned his comrades: You know, said he, that this Absian prisoner has slain my brother, and I must put him to death; do you take his horse and his arms, and those of his comrades, and leave me to assuage my heart by tormenting him. He enclosed Shas between four bars of iron, and stationed a guard of slaves over him; and, whenever he went out, he kicked him; and, whenever he entered, he thumped



him with his fists; and, when Shas was hungry, he gave him nothing to eat; neither did he allow any one to pity him. This story was soon spread abroad amongst the tents, till, at last, the torments and disgraces Shas endured reached the chief of the tribe. He was a valiant horseman, and his name was Mewhoob, son of Yezid. He sent for Maisoor, and said to him, My cousin, such conduct towards your prisoner is by no means just; for he is a prince, and the son of a prince—his father is supreme among the tribes of Arabs: and I cannot possibly permit you to kill him, now that this business is become so public, unless you go to the King of this country, Abdoolmodan, and consult with him about destroying him. If he order you to kill him, do as he bids you; but, if you kill him without his permission, he will be bound to punish you. For, most certainly, the family of your captive will not rest quiet—and, no doubt, some one here will depart, and give information to his tribe: and, if his father hear of his death, he will mount, and come down upon us with the tribes of Abs and Adnan, Fazarah and Ghiftan, Marah and Dibyan, for he rules over those Arabs; and he will root us out of the land. And should he send us to our King, and require our punishment at his hands, he will be greatly enraged against us, and will say to us, You took the son of King Zoheir prisoner, and slew him with your own hands, so you must suffer what you made him suffer. Now, my cousin, take

my advice—relieve your prisoner from torture, and consult with King Abdoolmodan. Maisoor was much disturbed at this, and alarmed at the dangers that threatened him. He hastened back to Shas, and untied his hands, but bound his feet, and kicked him in the rear; and, having stationed a slave over him, he rode away, with twenty horsemen, traversing the wilds and the wastes on his way to King Abdoolmodan.

But Shas, now that his torments were somewhat lightened, addressed Maisoor's wife, saying, Noble lady, will there ever be any relief from the deaths I endure? If they delay much longer to kill you, she replied, you will probably escape total perdition, and perhaps be ransomed at a considerable price, for wealth softens the hearts of all men. O my aunt, added Shas, I am powerful in cattle and possessions, but I have no one whom I can send to inform my family of my situation. And Shas continued talking till a party of women entered, all clothed in black; among whom was an elderly lady, who, after saluting Maisoor's wife, exclaimed, Daughter of mine uncle, who is this young prisoner? Cousin, replied the lady of the dwelling, springing up on her feet and complimenting her guest, this is the son of the King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan. The moment she heard this she advanced towards Shas, and, expressing her grief at his misfortunes, Young man, said she, are you indeed one of King Zoheir's

sons? Yes, my aunt, replied Shas. Which of them? continued the lady. I am Shas, he answered. May God grant your rescue, exclaimed she; for you are all famed for your bravery, your benevolence, and liberality—but I do not think you seem to be very eloquent. Now her view in this speech was to learn something of his history, and to draw from him some of Antar's verses. Noble lady, he replied, you have among you some of the tribe of Cahtan, who are so gifted with eloquence that they put to shame all the tribe of Adnan. Yes, said she, we can boast of Emir ool Cais, the son of Hijir: he has already fixed some lines on the Holy Shrine, in which are these words:

“My beloved is come to me, to efface all painful  
“impressions from my tortured heart. Didst thou  
“not see that, when she visited me by night, I  
“found the sweetest essences in her breath? Yet  
“she loves me not.”

We also, cried Shas, laughing and much pleased, have a black, born to slavery, who tends the camels and the sheep. We have lately admitted him to our rank, and acknowledged him as a relation. He can utter the most perfect rhymes—such as neither Emir ool Cais nor any one else can equal. Had I known his real worth among warriors, never should I have fallen into bondage and captivity. By your life! cried the lady, do you not recollect any of his verses? Upon which Shas repeated these two distiches:

“ May nought but protection touch thee from  
“ the sword ! Mayst thou ever move like the  
“ branch of the ever-green tamarisk ; resembling  
“ the flowers that glow in the evening, entwined in  
“ chains round her neck.”

Before Shas finished, the ladies joined in testifying their pleasure and admiration. The thoughts are indeed most beautifully expressed, observed the old woman, and their meaning is elegantly conveyed. But are not these the words and rhymes of the great Antar, son of Shedad, who is distracted with his love for Ibla ? Yes, said Shas ; and I perceive you are acquainted with him. Most true, she added : I heard of him some time ago, with my family, in the noble tribe of Kendeh. Is he married to Ibla, or not ? Alas ! cried Shas, I am the person who has injured him : I thwarted him in the execution of his purpose. But I have bound myself to the God of Heaven, who is our final refuge, that, should I be liberated this time by his means, I will throw myself at his feet ; for he is a favoured being, and he who is his foe quickly falls into fetters and manacles. May God destroy his oppressors, and save us from his death ! said the lady. How speedy are his rewards ! Adhere firmly, O Arab, to this resolution, and feel secure of liberty ; for this soul would not exist in the body of man but in the expectation of the beneficence of Fortune. And having recommended Maisoor's wife to behave kindly to him, she left him. Now



this was the woman of Kendeh whom Antar had rescued, with her husband and her daughters, from the grasp of Sudam, and had afterwards escorted to her family. So, as soon as she returned home, she sent for her husband, to whom she communicated the circumstance. Cousin, said she, we have now the means of rewarding Antar for his gallant conduct—Shas, liberated by his hand, will befriend him in his suit for Ibla. Mount, therefore, your camel, and hasten to Mecca, and acquaint Antar with what has happened; and let him determine in his wisdom how to act. As-hath mounted his camel without delay, and departed over the plains and wastes on his way to Mecca; and he had been on his journey only three days when he met Maisoor, who was all joy, accompanied by ten horsemen, officers of the government of Abdoolmodan. Now Maisoor, as soon as he was admitted into the presence of Abdoolmodan, kissed his hands, and consulted him about Shas. Hasten back, cried he, avenge your brother's death; and, if you are able, do the same to all the tribe of Abs: root them out. Delighted at this permission, Maisoor returned with his ten officers, all anxious to enjoy the sight of Shas's execution; for, at that period, there was not an Arab but cried out for blood and vengeance against the tribe of Abs. When Maisoor reached home, he ordered his servants to slaughter camels and sheep, and prepare a feast, and make ready a sumptuous entertainment for his

whole clan; and he particularly requested the attendance of Mewhoob. Satiated with eating, they called for the goblets of wine; and as they drank, they cast the offals and scraps at Shas, whilst he himself was bewailing the severity of his fate; for he was a prince, and could not endure his reverse of fortune; and whenever Maisoor looked at him, he wept. Ah, cried he, when you pierced my brother Shibani through the chest, and forced the spear out at his back, why had you not pity on him? why did you not feel for him? Early to-morrow morning will I hang thee, that those present and absent may take warning by thy fate. The lady of Kendeh was witness to this scene: it was dark, and the wine rioted in the heads of the guests, most of them having already retired to their dwellings; the servants were lying down asleep, and Shas was bemoaning his torments in tears and lamentations—thus speaking:

“ Was there ever seen by the stars of night one  
“ like me, bewildered, and sorrowing and sighing  
“ for his native land? And by the lustre of the  
“ dawn the foe will spoil him of his life in their  
“ ferocity, or murder with their daggers. O ye  
“ breathing gales, in the name of God, blow high  
“ to Mount Saadi; peradventure ye may explain  
“ my situation to my brother Cais, and Rebia, and  
“ Malik; for I am bound to my tribes by ties that  
“ they will remember. Look, my cousins: in the  
“ obscurity hear the herald announce—the mes-

“senger proclaim the tidings. Then let the dust  
“of the horsemen appear: let its black clouds arise  
“in sable columns, and beneath its dark shadows  
“let Antar be the consolation of my disquieted  
“heart. He, with his might, can indeed calm my  
“mind, and soothe it into patience.”

And lo! a person entered, and took him by the hand. Shas, congratulate thyself on thy safety, said the stranger, at the same time striking off the bonds from his hands. Absian, follow me to my tent—fear not—you are at liberty, continued the voice. Shas instantly arose and followed his guide, whilst the darkness of the night concealed them till they reached a spacious tent, and Shas’s terrors and alarms were at an end; and as he considered the person’s face by the light of the fire, behold it was the old lady, the mother of the young women, the same that had addressed him a few days ago. Explain all this to me, said he, for truly you have dared a deed for me the bravest warriors would not venture to do; and I must make you some return for so noble an act. High-born Shas, replied the dame, whatever you may wish to do towards me, do it for Antar, son of Shedad, and befriend him in his marriage with Ibla. Let this be my engagement between God and you: when you meet him, kiss his bosom and his hands for me; aid him, and be kind to him, for we were all delivered by his sword, and rescued by his spear. And she related to him all that the mighty Antar had done for her

and her family when he met them; how he had delivered them from the grasp of Sudam, and had conducted them to this country. I have despatched my husband, she continued, to Antar, to give him this intelligence, that he may take measures for your rescue: but when I saw your death was nigh, I did this deed. Shas listened, and his eyes were filled with tears at Antar's exploits, as he said to himself, Such was ever Antar's conduct towards me and to all mankind; but we disgraced him by servitude, and we degraded him to the care of camels and sheep. Such has been our conduct to him, Chiefs and Princes as we are, boasting of our high rank and our superior condition. But if I am liberated from this critical situation, and meet him again, I will kiss the soles of his feet; I will aid him, and treat him generously. The old woman now presented him food, of which he ate till he was satisfied: she also brought him some women's clothes, and put them on him, and made him sit with her daughters; so that all his fears were removed, and he reposed quietly till morning.

At day-light, Maisoor waked from his sleep, and sent for Shas, that he might torture him as usual, and afterwards hang him. The slaves went forth to drag him in, but could not find him: they rushed in crowds towards their master, and crying out with a loud voice, exclaimed, He is gone, he is gone. He shouted out to his horsemen, who mounted, and separated over the wastes and wilds till the third



hour, when they returned without any news of the fugitive, having perceived no trace of his flight. Maisoor felt assured of his calamity: he dashed his fist against his head till the blood darted from the veins. Just then one of Abdoolmodan's officers came up to him, and addressed him: his name was Shireed, son of Mean, and he was a devil in the form of a man. Be not so distressed, said he; search among your enemies in your own clan, for certainly he is not gone hence. My opinion is, that you should direct a woman to search the women, and a man to search the men; thus you will succeed. Maisoor acknowledged the good counsel; and having given the necessary orders to his slaves and handmaidens, he stationed men on the highways, and women in the tents.

When the old lady observed this, and that the search had already commenced in the first tents, she instantly started up, and taking up a cauldron, she filled it with water, and placed it on the fire; and when she had infused into it many medicinal roots, and fresh herbs, and black juices, she let it remain on the fire till it boiled: she then stripped Shas quite naked, and stained him with the dye till he became totally black; and clothing him in the garb of a slave, she conducted him out, he going before her with the other slaves, driving the camels and the sheep to the pastures. But when they were at some distance, she saw Shireed himself, who immediately turned away from them; but the old

lady commenced the conversation, saying, May God assist you, mighty sir ; you have indeed performed deeds which no man on earth can surpass. I hope you will catch this accursed Absian, so that my sorrowing heart also may be relieved by his death ; for the Absians slew my sons. Thus she pursued her way over the desert, till, reaching the pasture, she turned towards Shas, and said, Be no more afraid—you are now free. Fly—bend your steps towards Mecca, and when you meet Antar, kiss his hands for me : salute him for me. So Shas bounded over the wastes, hardly crediting his escape, and continued running forward and looking behind him till evening : he then turned out of the road into a mountain-cave, where he slept till the night was almost passed. Again he arose, and set out on his way to Mecca, till the sun arose and he thought himself secure from pursuit, when lo ! in front of him arose a thick dust, and horsemen appeared like black eagles, who no sooner espied Shas than they rode down towards him, and surrounded him on all sides, headed by a Chief, who, staring in his face, Cousins, said he, this is the very fellow who last night was lurking about our tents, and stole my horse Sahab. And he seized Shas, and tied him with cords, and bound him fast, and fastened a long rope round his neck ; and as he dragged him along, Villain, said he, how dared you lurk about my tent, and steal my horse, and thus impudently venture back a second time among us ? I will tor-

ture you well, and punish you, and cut your throat. But tell me, whither have you carried my horse? Shas groaned from the excess of agony he endured: Arab, he cried, I am no robber; I know nothing about it. Do not put me to death—you may suffer for it; for I am indeed Shas, son of King Zoheir, King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, Fazarah and Ghiftan, Marah and Dibyan. I have been made prisoner in this land, and have encountered infamy and disgrace, such as no one but myself has ever endured; and only by this disguise have I escaped death. Shas continued speaking till one of the horsemen ran up, and struck him with his fist in the face with his whole force: O my countrymen, said he, this fellow's father, King Zoheir, slew my father some years ago, and I in consequence was brought up an orphan; so they took away from me all I possessed in goods, in he and she camels, and noble steeds: but now has fate delivered this hero into my hands, that I may avenge my father's murder. His companions approved the justice of the threat, and were surrounding Shas, to put him to death; and as he was about to be destroyed, lo! various wild beasts were seen scudding towards them, and antelopes running away in terror. A man on foot was coming down upon them like a descending cloud, and behind him there appeared a lion-warrior, like a tower on a promontory, or a fragment rent from the mountain's side; and close to him rode a horseman, mounted on a steed that



outstripped the western wind. The horsemen stopped to contemplate the agility and powers of the man on foot; and when he drew nigh, Shas gazed intently at him, and lo! it was Shiboob, and the hero behind him was his brother Antar, the lion-warrior. Haste to me, Shiboob, exclaimed Shas; I am Shas, King Zoheir's son. I have fallen into the hands of these wretches, and have suffered horrors; and had I not seen you at this very instant, my gall had burst, and I had expired of agony. Foul wretches, exclaimed Shiboob, let go my lord Shas, for Antar, the trampling hero, is coming down upon ye. And he roared out to his brother, Come hither, thou son of a black woman; God has facilitated thy success, and has accorded his divine aid. Antar increased his speed, and galloped towards him.

Now the cause of Antar's appearance in that spot was As-hath, whom the old lady had desired to go for him. With all haste he traversed the plains till he reached Mecca, where he inquired for Antar; and being directed to his residence, he introduced himself, and told him what had happened to Shas, and how he had left him in despair. May God never deliver him from peril or death! cried Shiboob, for my brother has no such enemy among the Ab-sians as him. Brother, said Antar, bear malice against no man; and he repeated these verses:

“Do not bear malice, O Shiboob. Renounce it;  
“for no good ever came of malice. Violence is



“infamous: its result is ever uncertain, and no one  
“can act justly when actuated by hatred. Let my  
“heart support every evil, and let my patience  
“endure till I have subdued all my foes.”

When Antar had finished, the old man was amazed at such clemency towards his enemies, strong and powerful as he was. That night they reposed, but early next day Antar said to As-hath, Let us depart, O Sheikh, before my lord Shas be reduced to the last extremity, and be killed. The Sheikh and Antar were soon mounted, and Shiboob started in front of them, making the wild beasts and antelopes fly before him; and they proceeded till they reached the spot where they found Shas at the point of death with those horsemen, who belonged to the tribe of Riyan. As soon as Shiboob recognized them and addressed them, he attacked them with his arrows, and gave notice to Antar, who urged on Abjer towards them: but he did not come up with them till Shiboob had brought down three warriors with his shafts. Antar quickly slew seven of them, and only one escaped, mounted on a swift camel.

Antar devoted himself to Shas, and, dismounting from Abjer, loosened the rope from his neck, and untied the cords from his hands. Shas hung down his head from shame, and wept bitterly. Rejoice, my lord, said Antar, in your safety; grieve not for the past, for no one is born but to encounter evil. O Aboolfawaris, replied Shas, it is not that I am

distressed at the misfortunes that have befallen me, but it is the abominable conduct that I have pursued towards you: had you not effected my release, I should have even destroyed myself before the evening: No more of that, cried Antar, till I have gratified all your wishes. My first wish, said Shas, is to come close to you, that I may kiss your hands and the soles of your feet, and thus bind myself in love to you for ever, and exert all my power and faculties in proving my sincerity towards you. As he spoke, he cast himself at Antar's feet, in order to kiss them: but Antar begged him not. Shas would not listen to Antar's expostulations, till, said Shiboob, we want no kissing of feet from you; all we demand of you is to order his uncle to give him his daughter in marriage. Speak no more, O Shiboob, cried Shas; until we reach home, and I will concert a plan that will amaze the high and low. Upon this, they moved towards a pool of water, into which they plunged Shas, and washed off the black dye. Antar took out some of his best clothes, and having dressed him, he mounted him on one of the noble captured steeds. Take you, O Sheikh, said Antar to As-hath, these horses, and all this plunder. Depart home, and may God reward you for your worthy acts. As-hath thanked him, and drove the horses and plunder before him, seeking his own country.

But Antar and Shas, and Shiboob in front,

marched on till about the third hour, when a dust arose ahead. They halted to observe it attentively, when lo! two thousand horsemen of the tribe of Riyan appeared, with their King Hoosan at their head.

The horseman who had escaped did not stop in his flight till he reached the dwellings of his clan. The whole tribe crowded round him, inquiring what was the matter. He informed them what Antar had done, and how he had destroyed his comrades: and as soon as King Hoosan heard the news, he cried out to all near him, Come on, my countrymen, perhaps we may still succeed in slaying him. To this proposal they all assented; and they marched away, two thousand in number, till they overtook Antar and Shas: and as they drew nigh, they attacked them, shouting aloud, with spears and faulchions. Shas no sooner beheld this disaster than he felt convinced of his death, and that he could not even escape by flight. Alas! he exclaimed, have I escaped so often only at last to fall into this greater peril? Fate and destiny I have hitherto averted, but this can never be repelled. Antar smiled. My lord, said he, congratulate yourself on your security from death and destruction; for there are only two thousand assailants—vagabond Arabs: and by your munificence, I would this day annihilate, for your sake, the inhabitants of the earth in its utmost breadth and length.

Cheer up your heart, and brighten up your eye!  
And Antar thus continued in verse:

“Augment not thy fears and alarms, my lord.  
“Come on with the black, well practised in war.  
“By thy life, were there thousands, I would meet  
“them and scatter them to the east, and disperse  
“them to the west. I am the image of death—  
“such as those figure to themselves who are bereft  
“of their children or of their parents. The Indian  
“blade obeys my hand; for, when the day of ter-  
“rors is intense, I glut it with blows. The tall  
“spear complains of thirst among the foe, but with  
“me it is drenched in draughts of blood. More-  
“over I should say, the sword would be heavy to  
“my joints, were I not to mount with it on a  
“strong horse. I am the Absian Antar, the horse-  
“man of his tribe, when the brave hasten into the  
“theatre of war. I plunge among the warriors in  
“the scene of battle, and destroy them with spear  
“and scimitar of wrath. There lives not my equal  
“in all the tribes, and in the conflict of lions. I  
“dread not flight: my charger, my lance, my  
“breast-plate, my courage, my sword, my shield,  
“plunder far and wide the foe. Tribe of Abs, on  
“the battle-day I am yours, and my glory is en-  
“nobled by that parentage.”

As he finished, he fell upon the enemy like a  
ferocious lion, his soul unappalled at death: he  
assailed the two thousand with reiterated blows and  
repeated thrusts; and as different bodies followed



one another, he dispersed them over the whole plain, and overthrew them far and wide: whilst Shiboob, in front of Abjer, shot his arrows, and slew the horsemen to the right and left, laying them low in the field of battle. The dust was immense; it arose in rapid columns; and the mind was scared at the exploits of Antar, who was now engaged in the hottest of the fight, when King Hoosan himself appeared, exciting his heroes and rallying his horsemen, as he shouted out, What means this horror which a single slave has infused into you, you so numerous a host? Rush down on him on all sides with your spears; hack him piecemeal with your scimitars, or he will extirpate ye all, even to the last, and he will quit your lands safe and unhurt. But Antar permitted him not to conclude his harangue: he assaulted him like a devouring lion: he roared at him in a voice that thrilled through him, and filled his whole soul: he pierced him with his spear through the chest, and forced it out quivering at his back. Hoosan fell dead, weltering in his blood. But as he had been mounted on one of the most celebrated steeds of Arabia, Antar said to Shiboob, Take this fine charger to Prince Shas; tell him to mount, and not be afraid. Shiboob obeyed, and quitted the contest with the horse. Shas was standing aloof in one corner of the plain, contemplating the intrepid conduct of Antar, and the slaughter he was making. He was all amazement at such brilliant achievements, and at his

style of destroying his opponents with his blows and thrusts; and there he continued till Shiboob joined him with the horse, and said, Rejoice in your safety, my lord, your enemies are destroyed. So Shas mounted, and again became a valiant warrior; assailing the foe, and engaging in the combat—bold under the protection of Antar. The battle continued to rage, and blood to flow, and the flame of war to blaze, till night came on, and veiled them in obscurity. More than six hundred and fifty of the tribe of Riyan being slain, the remainder dispersed, crying out, May God curse your flat-nosed father and your harlot mother! How strong are your blows! how forceful are your thrusts! Antar, Shas, and Shiboob pursued them, till, having driven them out of that country, they returned to the dispersed horses and scattered spoil, which they collected: and as Shas observed that Antar was like one merged in a sea of blood, he kissed him between the eyes, and complimented him. By your existence, my prince, said Antar, had the day-light lasted longer, I would not have permitted one of them to return home. Shas was amazed at his magnanimity and discourse; and whilst they were wandering over the deserts and the sand-hills, Antar wished to halt and rest. Let us not alight here, cried Shiboob, for cares and difficulties may befall us. I am well acquainted with all these tracts, and here it was that your father Shedad made us captives. There is not a

spot that I do not know, nor a fountain I am not acquainted with. Ahead of us, on the road, are ravines and defiles, and a valley, rocked in on all sides, called the Valley of Foxes; and much I fear that the fugitives who have sought their own country may rally against us and come down upon us, and, by anticipating us, may possess themselves of the entrance of the defiles. Take my advice—listen to me, and let me conduct you out of this wilderness and desert towards the country of the tribe of Zebeed. I will lead you across those mountains and plains, and hasten with you into the land of Dimeya and the Great Lake and the waters of the tribe of Akhram. We will then ascend the hills of Khashakhish, and descend into Edjil, where we need be under no alarm or apprehension. Thence we will traverse the land of the tribe of Rebeeah, and speed into the country of Abs and Adnan—thus being secure from the people of Riyan. Forward, then, thou Father of the Winds, said Antar, highly approving of his counsel: go on, whithersoever it pleaseth thee, and do what thou listest. So Shiboob ran on before them, and Shas and Antar followed him, till they were at some distance from the land of Riyan, and the face of security shone upon them. Shiboob was their guide, and conducted them through various tribes, from clan to clan, until he brought them to the land of the tribe of Codha'ah. And it was on the fifth day of their journey that they arrived at the

Great Lake and the waters of the tribe of Akhram. Antar was astonished at Shiboob's accurate knowledge in traversing these plains and deserts; and when they reached the tribe of Ghaylem they reposed and rested. Here they ate something, and their eyes sought sleep. But, as they slept, Antar beheld his beloved Ibla, and her image visited him by night: he saw her charms and her beauties. It was near morning when he awoke. His love and passion were intense; but, feeling strong in hope under the protection of Shas, he repeated these verses:

“ The dear image of Ibla visited in sleep the  
“ victim of love, intoxicated with affliction. I arose  
“ to complain of my sufferings from love, and the  
“ tears from my eyes bedewed the earth. I kissed  
“ her teeth—I smelled the fragrance of musk and  
“ the purest ambergris. I raised up her veil, and  
“ her countenance was brilliant, so that night be-  
“ came unveiled. She deigned to smile, and looked  
“ most lovely; and I saw in her eye the lustre of  
“ the full moon. She is environed with swords  
“ and calamitous spears, and about her dwelling  
“ prowls the lion of the land. O Ibla, love for thee  
“ lives in my bones, with my blood; as long as life  
“ animates my frame, there will it flow. O Shas,  
“ I am persecuted with a deadly passion, and the  
“ flame of the fire blazes still fiercer. O Shas,  
“ were not the influence of love overpowering every



“ resolution, thou wouldst not thus have subdued  
“ Antar.”

Shas had also waked from his sleep, and overheard what Antar had uttered ; and his heart was sorely pained at his complaints. Calm your heart, and brighten your eye, O Aboolfawaris, said he, in a kind voice, Ibla shall not be withheld from you, were she even beneath the seventh earth. Soon after they mounted, and traversed the deserts for ten successive days ; but on the eleventh day they passed over a country called Zat ool Ialam : and in the middle of the plain they met six howdahs, upon six camels ; and over each howdah was a crescent of polished gold, with hangings of magnificent velvet ; and round the howdahs rode a troop of sturdy slaves, armed with shields and sharp swords. The whole cavalcade was preceded by a knight in whom fortitude and intrepidity shone conspicuous. He was close-vizored, and broad-shouldered ; over his body was a corslet that enveloped his limbs ; upon his head was an Aadite helmet, like a raised canopy ; he was girt with a well-watered scimitar, and a well-proportioned spear was slung round him ; and beneath him was a white horse, of the noblest breed ; and, like a ferocious lion, he marched in front of the howdahs and the camels. This youth, O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, must either be nobly connected and related to Abdoolmotalib, or he must be a chosen horseman, thus to venture

alone in this wild ; and that would be a species of contemptuous security. I think, Aboolfawaris, you had better direct Shiboob to go on forward and inquire who he is, that we may learn from his conversation what may be his views. O Prince, replied Antar, may you experience every thing that can give you gratification, and may every thing that can distress you be averted from you. O Ebe Reah, he continued, addressing Shiboob, go on to this youth, and order him to surrender all his goods and property before he drink of the cup of death. Shiboob let out his feet, and hastened towards the young knight. Now the warrior, as soon as he beheld Shas and Antar, addressed one of his slaves, saying, Ride towards these slaves that are advancing upon us, and warn them from their fate and destruction. If they be poor Arabs, let them come nigh unto me, that I may give them clothing and money ; but, if they be plunderers, drive them away, make them retire, and let them not hasten to their death. So the slave advanced till he met Shiboob, to whom he cried, Whither speedest thou so fast to thy fate, urging on thy existence and life to the Tomb of Perils ? It is my first intention, replied Shiboob, to seize the property and all the camels thy master possesses : return, therefore, to him, and order him to deliver up every thing before the vicissitudes of fortune environ him. Vilest of slaves, exclaimed the other, verily you have lost your manners : this day you

shall drink of the cup of perdition from the hand of this mighty warrior, whose fury makes even lion-heroes shudder; also famed for his eloquence and liberality. Son of my aunt, said Shiboob, much surprised, to whom does this youth belong? What is his name among horsemen? Whither are ye going with these howdahs and camels over these sand-hills and deserts? Tell me the truth; make no ambiguous explanations; do not prevaricate. The rank of my master is exalted, replied the slave; fluent and rapid is his speech: his name is Roudha, son of Meneea. He is now on his way to the dwellings of the noble Absians, to demand in marriage Ibla, the daughter of Malik, son of Carad. He will slay every horseman that dares to dispute her with him; and he will overwhelm her father with wealth, and lawfully marry her.

Now this horseman was of the tribe of Saad; and his meeting with Antar in that place is thus accounted for. The father of Roudha left behind him at his death immense property, of which the son took possession as soon as he grew up to manhood: and he spent much of it among the warriors, that they might teach him the art of fighting, and instruct him in the various modes of thrusting and assailing, and all the plans and stratagems in battle and feats of arms, and also the manœuvres in boxing and wrestling. So, when he became perfect in the art of war, and very expert in the thrust and the blow, he used to practise with them

in vanquishing the Arab tribes, and in plundering the dwellings and the fountains; and on their return home, when they were dividing the spoil, he would say to them, Sons of my uncle, I give you my share; I am rich enough without it. But there was a man among them that bore him an inveterate grudge: his name was Asmoo, son of Diraa; and one day, when he was in his company, eating and drinking, he said to him, Son of my uncle, have you ever seen the only person that outshines every one of the age? And, pursuing the conversation, he told him all Antar's history; enumerating the feats he had performed in battle, and mentioning that his celebrity was spread over every plain and city; repeating, also, some of the poetry he had composed on his cousin Ibla, whose uncommon charms and loveliness he extolled with peculiar emphasis. His object was merely to rouse his countryman against Antar, who, he thought, would destroy him, and make him drink the cup of extinction. Roudha listened, and his heart was rent in pieces; and being the more galled and provoked by his countryman's continued eulogiums, he made inquiries every where; and as the result was only repeated panegyrics on Antar's prowess and intrepidity, he said to himself, If it be true that Antar stand alone in the world, and be the bravest of horsemen, he who shall engage him in the field of battle, and shall vanquish him in the contest of swords and spears, will be pre-eminent among all warriors; his



dignity will be exalted far above his contemporaries. Doubtless, his cousin Ibla must be wonderfully handsome and beautiful, as she is talked of by every man and every woman. How I long to exert myself to obtain this object, that no one but myself may be quoted for his excellencies !

Having consulted with his mother, Do, my son, said she, whatever pleases you, and let no one be your equal in martial exploits ; for your rank is exalted above all, your beauty is most eminent, and your star auspicious. Follow your heart's desire. These words confirmed him in his resolution, and all alarms and doubts were at an end. He collected vast presents, and cattle, and precious articles, and determined on his journey. He had five virgin sisters ; them he took, with his mother also, that they might assist at his wedding with Ibla : and when they were all ready, and the ladies, each on a separate howdah, they set out for the land of Abs and Adnan, travelling over plains and deserts, till they encountered Shas and Antar.

The conference between Shiboob and the slave being over, they returned to their respective parties. Shiboob came running up to his brother, smiling and laughing. Son of a black, cried Antar, what have you heard that makes you so merry ? How is this horseman called ? Whither is he going ? And when Shiboob had told him, Antar, too, laughed and smiled, saying, This Arabian ignorance is quite inconceivable ; and he urged on Abjer till he ap-

proached Roudha. Come on, youth, he cried ; here is the very person you are seeking, that he may show you horrors and wonders. Roudha only laughed, and, galloping his horse, advanced in front of Antar. Halloo, he cried, thou mighty warrior ! which of the Absian heroes are you ? for, indeed, I mark their well-known fortitude shining in you. Birth, exclaimed Antar, is the boast of cowards : however, know that my genealogy is long. I am Antar, son of Shedad, the son of Ibla's uncle, whom you are going to demand in marriage. Roudha was overjoyed at these words : his chest expanded, and he was in ecstasy : he slackened his horse's bridle, and riding up to the howdahs, O my mother, cried he, now indeed I have obtained what I so ardently desired. This is Antar, the warrior of battles. This day will I bring down death upon him. His mother just put her head out of the howdah, and said, Well, my son, if this be Antar, go back, and put him to death. Encouraged by this advice, he hastened back, seeking Antar, with all his paternal impetuosity, and Arabian pride and courage. He gave the full reins to his charger, and, poising his spear, he rushed down on Antar, like an angry lion, and thus spoke :

“ As soon as my age knew me, its power was  
“ reduced, and was humbled—its calamities shrank  
“ from me. I am he to whom the deadly spear  
“ bows, and it precedes me against the foe I engage.  
“ Should any one thwart me, I crown his head with

“ the cleaving blade, whose blows never fail ; and  
“ the Indian sabres associate with it, as if they were  
“ its children and its relations. How many nations  
“ are there, whose armies my sword has dispersed,  
“ and whose camps it has scattered over their lands !  
“ How many are my victims, whose carcasses ever  
“ lie for the fowls of the air to devour, and round  
“ which the wild beasts come prowling ! O Ibla,  
“ there is coming for thee a husband, who will tear  
“ thee away. Time itself may perish, but his glo-  
“ ries can never perish. O Ibla, as to thy slave, his  
“ death is resolved at my hands, and his judgment  
“ day is fixed. Let the heart of thy father, O thou,  
“ my hope, be this day at ease ! Let him sleep by  
“ night, as long as the stars wander in the skies.”

As Antar listened to these verses, he was convinced that his antagonist had fallen into the sea of love. Coward-born, he cried, I will this day prepare such a marriage for thee, no other wedding shalt thou require. And reflecting on all he had suffered on Ibla's account, and the misfortunes he had encountered, he assaulted Roudha, thus speaking :

“ How fortune removes away what I anxiously  
“ wish to approach, and thus sends a monster that  
“ I must fight ! O thou, from whom fortune has  
“ averted all its vicissitudes, at me it has levelled  
“ all its insults. What, am I the only person who  
“ must experience the treachery of its disposition ?  
“ How, then, can any one, who associates with me,

“live in happiness? I have tried it, and I am  
“proud of it: it may enfeeble me, and often its  
“trials have turned my head gray. But still how  
“can I fear the calamities of fortune? No—its  
“severities are the most tolerable of all that I  
“suffer. How many nights have I wandered over  
“the wastes alone! it was dark, and the stars were  
“declining towards the west. How many lakes  
“are there whose waters I have mixed with blood  
“in the morning, where the wild beasts sought  
“refreshment and repose! My scimitar and my  
“spear are my companions, when the lions of the  
“den crowd around me. O thou, that hungerest  
“for my death, return, free from such avidity, and  
“behold not the cup thou wilt drink.”

Having finished, he assailed Roudha like a cloud ;  
and Roudha received him as the parched earth the  
first of the rain. These two furious warriors com-  
menced the conflict : they dealt blows and thrusts,  
and for an hour were tasting of death, so that the  
eye was scared. Antar beheld in Roudha what he  
had never yet experienced from the stoutest hero :  
he was on his guard against any fatal event, for he  
observed him brandish his lance as a writer would  
a reed. Upon this, he pressed upon him, and  
clung to him, excluding all escape, so that stirrup  
grated stirrup. He struck Roudha's spear, and  
shivered it : he extended his hand towards the rings  
of his mail, and, tearing him out of his saddle, made  
him his prisoner, and threw him to Shiboob, who,



with cords, tied his shoulders and arms behind him, and brought him before his brother Antar. He drew forth Dhami from its scabbard, and was about to put him to death, when lo ! his mother and his sisters cast themselves out of their howdahs on the ground, their faces uncovered, their hair dishevelled—drowned in tears, and their veils loose. O Knight of the age and æra, exclaimed they, with one voice, by the life of your ancestor Adnan, have compassion on our tears—our misery—our forlorn state, and the absence of our heroes ! If you are resolved on the death of our brother, O put us to death first, for fortune has left us only him of all our family and friends. The eldest sister then advanced towards Antar, and casting herself at his feet, she thus addressed him :

“ O Knight of the horse, all that has been said  
“ of you is true. Pardon ! for in my heart there  
“ is a burning flame. This youth, whom you have  
“ captured, is my brother : besides him, I have no  
“ life, no sight. Release him, and pardon him :  
“ protect us, and accept our gratitude. This day  
“ I implore your forgiveness ; for you are a warrior  
“ at whose glory every one must bow, and for whom  
“ the fire of war blazes. Pity him, and release him  
“ —in your kindness, pardon him ; for he is my  
“ hope—he is my hearing, and my sight.”

Here she stopped, and retired. The second sister then came forward, and thus addressed Antar :

“ O Knight of the horse, tears burst from my

“eyes. Have pity on my weakness—my patience  
 “is exhausted. Release your victim—this boy—  
 “pardon him, and we will ransom him with wealth  
 “and jewels. Though your complexion be black  
 “as a coal, let your deeds be recorded, brilliant  
 “as the moon. Listen to us females, whose re-  
 “putation is now decreased; for they only demand  
 “mercy at the hands of a conqueror. May God  
 “execute your every wish in exalting your family,  
 “in supporting and glorifying it.”

She retired. The third advanced, and thus spoke:

“O Knight of the horse, unrivalled warrior,  
 “foremost when chargers neigh, and horsemen are  
 “in trouble. Every princely mortal is ennobled  
 “by thy sword; and yours are praises like the  
 “sweet-scented ambergris. Accept my compliment,  
 “and reward me with your kindness. Have pity  
 “on a forlorn girl, who is in misery. Release this  
 “boy, and pardon him; for he is my hearing, and  
 “the light of my eyes. Pity this distraction of a  
 “heart, a prey to anguish before I die; for this is  
 “my last breath.”

She retired. The fourth sister came forward, and thus spoke:

“Patience and forbearance are no more; grief  
 “and sorrow oppress me. My heart is divided in  
 “its wishes—pity the anguish of my soul. O  
 “friend, take me by the hand, for I am sinking  
 “with desolation. My soul longs to bid farewell

“to its afflictions; but, alas! all its joys are extinct. Let us at last be relieved by your kindness!”

She retired. The fifth sister now advanced, and thus addressed Antar (she was the youngest, and the most beautiful):

“O Knight of the horse, protect me, and pity my destitute condition: do not reject our petition. This youth, whom you have captured, is our brother. Pity his youth, and let not strangers exult over him. Though he have behaved proudly and overbearingly, let your compassion extinguish rancour and anger. You are one who have the lives of warriors at command, and destroy whomsoever you wish. Though your complexion be black, bravery, and beneficence, and courtesy, are far superior; and if the inhabitants of the earth were all exalted, the multitude would be slaves, and you would be raised on high.”

Having finished, she retired. The mother then advanced, and thus commended Antar:

“O Knight of the horse, protect us, and pity our forlorn state: become our succour against the vicissitudes of fortune. But if you are resolved on putting him to death, satiate first your vengeance on us. God forbid, that a Knight should be deficient in liberality, and injure us, or make us weep tears of blood. He attacked you insultingly, but he is overpowered. Pity his youth, and pardon him his crime. O Knight, to

“whom there is no equal, pity our tears,—compassion will grace your other accomplishments; and when all the earth is exalted, the multitude will be the earth, and you heaven.”

As Antar listened to these prayers, and the speeches of Roudha's mother and sisters, his pagan pride stormed in his head, and an anxiety to protect them increased throughout his limbs, for Antar was ever interested for woman; and his heart softened after what he had endured, and he said to Shiboob, Release Roudha from his fetters. I have pardoned him on account of his mother and sisters. He directed the women to return to their howdahs, safe and secure from harm. Shiboob accordingly liberated Roudha from captivity, and whilst all this was passing, Shas stood listening and looking on and admiring Antar's excessive generosity and kindness, and he said to himself, Truly Antar has exercised his liberality in its proper place. But Roudha was no sooner at liberty than he ran towards Antar, and kissed his hands, thanking him, praising him, begging his pardon, and saying, You well know, O Aboolfawaris, that time teaches man some new wisdom and experience: I was indeed ignorant of the state of the world and its affairs, and was going to demand your cousin in marriage, knowing very little of you; but now I have had proofs of your value, and till now I was ignorant of the respective dignity of Horsemen. Now, however, I beseech you to accept the presents that I have brought with



me for your cousin Ibla; you deserve them better than I do. I beg most earnestly that you will oblige me by receiving them. And turning towards the camels, he unloaded them: on these were three robes of velvet of three different colours; on each robe was a wreath of jewels worth 30,000 dirhems of gold. These he presented to Antar, and he kissed the ground before him, imploring his forgiveness. By the faith of an Arab, Roudha, said Antar, you are more munificent and liberal than I am: never can I make you any suitable return. Roudha bade Antar farewell, and Antar kissed him between the eyes, and thus they separated, each seeking his own country.

Antar and Shas travelled night and day, till one morning being near the land of the Absians, Shas said to Antar, I think it would be proper, Aboolfawaris, to apprise our families of our arrival. As you please, my Prince, said Antar; and he bid Shiboob to go forward. Shiboob gave his feet to the winds, and in less than an hour he reached the tents. The families hurried eagerly from every quarter, and the news soon reached King Zoheir. He ordered Shiboob into his presence, and being informed of the approach of Shas and Antar, he ordered Amarah to be released from prison and confinement, and then he mounted, with his sons and officers, and went out to meet Shas and the lion-warrior Antar. He also ordered his slaves to proclaim it throughout the tents, that no one should

be absent, but that all should come forth and bring goods with them, to make offerings to Shas and Antar in the wild and the waste. In obedience to these orders and proclamations all the horsemen marched out; the noble warriors of the family of Carad rejoiced, but silence reigned among the family of Zeead, as if they had lost their children. Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, joined the others and went out in the procession. Amarah too mounted, muttering to himself, No welcome, no welcome, to this bastard slave, who is returned safe! and forsooth King Zoheir is not to be satisfied but by requiring us to attend him, and be witnesses to his filthy face. Thus he mounted, though his anguish was insupportable. Not a person remained in the tents; every one had come forth to hail Antar, the lord of battles: before them went the women, beating the cymbals, and the slaves waving their swords; and the whole country was in uproar and tumult. They had not proceeded far when they met Shas and Antar. The first that advanced towards them was Prince Malik. I congratulate you, O my tribe, he exclaimed, on what has appeared this day, which God has vouchsafed to honour with his favour, and on the meeting of my brother and my friend. Thus saying, he embraced Antar and his brother. Antar kissed the Prince's head, and prayed for a continuance of his glory. After this, they all crowded about Shas and Antar, making their offerings of gold and silver, and girdles, and

robes: joy and gladness were diffused among the slaves and the freeborn; and the high and the low exulted in the return of Aboolfawaris Antar. Amarah had hinted to his slaves to stand close to him, and not to quit him, saying to them (as he was about to execute King Zohier's order) When you see me make my present, advance quick, and catch it before any one else. The slaves promised to do as he bade them, and they had prepared their coarse aprons to catch the golden offerings, which their master was to make. So when this munificent Amarah came nigh unto Shas and Antar, and stood between them, he testified the utmost joy, and said to Antar, God has brightened your eyes in this affair, Aboolfawaris, and you have received of his bounties and favours what no one other, on foot or on horseback, ever possessed before. And he let fall out of his sleeve some gold coin in a sly, artful manner; but Shiboob slipped in and caught it, and took it away and put it all into his own hair-cloth apron, and kept it all himself, saying, God bless such great men as you who offer presents to their friends and comrades. May God reward you well, Shiboob, said Amarah, for you are deserving of wealth and money: we are all greatly rejoiced at your return, and all our griefs and sorrows are at an end. Malik, Ibla's father, next advanced, and embracing Shas, congratulated him on his escape: he kissed his bosom and hands, and saluted him: but Shas turned away his face from him, and said,

Malik, no more of your deceits and artifices ; if you are really glad at my deliverance, as you say you are, marry your daughter to your nephew, Antar, this very night. Malik smiled the smile of shame, and his heart burned with excess of anguish.—By your life, my lord, said he, through your intercession my heart entertains no rancour whatever towards Antar ; and at this very moment, O prince, my daughter is his handmaiden, and I am one of his slaves, and do you be my witness ; if you wish, I will marry her to him this very night ; and now that he has done all these things, how is it possible that I should not love him and favour him ? Having thus spoken, he dismounted and fawned on Antar ; but all this was the result of his excessive cunning and deceit. However, Antar dismounted from Abjer, and kissed his uncle's bosom and hands, exclaiming, O my uncle, do not load me with what cannot be supported ! I am indeed your slave, and the shepherd of your flock. After this, they all mounted again, and every heart was cleansed of its griefs and distresses. Shedad thought the world too narrow for the extent of his joy on the arrival of his son : his mother Zebeeba too kissed him, as she said, If you would but stay and tend the camels with me, my heart would be relieved from the pain of these terrible events. Antar smiled, and composed her. As soon as the people had retired to their tents, King Zoheir ordered camels to be slaughtered, and a dinner to be prepared, and a



splendid feast to be set out (the like of which no one in the world ever saw), to testify his joy at the escape of his son Shas from drinking the cup of death, and the safety of the great Antar. They were thus occupied for three whole days, and Antar was always seated by the side of King Zoheir, and every one presented him gifts of value, consisting of horses, female slaves, and gold. On the fourth night he was invited to a banquet given by Prince Shas, and when they had dined and the wine-glasses were going merrily round, Shas started up and put his hand into Antar's, in fulfilment of what had been hitherto so grievous, and exclaimed in the presence of all the Absians, O sons of my uncle, O ye, that are here present, whether friend, relation, or companion, let every one who wishes to recompense this hero according to his power, do so; for there is no one in the whole tribe but Aboolfawaris, who can defend his property and goods, or protect his family and friends. Let it not be said, O my cousins, that Shas only speaks thus because he is overcome with wine; for, by the Lord of Heaven, I am the freedman of his sword and his spear, and he has overwhelmed me with liberality and munificence. Nothing will I keep hidden or concealed—I will lay it all before Antar, as also the property of my brothers and my father—every thing that belongs to me. Shas's brothers were all unanimous in their assent; but Antar thanked them and prayed for them, saying, O my lords, this does not

please me: this appears wrong in my eyes, that all the property of the Arabs should be at my disposal, and that I should squander the wealth of the chiefs. It is, however, necessary that in ten days I should make an excursion among the tribes of Cahtan, and carry away all the property of those Arabs, and I will not let my marriage-feast be concluded till the season of the spring be passed, and the high and low be entertained and enriched. It shall be a day to me, future ages shall record. Aboolfawaris, cried Prince Malik, we will not permit you to absent yourself, nor let this your day be followed by your morrow until you have celebrated your marriage-feast and wedding; and when you resolve on an excursion we will accompany you, and be in your suite, and at your command: were we to expend our whole substance, and were we all to act justly and impartially, all our property and that of all the Absians would be yours and at your disposal: for how often have you rescued it from the hands of the horsemen by the blade of your sword, and by the exposure of your life in our cause. When Antar heard the princes thus address him, the flame within him burnt violently: he could no longer make any opposition, but waited patiently till the feast was over, and when Shas invested him with a superb robe, and mounted him on an Arab steed, and treated him with every kindness, he retired with his father and uncles, seeking the tents of Ibla's father. Now all the party had separated to

their own homes and tents, and there was not one among them but would willingly have offered all he was worth to accomplish Antar's success but Amarah alone, and his anguish was redoubled, his gall was burst, and his very soul melted ; and his brother was in despair about him, for again the fever seized him, and the strangury, and the pains in his loins, and the diarrhoea. When Rebia went to see him he complained bitterly of his situation, and grieved and implored his assistance. Amarah, said Rebia, it is quite impossible for us any longer to oppose Antar ; for any more absurd plans on our part would only be followed by our death and ruin.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE next day King Zoheir, accompanied by his sons and his horsemen, rode out to the chase, as was customary among the Arabs of those days. They first made inquiries for Antar; but, hearing nothing of him, they remained abroad till near the third hour, when they returned home to their respective tents. But Shas, and his brother, Malik, sent a slave to the habitations of the Carad family; and he returned in an hour, his heart filled with grief. My lord, said he to Prince Shas, no one has heard any thing of Antar this day: his uncle, Malik, assured me so; adding, that, when they retired from your feast, he stayed drinking with him an hour, and afterwards repaired to the tents of his mother, Zebeeba. Early this morning they searched for him, to accompany them to the chase with your father, King Zoheir, but they could not find him; so, on that account, they put off their hunt for the day: and, when Shedad asked his mother about him, she told him, that, when he came home, he did not go to sleep; but, as soon as the fires of the tribe were extinguished, and the obscurity of night came on, he mounted his horse, and, taking his brother, Shiboob, with him, he



departed over the wilds and the plains. On hearing this account of Antar, Shas was exceedingly grieved. May God curse thee, O Malik! he cried: how infamous are thy deeds! how black are thy actions! What is the matter? asked Prince Malik. Know, my brother, replied Shas, that Malik secretly plots against Antar the very reverse of what he promised us: he deceives both us and Antar. And he only received him thus craftily and artfully, just to quiet his apprehensions for the moment; and now he has driven him away out of the country, and has sent him on some perilous expedition. It may be, observed Prince Malik, that he is gone, in order to bring back what may supply his marriage-feast, and enable him to support his wedding establishment. O my brother, continued Shas, cast away all such ideas. Be assured that Malik will ever practise on us his craft and wiles; and it is my opinion we should inform our father of his conduct. The news was soon spread abroad, to the great joy of his enemies, and particularly of the family of Zeead.

But the cause of Antar's disappearance was as follows: When Rebia, and Malik, son of Carad, saw Antar return safe with Shas, and that his glory was greatly exalted, and that every family befriended him, their galls burst, and their senses were blinded, particularly Malik, a proficient in arts and frauds; for he dared not to contradict King Zoheir: and though in his presence he ex-

pressed his satisfaction, in the violence of his iniquity and accursed malignity he said to his daughter Ibla, Take these robes that your cousin has brought you, abandon your grief and sorrow, gird yourself with these strings of pearls and jewels, and decorate yourself with every sumptuous article of dress, and be not shy of your cousin in any respect ; for now you will be married to him, and all your property will be delivered over to him : the business is now finally arranged, and his high honours render it necessary to conclude it. Now Antar, on his return from entertainments, always devoted himself to a conversation with Ibla, enjoying the sweetness of her smiles : and, on his return from Prince Shas's feast, he accompanied his father and his uncles to the tents of Ibla's father. Ibla received him in the kindest manner ; and her father had instructed her, when Shedad and Zakhmet ool Jewad should depart for the night, to detain Antar, and push about the glasses. Being, therefore, seated, and the conversation turning on his marriage, said Malik to Antar, O Aboolfawaris, the words of Prince Shas grieve my heart ; I do not approve of our providing the marriage feast out of our own property. Well, said Antar, I will perform in your presence deeds such as the bravest heroes will fail in executing—such as no prince or warrior will be able to accomplish. But what do you intend to do, O Aboolfawaris ? asked Ibla. Tell me all, that I may comprehend it. Whatever

you please, cousin, said Antar. I demand of you, then, added Ibla, that you will place me amongst the most exalted, as Khalid, son of Moharib, did on his marriage with his cousin Jaida, daughter of Zahir. You little devil, exclaimed her father designedly, where did you learn any stories of knights and warriors? Oh, said Ibla, I heard this from the women who came to congratulate me on the return of my cousin. Antar smiled: And pray what did you hear on that occasion? said he. Know, answered Ibla, that, whilst they were talking of marriages and feasts, one of them said, No one has ever made a really magnificent wedding but a knight of the tribe of Zebeed—and he was Khalid, son of Moharib, when Jaida, daughter of Zahir, was united to him: for he slaughtered at his feast a thousand camels, male and female, and twenty lions and lionesses; and he invited to his entertainment the horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, of Khitaan, and of Morad. He staid with these three tribes, and supplied them with provisions: and the camels were the property of Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears, a knight of the tribe of Aamir; and, when he married Jaida, the bridle of her camel was held by the daughter of Moawiyah, son of Nizal. Antar, irritated at her words, quickly replied, And dost thou think, then, O Ibla, that this was such a great exploit? At thy marriage I will permit no one to lead thy camel but this Jaida herself, with

all her perfections—and round her neck shall be slung the head of Khalid; so that no one shall vie with thee, or be exalted above thee. No, cried her father, I will not allow of this: give up such a proposal, my daughter. She is talking nonsense, Antar: do not listen to her; stir not from home till your projects are completed; for I cannot possibly refuse King Zoheir and his sons. Antar made no reply, but hastened back to his mother's dwelling, and awakened Shiboob, and ordered him to prepare his horse. Shiboob instantly complied; and Antar sprung on his back, Shiboob running by his side. And when they were beyond the tents, and the fumes of the wine had fled from Antar's brain, Well, thou black-born, said he to Shiboob, away to the mountains of Toweilaa and the land of the tribe of Zebeed by the shortest road. Well, brother, replied Shiboob; but what is there so urgent in this affair, that you have set out at this unseasonable hour? Antar related what had passed. There can be no doubt, added Shiboob, that it is your uncle who has exposed you to this perilous enterprise; for how should Ibla know any thing about warriors, or hear such things from women?

Now all this was Rebia's contrivance: he it was who suggested this wicked and malicious plan to Malik, in order to sacrifice Antar. Malik desired his daughter to mention it to Antar, and make the demand of her cousin, but not to explain at whose instigation. Thus Antar set out by night, traversing



wilds and wastes, disregarding Shiboob's hints ; on the contrary, he was full of joy at an adventure his beloved had required of him. And, as the journey lengthened, he thought of Ibla, and thus exclaimed :

“ I traverse the wastes, and the night is gloomy :  
“ I stray over the wilds, and the sands are parch-  
“ ing : I desire no other companion but the sword,  
“ whether, on the day of horrors, the foe be few or  
“ numerous. Ye beasts of the desert, beware of  
“ the warrior ; for, when he brandishes his scimitar,  
“ caution avails not. Accompany me ; ye will be-  
“ hold prostrate carcasses, and the birds darting at  
“ them as they hover and look on. Now, that I  
“ am going in quest of him, no eternity is there  
“ for Khalid\*. No, no : let Jaida no longer boast.  
“ Short will be the happiness of their country :  
“ soon will the tiger come. O Ibla, may the riches,  
“ that come for thee, rejoice thee, when Fortune  
“ casts me among thy enemies ! O thou, who,  
“ with one glance of the eye, hast exposed my life  
“ to deadly arrows, whose wounds are frightful !  
“ it is well ; for thy embrace is an unadulterated  
“ paradise, and the flames of separation from thee  
“ cannot be endured. O Mount Saadi, may showers  
“ from the rain-cloud ever moisten thee, and may  
“ the dew ever refresh thy lands ! How many  
“ nights have I travelled in thy society, and lived

\* Khalid signifies “ eternal.”

“in happiness, unalloyed by pain, with the damsel  
“who circles the goblets, and whose form shines  
“among them like the flame of wine: the maiden  
“who passes them round is of the daughters of  
“Arabia, elegantly formed, and Paradise is in her  
“eye. If I live, it is she whom I will ever remem-  
“ber; if I die, a night in death with her will be  
“existence.”

Now Khalid, whom Antar went to seek, was a horseman of the tribe of Zebeed; and the Arabs of those deserts, and the Kings of those countries and cities, stood in awe of him. He was a hero of the dust and confusion; and Maadi Kereb, the father of Amroo, the Zebeedian, was allied to him in feats of arms, and in rank, among the Arabs of the desert: and he used to confess among the horsemen, that he had learnt all his courage and intrepidity from this undaunted lion, and this all-conquering warrior, Khalid, son of Moharib; and he was also the cause of his marriage with Jaida, the daughter of Zahir: and their history was marvellous to relate.

Moharib and Zahir were two brothers, by the same father and mother; and the Arabs called them uterine brothers. Both were eminent for their bravery and courage; but Moharib was the chief of the clan, and Zahir was his minister under him: he was his counsellor and adviser. At last it happened, that a violent dispute and quarrel arose between them. Zahir retired to his tents,

greatly afflicted, and he knew not what to do. What is the matter with you? said his wife. Why do I see you so bewildered? Tell me what has occurred, and what you are thinking of. Who can have displeased or insulted you, you the greatest of the Arab Chiefs? What can I do? he replied; he who has injured me is one against whom I cannot raise my hand—one I cannot harm; my companion in the womb—my brother in the world; and had it not been he himself, I would have shown him the power of a formidable antagonist, and made an example of him among the tribes and Chiefs. Abandon him, leave him in his own land, exclaimed his wife; at the same time reciting these verses, from some poet of the time:

“As to thy soul, away with it, if it cry out in  
“pain, and abandon thy home, to mourn over him  
“that built it. Bear not insult from thy relations;  
“quit thy relations, and seek what will stand thee  
“in lieu of them. As to thy person, thou mayst  
“wander from country to country; but as to *thy-*  
“*self*, thou canst find no other self but it. The  
“warrior’s might is not proved till with his life he  
“remove all that pains him. Send not thy mes-  
“senger on an important affair; for, with regard  
“to thyself, there is no adviser but thine own self.  
“He whose death must be in a certain spot, can-  
“not die elsewhere. This is the opinion of a wise  
“and sensible man; so listen to it, and doubt not.”  
Zahir assented to his wife’s counsel; and he pre-



pared for his departure, struck his tents, loaded his camels, and departed, seeking the tribe of Saad, who were also his cousins. Still he was greatly afflicted at this separation from his brother, and thus spoke:

“ I will wander from thy home a thousand years,  
“ and the journey of every year shall be a thousand  
“ miles. Were my favours from thee a thousand  
“ *Ægypt*s, and in each *Ægypt* were there a thou-  
“ sand Niles, still thy favours would be but trifling;  
“ and I shall be content far from thee with a little.  
“ I will recite in thy absence this distich, which a  
“ string of pearls cannot equal in value: ‘ When a  
“ man is vexed in the land of his tribe, there is  
“ nothing left for him but to depart.’ O thou who  
“ hast maliciously offended me, soon wilt thou feel  
“ what the beneficent Deity will effect; for he is  
“ the judge between thee and me—he, the un-  
“ changeable and imperishable.”

Zahir continued his journey till he reached the tribe of Saad, where he alighted. They received him kindly, and welcomed him, and begged him to settle among them. It happened that his wife was with child; and he said to her, If a son be born, most welcome will he be; but if it is a girl, conceal it, and let it appear to the world at large that we have a male child, that my brother may not exult over us. When her time was completed, she brought forth a daughter; so in private they called her Jaida, but in public Jooder, making it appear that she was a boy: and accordingly they made a great entertain-



ment and rejoicings, evening and morning. His brother Moharib, about the same time, had also a son, whom he called Khalid (eternal); giving him this name because he had continued to prosper in his affairs after his brother's absence. Now as the two children grew up, and their fame was spread among the Arabs, Zahir taught his daughter to ride on horseback; he instructed her in all the martial exercises of a warrior, and in all that constitutes bravery and courage, and in the arts of war and battle: he hardened her, also, to toils and dangers; and whenever he went forth to battle, he took her with him, mingling among the other Arab clans in her company; and when the horsemen joined her, she ever commanded in the front of the boldest. Thus she continued to overthrow her contemporaries, and attacked lions in their dens, till she became a common proverb: and when she vanquished a hero, she cried out, I am Jooder, son of Zahir, the horseman of the clans and the tribes. In the like manner flourished her cousin Khalid, son of Moharib, who was the Chief of his people; and he had established dwellings where guests were entertained, and where horsemen took up their abode. Khalid was educated among them, and acquired fortitude of heart: he perfected himself in horsemanship among them, until he came forth an intrepid warrior, and a valiant hero; every horseman and every knight acknowledged his courage and undaunted soul. At last he heard of his cousin Jooder; and his anxiety to mark him, and engage

him, and be an eye-witness of his skill in arms, became very great: but he was unable to gratify his wish, on account of his father's indignation: and thus he continued, till, his father dying, he obtained possession of his seat, and inherited his property and lands. He acted as his father had done, in keeping up the establishments for guests, in protecting the timid and the helpless, and in clothing the widowed and the naked. He used also to ride out in the plains with his warriors, and exercised himself with the horsemen; so that his bodily powers and vigour were strengthened. And after a short time, he collected some rich presents, and taking his mother with him, he went to visit his uncle: neither did he halt till he came unto Zahir, who was delighted to see him, and set apart for him a magnificent dwelling; for he had heard accounts of his accomplishments from various travellers. Khalid also visited his cousin: he saluted her, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes, thinking she was a young man. He was much pleased with her, and stayed ten days with his uncle, every day engaging with his horsemen, and lancing with his warriors. But his cousin, when she beheld how beautiful and valiant he was, was deeply enamoured of him. She renounced sleep; she ate nothing, and her love and passion increased: and now when the flame of love had gained complete possession of her heart, she complained of her situation to her mother, saying,

O my mother, if my cousin departs, and I do not accompany him, I shall die of grief in his absence. Her mother pitied her, and could not reproach her, being fully convinced how unavailing would be all reproof. Jaida, said she, conceal your feelings, and be not so distressed: you have not acted improperly; you have, on the contrary, done nothing but what is correct; for he is your cousin, of your flesh, and of your blood. You resemble him in beauty and loveliness, in form and figure, and also in bravery and horsemanship. To-morrow, when his mother comes to us, I will explain the matter to her: we will marry you to him without delay; and we will, moreover, return to our native land. She waited patiently till the following day, when Khalid's mother came: her mother then conducted her into the apartment, and uncovering her head, her hair fell over her shoulders. Khalid's mother perceiving her excessive beauty and charms, was quite bewildered, and exclaimed, Cousin, is this not your son Jooder? No, she replied, this is Jaida; the moon is risen. And she related the circumstance, and all that had passed with her husband, and how she had concealed her sex, fearful of the consequences. Cousin, continued Khalid's mother, in astonishment, amongst all the daughters of Arabia, most celebrated for their beauty, I have never seen one more lovely than this girl. What is her name? Jaida, she replied; and my only object in disclosing this circumstance, is to offer you all these



charms: and it is my wish to marry her to your son, and to return to our native land. To this Khalid's mother immediately assented: And most fortunate, said she, will be my son with such a possession. She instantly started up, and repaired to her son, to whom she imparted all she had seen, expatiating on the charms of Jaida's form. By the faith of an Arab, said she, I have never, my son, beheld in any desert or city, amongst the most perfect of the daughters of Arabia, any one that resembles your cousin: nothing can be more beautiful than her form—more exquisite than her loveliness and shape. Haste then, my son, to your uncle Zahir, and demand her of him. Lucky, indeed, if he grants her to your wishes: let her not, my son, escape you. As Khalid listened to these words, he hung his head towards the ground, and remaining thoughtful awhile, Mother, said he, I can stay here no longer; I must return home to my horsemen and my troops. I do not wish to have any thing more to say to my cousin, now that it is ascertained that she is a person of a waving bosom, awkward in speech, and of a trivial, light disposition; for I have always been accustomed to the society of warriors, where I throw away money, and acquire martial renown. As to her love for me, it is only a maiden, feminine weakness. And he mounted his horse, and accoutred himself in his armour and warlike weapons; he bade adieu to his uncle, and resolved on instant departure. What



means this haste? exclaimed his uncle. I cannot possibly remain here any longer, answered Khalid; and he rode off, traversing the wilds and the wastes. His mother took leave of Jaida, and having communicated to her all that had passed with her son, she mounted her she-camel, and set out on her way home. Jaida's soul felt the indignity. She was deprived of all repose, and scarcely ate any thing; and when her father, a few days after, was going forth with a party of brave horsemen in quest of gain, and to plunder warriors, he looked at her, and observing she was much altered, out of spirits, and dejected, he made no remark, hoping that she would soon recover.

Her father had no sooner quitted the tents, than Jaida, who perceived that her life was in danger, and that her situation was critical, said to her mother, Mother, I am dying, and that wretch Khalid still lives. I must make him drink of the distractions of death, and make him taste of the bitterness of punishment and torture, if God but grant me the power. She rushed forth like a lioness, and, clothed in armour, she mounted her horse, telling her mother she was going to the chase. She traversed rocks and mountains, her anxiety ever increasing, and her distress augmenting, till she approached the dwellings of her cousin. Having disguised herself, she entered the tents of public entertainment, close-vizored, like a horseman of Hijaz. The slaves and attendants met her, and

gave her a most hospitable reception, behaving towards her as they always did to their guests, or any noble personage. That night she reposed; but the next day she came forth into the course, where she engaged the horsemen, and proved her superiority over the bravest, to the great astonishment of all the spectators. It was not yet mid-day when all her cousin's horsemen acknowledged her superiority. Khalid marked her prowess, and was surprised at such uncommon skill, and went forth to meet her. Jaida encountered him, and they both commenced the attack, exhibiting every stratagem in the assault and defence, until the darkness of the night came on; when they separated, unhurt, and neither of them knew which was the conqueror. Thus was Jaida exalted in the eyes of every spectator, and the distress of their hearts was assuaged when they saw her wonderful intrepidity and skill. Khalid ordered all his slaves to attend on her, saying, Treat this great Knight most hospitably; and he retired to his own tents, his heart entirely engrossed with the combat. She remained three days with him, and every day she appeared on the course, and engaged her cousin till the close of the day; and though she was exceedingly rejoiced, yet she never discovered herself: and it never occurred to him to make any inquiries of her, or ask her to what tribe she belonged. On the fourth morning, Khalid mounted as usual, and sought the plain; and as he passed by the tents of entertainment, he

saw her mounting her horse. He saluted her, and she returned the compliment. Noble Arab, said Khalid, I wish to put one question to you. I have hitherto been deficient in decorum, but I now beseech you, by the God who has clothed you in robes of beauty, and has endowed you with such dexterity in feats of arms, tell me who you are, and to what noble Princes are you allied? for your equal in bravery and horsemanship I have never beheld. My heart is all anxiety—my soul is all doubt and eagerness. Jaida smiled, and replied, as she opened her vizor, Khalid, I am a woman, and no warrior; I am your cousin, Jaida, who offered her person to you, and resigned herself to you; but you accepted her not, priding yourself on your love of arms. And she instantly turned away, and giving the reins to her charger, she sought her native land. Her cousin retired, abashed: he knew not what to do with the love and passion that now beset him. He abhorred all his warlike pursuits, on account of the troubles with which they had encircled him; and his hatred for women was converted into love. He sent for his mother, and related the adventure. My son, said she, this circumstance only renders you still more deserving of her: wait patiently, that I may go and demand her of her mother. She accordingly mounted her she-camel, and departed over the deserts, following the traces of Jaida; who having reached home, informed her mother of all that had occurred; and



greatly was she alarmed at what she had done. Khalid's mother soon arrived, and throwing herself into her cousin's arms, begged her to marry Jaida to her son. Zahir was still absent on his excursion. But when she imparted to her daughter Khalid's request, That can never be, said Jaida, were I even to drink of the cup of death. I only performed this deed in the presence of heroes, in order to extinguish the flame of my agony and distress, and to soothe the anguish of my heart. Upon this, Khalid's mother returned home, disappointed, and found her son in the cruellest state of misery and anxiety. He started up in haste (for his love and passion had greatly augmented), and eagerly inquired what had passed with his cousin: and when he learnt what Jaida had said on the subject, his grief became still more violent; for this rejection of his love shot a flame into his heart, as he had only known it by experiencing the miseries of desire and torture. What is to be done now, O mother? he exclaimed. There is no way of eluding this calamity, she replied, but for you to assemble your horsemen from the Arab Sheikhs, and all between whom and you there exists any connexion or acquaintance. Wait till your uncle returns from his expedition, then go with your comrades, and demand her in the assembly of warriors: if he denies the fact\*, explain to him all that has passed,

\* That is, if he denies that he has a daughter.



and importune him with assurances till he grants your request. His mother's advice soothed his pains: and when he heard of his uncle's return, he assembled the Chiefs of his family, to whom he related his adventure. Greatly were they amazed; and Maadi Kereb (for he was one of Khalid's bravest comrades) observed, This is, indeed, a most singular occurrence: we have always understood that your uncle Zahir had a son called Jooder: but now the whole affair is discovered, and made manifest. You are, therefore, the person who has the best right to the daughter of your uncle. It will be well for us all to go to him, and throw ourselves down before him, begging him to return to his family, and not marry his daughter to a stranger. Khalid, without any further delay, took with him one hundred of his chosen horsemen, who had been brought up with Moharib and Zahir from their youth; and collecting some magnificent presents, more valuable than his former offerings, he set out, and did not halt till he reached the tribe of Saad. Khalid congratulated his uncle on his safe return; but Zahir was amazed at this second visit, after so short an interval, particularly when he perceived the Chiefs of the family with him. He never thought of his daughter Jaida, and only supposed that they were come to induce him to return to his native land. He received them hospitably, and accommodated them with tents, and lodged them in his most magnificent dwellings. He slaughtered

camels and sheep, and prepared a feast, supplying them with every requisite for three days. On the fourth day, Khalid arose, and having first thanked and commended his uncle, he demanded his daughter in marriage, and begged him to return home with them. Zahir denied having any other child but his son Jooder; but Khalid explained the whole affair, and stated to him what had happened concerning his daughter; at which Zahir hung down his head to the ground, in excess of shame. For some time he remained thoughtful; till feeling that the business could only become worse, he turned towards all present, and said, Cousins, I will no longer hesitate to confess the secret: and now let us terminate the business, and marry her to her cousin as soon as possible; for he, of all men, merits her the most. So he gave him his hand for the marriage, and they immediately shook hands in the presence of the Chiefs, who were witnesses to the contract; and they settled her dower at five hundred she-camels, red-haired and black-eyed, and a thousand he-camels, laden with the rarities of Yemen. The tribe of Saad, with whom Zahir had been living, were amazed at this event. But when Zahir demanded Jaida's consent to this arrangement, she stood abashed at what her father had done: however, he assured her so positively that he could not leave her unmarried, that she at last said, Father, if my cousin desires me in marriage, I will not enter unto him until he can slaughter at

my wedding-feast a thousand camels belonging to Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears. Khalid assented to this requisition; but the Sheikhs and warriors would not quit Zahir till he had collected all his property and wealth, and departed home with them: and no sooner was he settled, than Khalid conducted away one thousand horsemen, with whom he vanquished the tribe of Aamir. He plundered their property, and slew a number of their heroes, after having wounded the Brandisher of Spears in three places, and taken away from his lands more than Jaida had demanded. With this booty he returned, exulting in his success: but when he now sought the consummation of the marriage, Jaida again sent for him, and said, If you wish me to be your wife, first fulfil all my wishes, and execute the contract I shall form with you. My demand of you is this: on my marriage-day, let the daughter of a noble, free-born woman hold the bridle of my camel. She must be a Prince's daughter, and of high distinction; so that I may be honoured above all the virgins of Arabia. Khalid acquiesced, and obeyed. On that very day he mounted, with his horsemen, and traversed the plains and the valleys, seeking the land of Yemen, till he reached the country of Hijr, and those sand-hills. Here he attacked a family-tribe of Moawiyeh, son of Nizal. He came down upon him like a torrent of rain; and plying his sword among his horsemen, he took prisoner



Amima, Moawiyeh's daughter, from her retirement; and thus he returned, having performed deeds no heroes of old ever executed, dispersing whole tribes and clans, and plundering the property of all the Arabs in those parts; and he did not re-enter his own dwellings till he had collected wealth that covered the country and the desert. The damsels met him, playing on their cymbals and musical instruments, and the whole tribe rejoiced; and when he came nigh to his own home, he clothed the widows and orphans, and invited to his feast all his friends and companions. All the Arabs of that region flocked to his marriage, and he supplied them with meat and wine in abundance. But whilst the guests were engaged in feasting and merriment, Khalid, accompanied by ten slaves, rode away into the wilds and the marshes, to attack lions in their dens single-handed, and to hunt lions and lionesses, with their cubs, that he might carry them back to the tents, where he wished to serve up their flesh as a meal, and distribute it among all classes. Jaida knew what he was doing; she also mounted her horse, completely armed, and, disguising herself, quitted the tents; and as there remained still three days of carousing, she sought for Khalid in the desert, and found him in a den. She rushed at him like a savage lion, and assailed him with loud shouts, crying out, Dismount, you Arab, from your horse—strip off your coat of mail, and your armour. If you hesitate, I will drive this spear through your chest, and



force it out quivering through your back. Khalid determined to engage and attack her, and they commenced a furious combat, and after an hour's conflict, he perceived in her what affrighted his eyes. Checking his horse, and refraining from the battle, I demand of you, by the faith of an Arab, he cried, to tell me what horseman of the desert you are, for I observe that your thrust is irresistible, and your blow inevitable; and verily you have disappointed me in my wish, and in the accomplishment of my hopes. At these words, Jaida raised the visor from her face. Khalid, she cried, Who like you can attack wild beasts in their dens? That this should be said to the virgins of Arabia is not the attribute of a lion-warrior! Khalid was abashed at her taunts. By the faith of an Arab, he replied, No one but yourself can resist me. But is there no one in all this desert who challenged you, or did you only wish to exhibit before me a specimen of your gallantry? By the faith of an Arab, added Jaida, I only came forth into this desert to assist you in chasing the wild beasts, that you might not be reproached among the warriors on my account. Khalid was astonished at her expressions, and amazed at her spirit and resolution. So they both dismounted, and darted into a cavern. Khalid seized two ferocious beasts, and Jaida seized a lion and two lionesses, and they performed deeds to strike every eye with horror. This being done, they congratulated each other, and Jaida was rejoiced in the presence of

Khalid. Henceforth, said she, I will never permit you to leave the tents till after our marriage; and immediately she hastened back to her private apartments. Khalid also returned with the wild beasts to the horsemen, who shuddered at what he had done, and exalted his dignity above all other heroes. They thus continued the feast, and every one was satiated with food. The maidens put the cymbals in movement, and the slaves flourished their swords, whilst the damsels and virgins sang till the evening, when Jaida was married to Khalid, and he was blessed in her possession. Amima, the daughter of Moawiyeh, held the bridle of her camel, and the glory of Jaida was exalted among women and men. The hour was propitious; every foe grieved; every friend rejoiced. But in the course of that year Zahir died, and Jaida inherited all his property, his he and she camels. The kings of Arabia feared her, and mighty rulers were tributary to her; and every courteous poet of the desert extolled her in his rhymes. Now it happened that this story reached Rebia, and he was delighted at it, for he felt certain of the destruction of Antar.

Now Antar, with Shiboob running ahead, did not halt till he reached the lands of Zebeed. He concealed himself in the barren wastes, and despatched Shiboob to gain intelligence. Shiboob hastened onward till he came to the tents, which he entered about the close of the day, and began a conversation with the slaves and freemen, till, the morn-

ing dawning, he returned to his brother, swift as a blast of wind, and exclaimed, These lands are just now unoccupied by their masters, for Khalid has mounted his horse with some others, and has left Jaida here with two thousand warriors. But what is Jaida's employment? cried Antar in haste. Whither is Khalid gone? I asked some slaves about him, replied Shiboob, and they told me he was gone to war with the tribes of Temeem and Aamir, with the chiefs of his heroes. But Jaida rides out every night with twenty horsemen, and wanders about the high-ways far from the tents, fearful lest any Arab foe should surprise them. By the faith of an Arab, cried Antar, my wishes are accomplished: this very night will I seize Jaida, when she launches out into the desert. But do you, O Ebe Reah, as soon as I fall upon her and attack her, run on and cut off the way home from her attendants, so that not one may escape. Thus they remained concealed till the darkness of night came on, when they quitted their retreat, and, as they had arrived close to the tents by a by-road, Jaida and her horsemen appeared under the obscurity of the night, and Jaida headed the warriors like a tower, or a fragment rent from a mountain, and thus she exclaimed:

“The dust of horsemen in the desert is brilliant  
“to me: to pierce their bosoms in the fight is my  
“employment. To hunt lions in their dens is my  
“glory, and to boast over others who cannot equal  
“me: for daily I am in the wastes, making lions



“ tremble for their separation from their lionesses  
“ with their cubs. And the tribes acknowledge that  
“ my fame is raised above all that have preceded me.  
“ I am Jaida, and him who dares to assault me I  
“ will plunge into night, in the rocks or in the plains.  
“ I alone may exult above all mankind, in my ac-  
“ tions, in my fortune, and in my husband.”

Antar listened till Jaida had finished her verses, when turning to Shiboob, Son of my mother, said he, intercept these horsemen on the side of the tents, whilst I attack Jaida, and I will show you what I will do amongst these our foes. Shiboob obeyed, and giving his feet to the winds, sought the extended waste, till he was in their rear, and had cut off their road home: here he crouched upon his knees, and emptying his quiver before him, he remained in expectation of their approach. But Antar's assault on Jaida resembled the assault of a voracious lion; he drove his spear at her horse and it entered his chest, and she and the horse fell together to the ground: at the instant he drew forth his noble Dhami and rushed upon her comrades. In the twinkling of an eye he slew twelve of them: the remaining eight fled; but Shiboob received them with his arrows of death. Antar also overtook them, and destroyed some, quick as the eye-glance; so that not one out of the twenty escaped. They now returned to Jaida, who had fallen, and for a time she was stunned; but soon recovering herself, she stared to the right and to the left. Seeing no one, she



started up, and grasped her scimitar, and speeded homewards. She was, however, much weakened by her fall, and could not conceive who could have done such a deed. She had not gone far, when she met the horses of her companions, without their riders. She mounted one of them, and as through the darkness of the night she was proceeding to the tents, lo! Antar encountered her, looking out for her with Shiboob. She no sooner heard Antar speak to Shiboob, than being convinced that he must have been the author of her own fall, and the death of her attendants, Begone, she cried, ye who would realize your hopes with Jaida; and though your attack and your thrust have given you an opportunity of seeing her stretched on the ground, yet is she returned to make you drink of the cup of annihilation. She thus became furious, and bellowed like a lion at Antar: he met her, and they commenced the conflict, which they kept up so violently and vehemently, that their arms and shoulders were completely benumbed, and they felt assured of death, whilst Shiboob, to protect his brother, watched about the desert in the dark. At last Jaida was fatigued and exhausted, for she had encountered a warrior unlike any warrior, and a hero without an equal: still she would not retreat from the battle, and notwithstanding all she had suffered, she evinced perseverance and desperate resolution to the last, concealing her pain and anguish, and fully determined rather to perish than surrender herself to Antar.

When Antar was aware that she began to fail, he darted at her as a lion on his prey, and seizing her by the rings of her mail, he raised her up in his hand like a sparrow in the claws of a devouring hawk; and as he dashed her violently to the ground, her length nearly entered into her breadth. Shiboob fell upon her, and fastened down her shoulders, and bound tight her arms and her ribs. And it was about day-break, when said Shiboob, Now, my brother, let us away before the day becomes clear, and the news reach the dwellings, for horsemen will come upon us from all sides. What means such a proposal? exclaimed Antar. Shall I return home without any he or she camels? Shall I leave the property of these people untouched and at liberty? and must a second expedition be undertaken for Ibla's marriage? By the faith of honest Arabs, I will not stir from this country till I drive away all the he camels, and untouched she camels, and whatever else I covet: then will I return home, and my wishes be fulfilled. Shiboob approved; and they concealed themselves till the sun had risen three hours, and the cattle came forth in quest of the pastures: and when they were at some distance from the tents, Antar rushed among them, and separating them from their shepherds, he drove away five thousand he and she camels, with their herdsmen, having first dealt some cleaving blows among the slaves, who cried out, Quarter from thy sword and thy spear! Some of them escaped home, and exclaimed

Alas ! alas ! we are undone. The horsemen instantly mounted, and joining the slaves and the shepherds, What is the matter ? they cried ; where is Jaida ? What has fortune done to her ? The slaves only replied, What of Jaida ? we know nothing of her. We only know that a black horseman, tawny and furious, the image of a painted death, has driven away the camels, and has slain many of us with his sword—he is now waiting and looking out for any who may assail him. We imagine he must have already killed Jaida. But one of the horsemen, named Jabir, exclaimed, What is this ? Can any single warrior oppose Jaida, the destroyer of heroes ? Can any one contend with her in battle ? Had she even fallen in with a numerous host, she would not have left one alive. She must only be absent in the desert for the chase. We must keep this business secret from her, and parry this attack. Upon this, they slackened their bridles, they fixed their spears, and rode off till they overtook Antar, scattered about as they were in tens and twenties. They beheld him motionless in the waste. He had taken his feet out of his stirrups, and crossed them over Abjer's neck, leaning on his overwhelming lance, nor was he moved by this sight. As they approached, they cried out, Who art thou, thus exerting thy feet towards death, and drawing the bridle of perdition towards thyself ? No answer deigned he to give them ; but, replacing his feet in the stirrups, he lifted his spear from the ground, and assailed them like a lion rushing out of his cave. He



pierced one, and overthrew him; a second he deprived of life; of a third he tore out the entrails; a fourth he dashed to the earth; a fifth he left despairing of life. Now those that advanced against Antar amounted to eight hundred, all valiant scowling-eyed warriors. But where are the Pleiades, and where the earth! Where are towns and where are villages! Where are the seas, and where are rivers even when they flood! And in less than an hour he had destroyed numbers of them; the rest escaped, and sought safety in flight, exclaiming, May the curse of God light on your flat-nosed father, and your harlot mother! How forcible are your blows! how irresistible your attack! He pursued them, till having driven them out of that land, he returned for their scattered horses and dispersed arms; and when he had collected the whole, Shiboob followed him as he traversed the rocks and sand-hills, till the best part of the day was spent, when, lo! a dust arose in front of them, and darkened the land. Well, said Antar to Shiboob, All paltry shifts and evasions will be useless this day. Do you take care of our booty and Jaida, whilst I show you what I will do with these foes. Thus saying, he gave the reins to Abjer, and hastened onward. But he had not gone far, when Shiboob appeared before him. Where is Jaida and the plunder? he cried. Alas! replied Shiboob, this dust and the slaves under my charge took off my attention from her, and as soon as they perceived the dust also, they



refused to drive on the camels; they screamed out at me, and came down upon me; I turned aside from them, and slew three of them; and greatly afraid I was, that, were I to attend to them exclusively, this army might overtake me whilst you were engaged far away from me in the conflict, and that I should be made to drink of the cup of death; for, indeed, this dust announces an immense force, and you are alone in the desert. O, you son of an accursed mother! cried Antar, so you in your alarms have quitted Jaida and the booty. By the faith of an Arab, I will show you wonders this day. He slackened his reins, and galloping on till he overtook the cattle, he found that the slaves had already set Jaida at liberty, and were shouting out, O for the warriors of Zebeed! Jaida was also mounted; but her distress and indignation were intense, for she was bandaged up on account of her wounds, and unarmed. Antar observing their situation, rushed upon them like a ravenous lion, and roared out a frightful roar at the slaves. Ye bastards, he cried, presume not to move. He pierced the first, and hurled him to a distance; a second he deprived of existence; a third he emboweled; a fourth he made a warning to all that beheld him. But the slaves and the horsemen, seeing their own alarming position, exclaimed, O warrior of the age, quarter, quarter from your sword! quarter from your spear! and they all assembled together, and drove the cattle on before him. As to Jaida, when she

marked Antar's exploits, she shuddered, and her eyes were bewildered. She gave the reins to her horse, and galloped towards the dust, in hopes of assistance from it. Antar pursued her like an eagle, or a lion springing out of his den, and it gladdened his soul that he should have to plunge into the midst of that army in quest of Jaida, so that he might fulfil his object, even were he to drink of the cup of perdition. Jaida ardently gazed to ascertain what horsemen were in front of her, and lo! they were of a swarthy complexion, on steeds nimbler than antelopes, and they all shouted out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! Come on, O Aboolfawaris, on to your foe! Fear not, for we are come solely on your account into this land.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the Princes Shas and Malik missed Antar, they inquired of Ibla's father concerning him; but as he gave them no direct intelligence, they repaired to their father, King Zoheir, to acquaint him with what had happened to Antar. At this news his bosom became tightened and oppressed; he sent for Shedad, and asked him about his son. He could give him no information; but said, My lord, my brother Malik has complete ascendancy over him, and I am convinced that he has entrapped him, and exposed him to dangers. I am in the greatest distress and despair about him. By the faith of an Arab, cried King Zoheir, if your son Antar should be slain, or should any misfortune befall him, I will put your brother Malik to death, and I will hang his son Amroo; so, Shedad, try to obtain some true intelligence for me on this point. Shedad signified his obedience, and quitting the king's presence he commissioned Zeebeba to go to Ibla and inquire of her what had passed, and what had been concerted. Zeebeba accordingly repaired to Ibla, and in answer to her questions Ibla imparted to her all that had been planned against Antar. Zeebeba immediately returned, and told Shedad all his

brother Malik's contrivances. Upon this, he hastened back to King Zoheir, and communicating the news to him, he added, Never can my son return—never will he be able to escape from the claws of his enemies, now that they have exposed him to the swords of Khalid and Jaida. May God never let your brother taste of rain or moisture! exclaimed Shas. By the faith of a noble Arab, I will not suffer him to remain alive whilst I am among the mansions of this world. But should Antar be killed, most ample vengeance will I have; your brother Malik shall be well repaid. But if he be still alive, I will aid him against all his enemies. And it was the wish of Shas instantly to mount and to go after Antar. Stop, my son, said his father, for I myself will march with all my warriors of the brave Absians to the assistance of Antar, our protector, and the remover of all our difficulties.

King Zoheir immediately ordered his slaves to proclaim to the horsemen an expedition against the tribe of Zebeed. He himself mounted, and went out towards a spot called Nika, where, the eagle standards being raised over his head and all the noblest Absians being assembled round him, he prepared for war and battle; and as they were about to traverse the wastes, Malik, Ibla's father, went up to King Zoheir, and said, What means all this agitation? Whither have you resolved on marching with this host? To loosen the knot you have tied, replied King Zoheir, that we may unravel it with



arms and slaughter. But you, filth that you are, how often have you deceived us, and lied in your speech ! and exposed our cousin to misfortunes and calamities ! My lord, said Malik, this affair was none of my doing. I have but this moment heard of it ; and, in fact, I was resolved on returning to the tents in order to strike off my daughter's head with the edge of the sword, for the women must have turned her wits to have made her talk so absurdly to her cousin, thus obliging Antar to undertake so perilous an enterprise. By the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Shas, truly thy death would be preferable to thy existence, for this plot is only one of thy deeds, and one of thy stratagems, and one of thy calamities ; otherwise, never would Ibla have pointed out such a dreadful adventure. I swear to thee, were I not afraid of my father and Antar's comfort, I would strike off thy head, and make thy skull fly from thy shoulders, that thy infamous designs might revert on thyself. Avaunt ! away from us ! Associate not with us in this affair—be no longer a companion of ours. And he fell upon him with a whip he had in his hand, and cut him across the shoulders till he nearly killed him, and thus forced him back. King Zoheir also drove away Rebia and the crowing Amarah, together with all the family of Zeead, and all the plotters against Antar ; and with the remaining warriors he proceeded on his journey.

But Malik, Ibla's father, shrunk away, crying

out with pain ; I cannot, will not, remain any longer in the land of the tribe of Abs, said he to Rebia, for now no one will ever again raise his head towards me. I will emigrate, and seek the land of Syria, where I will establish myself, and worship the Cross : and not let this slave-demon bully me— Oh, had he cut off our heads with the sword, it would have been more tolerable than this insult ! Ay, said Rebia, it is very true, O Malik ! King Zoheir has only treated us thus on account of this vile, base-born slave ; let us therefore emigrate from the land of Shureba and Mount Saadi, that no one may find fault with us, or expose us to taunts and reproaches. So they collected their standards for their departure, and directing their slaves to strike their tents and load the camels, they mounted, and prepared for an entire separation. They drove away their cattle, with their women and their children before them, amounting in all to seven hundred, for Rebia was one of the sheikhs of the most celebrated Absian families, and he had been the companion of renowned monarchs. His brothers were nine, all famed horsemen, who took part in the councils of King Zoheir. Malik was also of the party, with his daughter and all his property. Oorwah, son of Wird, likewise departed with one hundred horsemen, all Absians, and great warriors. Towards the close of the day they set out, and when they halted in the evening they began to deliberate on the course they should take. Nothing can suit

us better, said they all, than the land of the tribe of Aamir, for they are honourable and noble people. Let us go down to Khalid, son of Giafer, a liberal and hospitable man; and also Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears; let us for ever establish ourselves among them, for we form a numerous host. No; said Rebia, why should we go down to these great tribes? we form of ourselves seven hundred tents; let us repair to some of the well-known waters and springs, where we may be in the way of hearing of Antar, and what happens to him among the tribe of Zebeed with Khalid, son of Moharib. If he be destroyed, I am sure King Zoheir will turn to us again, and endeavour to conciliate us, that we may return home. After this they assembled their standards, and having travelled the distance of two parasangs, they halted at a place called Zatoool Khirjein, where they let the cattle graze.

King Zoheir, in the mean time, continued his journey over the land, far and wide, until he joined Antar.

As soon as Antar saw the Absian horsemen, he was pleased, for he felt assured they had come on his account. But Jaida, knowing that they were Absians, surrendered herself to Antar, and begged for quarter. He protected her from death, and ordered Shibooob to tie her hands behind her back. Antar dismounted, and went to do homage before King Zoheir, saying, Why, my lord, all this com-



motion? O Antar, replied the King, it was your expedition against your enemies that has rendered this movement necessary; and, moreover, our fears for you in the scenes of death. Know, too, that one like you must not be so easily abandoned; we must exert ourselves to protect you; and had you informed us of this journey, and this your resolution, we would have made your uncle's insidious designs and foul deeds revert on his own vile person, and have obliged him to marry you to his daughter. Antar kissed his feet, and thanking him for his kind discourse, My lord, said he, by your munificence, which I can never repay, I have only exposed myself to these difficulties that I may leave my uncle nothing to say against me. Moreover, I am firmly fettered and bound down to him, and can do nothing but what he requires or what he proposes, whether it be near at hand or at a distance. And turning towards King Zoheir's sons, he saluted the Princes Shas and Malik; and thanking them also for their conduct, he paid his duty to his father Shedad, and his uncle Zakhmet-ool Jewad, and congratulated them on their safety. In return, they related to him all that concerned his uncle Malik, and the disgrace with which they had loaded him; at the same time making inquiries about his situation, and all that had befallen him in the land of Zebeed. My lords, said he, it has terminated, through your favour, in the happiest manner. Wherever I have



been, I have succeeded, and whithersoever I have turned, I have prospered; for when I directed myself towards this land, I found it stripped of its warriors, so I have gained possession of Jaida, who was my grand object; and had I had fifty horsemen to fight, I would have driven away the cattle of three tribes. But now the business will be easy enough. Alight you here, and let my lord, King Zoheir, repose. Let us attack these tribes, and carry off their property, and their he and she camels, for their chief, Khalid, is absent against the tribe of Aamir, and has confided them to the care of Jaida, and he does not know that she has fallen into the talons of the devouring eagle, at whose command the mill of war revolves. King Zoheir accordingly alighted, bid his tents be pitched, and the standards to be raised, whilst his horsemen, with his sons, rode off; and being absent all night, they returned in the morning, with camels and cattle that covered the whole country; King Zoheir having strictly enjoined them not to capture the married women, nor touch any thing but the slaves and the cattle. So when he beheld this immense abundance, he greatly rejoiced, saying, Antar is indeed a most fortunate fellow, and no one contends with him but dies in anguish.

During a stay of three days they slaughtered camels and sheep, and feasted; but on the fourth day they departed for their homes. King Zoheir set out, and by his side rode the Chiefs and Antar,

who conversed and recited verses all the way till there remained only two days march between them and their own country; and as they entered a spacious meadow, How wide and extensive is this spot! exclaimed Antar, how well adapted for battle and contentions! O Aboolfawaris! said King Zoheir, all places are alike to us, and we are prepared for all events: to me this spot appears most fit for eating and drinking, and for hunting in the vicinity. O King! cried Antar, I have only been brought up in war and conflicts, and the encounter of warriors, and I feel that my heart enjoys nothing so much as feats of arms. May God ever protect thee, thou valiant knight of the horse, thou plunger into night! cried King Zoheir. Soon after they struck their tents, and marched on a little way, when lo! something appeared like a cloud. They halted, and lo! it rose on high, and obscured the whole region. The light of day was changed to gloom, and beneath the dust was the flash of scimitars and the glitter of spears, and shouts and lamentations. O Aboolfawaris! exclaimed King Zoheir, truly it has turned out just as you wished: doubtless this dust announces the army of Khalid, and the prisoners he has taken from the tribe of Aamir. We have nothing to sustain us but patience against the blows of cleaving scimitars and the assault of these devouring lions, and yet we shall attain the pinnacle of glory. Antar smiled: Great King, said he, let not your bosom be oppressed; for yours are horsemen

prepared for battle; but the foe shall soon be reduced to captivity and disgrace. Not one of us will shrink from the combat, cried out King Zoheir's sons and the warriors. And directing their horses towards the dust, and having first secured the foreign slaves whom they had captured, they drew up their men, right and left, Antar heading them, and longing for the blow and the thrust.

Now this army in front of them was the force of the tribe of Zebeed, under the command of Khalid, son of Moharib; and the prisoners who were with them were the treacherous family of Zeead, Rebia, and Amarah. It happened that when Khalid went forth against the tribe of Aamir with five thousand horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, and Khitam, and Zarim, and Cais, son of Mokewshah, the Moradian, and Maadi Kereb, the noble knight, they continued their journey, and eagerly pursued their course till they reached the tribe of Aamir; but they found them already well informed of their intentions, and entrenched among the ravines. This mode of defence was the plan of the Brandisher of Spears: for after the defeats he had received from Khalid, he kept perpetually on the look out, and was on the watch night and day; so that when Khalid invaded his country, he found him prepared; and not being able to take him unawares, he consulted with a man well versed in such matters, called Leith, son of Maad. O Khalid! said he, if you wish to lose time in absurd enterprises, and not return but disap-



pointed, remain in this land; but if you wish to return victorious, attack the land of the tribe of Abs and Adnan: such an invasion will enrich your comrades with he and she camels, in roan horses and cattle. Accordingly he marched till he came to Zat-ool Khirjein, the very spot where Rebia and Oorwah, and Ibla's father, with their brave followers, had halted. When Khalid beheld this profusion, the tents and the horses, he was much surprised, and said to Maadi Kereb, Illustrious Chief, when we passed by this spot the other day, we saw no one. And whilst they were conversing, the Absians mounted, and began the assault and the shout, O by Abs! O by Adnan! and at their head was Rebia, and the ruffian Amarah, and Oorwah, and his noble adherents. Khalid shouted to his people, and they rushed to the conflict and the combat of swords and spears. The Absians exerted their whole strength; but the enemy was superior in number. They persisted in the fight the whole day, but before evening the Absians had lost one hundred horsemen. The remainder were taken prisoners, their property was plundered, and their families made captive; and a great lamentation arose among them: but the grief and complaints of Ibla exceeded the rest; for when she had seen that her father was again resolved to marry her to Amarah, she burst forth into most violent cries and wailings; but when this sad event took place, and they were all made prisoners, she was a little re-



lieved, and she cried out in a loud voice in the name of Antar, never thinking of any part of her family but to revile and abuse them. Khalid remarked how much distressed she appeared, and inquired who was the wretched mourner. Some of the prisoners, who were no friends of Antar, related to him the whole story, and told him that Antar was gone in quest of Jaida, in order to carry her away, that she might attend on Ibla on her marriage night: and we, they added, on account of this circumstance have fallen into this disaster; for King Zoheir was incensed against her father, and went off after her cousin, being greatly alarmed about him, aware of your power: thus has he produced feuds amongst the families—Rebia too has accompanied us. This report roused the alarms of Khalid. What, cried he to the Absians, is King Zoheir now in my country? Yes; they replied, and with him all our troops and forces, and our lands are left destitute of all protection, there being only Warca and three hundred horsemen appointed to defend them. Then, cried Khalid, by the faith of an Arab, will I tear out his lips, and erase the tribe of Abs from the race of men, and make them a proverb in the world. Sending for Maadi Kereb, he exclaimed, Away with these horsemen to the land of the Absians! Make their women and their children captives! Slay their horsemen and troops, and go with your prisoners into the land of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed, so that I may occupy this country,

and by some lucky chance encounter King Zoheir, and render his expedition most inauspicious to him. Should he surrender himself a prisoner, I will confine him in my tents to grind wheat and barley. Maadi Kereb did as Khalid directed, and departed with a thousand men; whilst Khalid turned back, a flame raging in his heart; and all Malik's sayings to Antar were reported to him, viz. I will not marry you to my daughter unless Jaida, the daughter of Zahir, be present to hold the bridle of her camel. At this he fell upon Malik's nose with a whip; he treated Amroo, his son, in the same manner; and he gave them a thrashing hotter than burning coals. Amarah was looking at them in their tortures, and made a thousand calculations as to his own fate. Rebia had been severely wounded in three places, and he was more distressed than any one of the party, for he had been the instigator of this murderous contest in which they had been made prisoners. Oorwah also had the same feelings, and he felt resolved never again to follow the counsels of the family of Zeead, for they were wicked, obstinate people: and when he heard Malik scream out in pain and torments, This, said he, is the reward of one who is every day marrying his daughter to some one or other, but never makes her over to her only friend and protector. Thus was Khalid's heart a little appeased; and as he traversed the passes of the desert, his soul full of Jaida, he thus recited:

“ I lead on the horse in clamorous multitudes

“ like hideous dragons, and they sweep along with  
“ their feet and their armour: mounted on them  
“ are stubborn warriors, all strong-armed and full-  
“ mustachioed. Thus they trampled down the lands  
“ of the tribes of Aamir and Kelab, and the country  
“ of the tribe of Hellal; who fled at my approach,  
“ and ran like wild animals from the lion of the  
“ forests: they passed the night on the mountains,  
“ and their armies watched my form from the sum-  
“ mits of the sands. As to the Absians, I attacked  
“ them by day, and surrounded them with the  
“ points of the spears—I captured their Chiefs, and  
“ I have left some as rotten carcasses at Khirjein.  
“ How many of their high-bosomed beauties are  
“ shedding tears from their fawn eyes, crying out  
“ in their anguish, O by Abs! help us. But the  
“ Absians are in chains. Zoheir is, indeed, march-  
“ ing against me with slaves and with Chiefs; but  
“ death has driven him to a land where the women  
“ surpass such men. If what I have heard be true,  
“ truth is bartered for lies: for soon will it be evi-  
“ dent in the day of contention who is the dupe in  
“ the acquisition of glory. The gleaming scimitar  
“ sparkles in my hand, and the pliant spear weeps  
“ in blood. I fill the ears of the warriors with  
“ dread, that the nations fly away from the din and  
“ the clamour; and the hero, at the very mention  
“ of my name when he slumbers, sees in his dreams  
“ a phantom of my form. But if time allow it, I  
“ will one day return and seize in fetters that de-

“ spicable Absian slave ; and were I to boast of my  
“ powers, I would say, the whole earth is convulsed  
“ by my right hand and by my left.”

Khalid continued his march over the sand hills, till he came nigh unto the Absians, as we have stated ; and he gave a shout at the meeting that made the mountains tremble with horror. But when the Absians heard the cries and exclamations, they said to one another, These are the voices of our own women—the cries of the daughters of our uncles. Ruin has fallen upon us, and no profit have we gained in this trade. What do you think of this ? said Antar to King Zoheir. I cannot comprehend it, he replied, nor what has happened to us ; but I will despatch some one to clear it up. And calling to an Absian horseman, Go, said he, and inquire about these captives. The horseman instantly gave the reins to his steed, and as Khalid saw him approach at full speed, he said to himself, If this horseman, whom King Zoheir has sent, should demand quarter of me, by the faith of an Arab, I will not consent—I will disgrace the tribe far and near ; and every one that I capture I will reduce to slavery. Still is my heart anxious about Jaida, for I have no intelligence of her. So turning to a horseman, he said, Go forth to this Absian, and hear what he has to say ; learn, too, if he knows any thing of Jaida, and return, for I am in alarm about her for the evils of Fortune : and my fears are great that she may be a captive, or lying dead



on the plain. The horseman rode off, and met the Absian half way, and cried out, O thou, a criminal towards your own life, and marching towards the silence of the tomb, say, what news? before I hack thy joints. Thou Zebeed Arab, replied the Absian, what meanest thou by these threats and menaces? The event is still to happen, we must come down on you, and you on us. But as to myself, I am only here to ask intelligence and to give information, and to warn you. And what, asked the Zebeedian, do you require of us? what information do you give? and against what would you warn us? This is my intelligence, added the Absian; we have conquered your country—we have taken prisoners your wives and your families, and we have plundered your property. But we warn you against the black Absian, and the Adnanian troops that accompany him, whose spears are sped with death. The intelligence I demand is this, whence have you obtained these captives that are now in your power? Have you invaded the lands of Aamir and Kelab? Now I have done speaking, and I demand your answer. As to your question about the prisoners, replied the Zebeedian, we obtained them without any trouble or difficulty, such was the impartiality of fortune towards our Chief Khalid, the ruler of the necks of the Arabs. And when he had described all that had happened, he concluded by saying, Khalid has despatched Maadi Kereb, with one thousand horsemen, against the Absians, and has ordered

to ravage their lands, plunder their property, their men, and to take their women captives. He departed yesterday evening, swearing that he would not leave a single Absian alive. But now ask about Jaida, the daughter of Zahir. She is our captive, exclaimed the Absian, and sorely wounded. What hero could take her prisoner? asked the Zebeedian, equal as she is to her cousin in the fight? She was taken, answered the Absian, by a man, who resembles no man; by a man like unto no warrior; one who regards the conflict of heroes, and before whom the bravest bow down; our protector on occasions, our relief in adversity—the kindler of a flame of war on the day of carnage—an intrepid man—the instructor of warriors in the blows of a gleaming scimitar—one who has humbled the stout lions, and vanquished the stoutest heroes—the serpent of the bowels of the desert—the Chief, son of Shedad. On hearing this, the Zebeedian returned to Khalid, and the Absian hastened to King Zoheir; and as he advanced he thus said:

Arise, ye Absians! we have fallen into calamities; your dwellings are destroyed; loud winds whistle about them: nothing remains but the woe! They have driven away your property and your children; disgrace is let loose, as misfortunes descended. Behold your goods plun-

“dered and ruined, and your wives violated with  
“their slave girls. The Zebeedians invaded you  
“with their horsemen, and death has succeeded to  
“joy, by means of their strong spears, like long  
“poles, whose thrusts calamities accompanied.  
“Were you to behold your wives; they are, in-  
“deed, captives, and no one listens to the la-  
“mentations—they are mourning over their land,  
“and their enemies have accomplished all they  
“wished. Come on! take vengeance! Avert from  
“ye this disgrace; your wives are in consterna-  
“tion; tears and sorrow abound among them.  
“Couldst thou, O Antar, behold the grief of Ibla,  
“as she calls out, and frequent are her calls.  
“Couldst thou but see her; how her tears flow,  
“bedewing her garments and her robes. Ibla is  
“among them, shining like the sun. Her charms  
“are like the full moon in the heavens.—Come  
“on, ye cowards! engage the foe, for death,  
“and not existence, is now most acceptable. No-  
“thing remains but blows and thrusts; skulls and  
“chins must fly. The enemy has made your wives  
“captives, as ye have done, and the one has re-  
“quited the other.”

On hearing this, King Zoheir and the Absians wept. Antar nearly fell from his horse, though rejoiced at the sorrows of the family of Zeead, feeling assured that their own iniquity had visited them, and convinced that his uncle, Malik, had

been the cause of the mischief, and the contriver of the expedition. But on Ibla's account he endured all.

The Zebeedian messenger also turned back, and tearing off his garments, he related to Khalid what the Absian had told him ; thus speaking :

“ Hold, ye full-armed nations ! ye have fallen on  
“ the tribe of Abs that are marching towards you  
“ with spears, on thin-flanked generous steeds that  
“ fly with them, and bear them like hideous dragons. They are driving away all your property,  
“ leaving nothing but what is old and rotten in the  
“ ruins of your homes. Your families are exclaiming ; Is there any one to aid us against those who  
“ have exposed themselves to nocturnal depredations ? Is there any merciful one who can pity a  
“ tribe whose women and lords are prisoners ? O  
“ Khalid, could thine eyes but behold Jaida shedding tears from her fawn eyes ! Haste thou, lion  
“ hero, and soothe the edge of the sword and the  
“ spear among them ; for is not death pleasanter than  
“ life that loads man with ignominy ? Forget not the  
“ wretches who have covered us with shame by  
“ what they have done in the nights that have  
“ passed.”

Anguish and grief overwhelmed Khalid as he heard these verses, and he ordered the Zebeedians to prepare for battle. The riders mounted their steeds and girded on their swords. Every brave horseman stood forth ; the cowards shrunk away and



were terrified; the warriors sought the open plain, and the Absians did the same as the Zebeedians. The whole desert trembled under their charges. Spears were in motion, and tore out lives at will. King Zoheir turned towards Antar (for he beheld what made him shudder), O Aboolfawaris, said he, this is indeed a frightful scene, replete with terrors and destruction. By your existence, my lord, replied Antar, lives will not fail or increase; and such a day as this is what I long for and ardently desire. I will assuredly release our property, and our women, and destroy the foe, were even the Great Nushirvan, or the emperor of the christians, or the kings of the tribes of Asfar among them, and not one survivor will I leave to mourn over them; and thus Antar continued:

“ When a youth is content with a contemptible  
 “ existence of pleasure, and wears a veil like a girl,  
 “ and attacks not the insulting lions; and gores not  
 “ the chests of the chargers; and treats not hos-  
 “ pitably the guests that come to him; and defends  
 “ not the tribe with his scimitar; and attains not  
 “ glory with the blow of the cutlass; and is not re-  
 “ solute in calamities; and upholds not with all his  
 “ might him who protects his neighbour; and does  
 “ not steep his spear in the blood of the chieftains:  
 “ Say then to the female mourners of death, when  
 “ they would bewail him—Stop, O ye mourners!  
 “ Never mourn, but the lion of the den, intrepid in  
 “ the rising conflicts. They call me to the battles,

“ and I meet the envious and the hostile; I smite  
“ with the sabre, when the men of combats exclaim,  
“ O thou, joy of champions! I gore with the lance  
“ in quest of honour, and I strike with the severing  
“ falchion: I rush into the carnage, and I heed it  
“ not; the brave youth alone is hailed by the chief-  
“ tains. Such is the fame that lasts, and never  
“ perishes through the remainder of existence.  
“ And I will defend my tribe by my exertions from  
“ the terrific calamities of war: I will rescue our  
“ property in a battle, to which the firm-rooted  
“ mountains shall bow in submission; and I will  
“ cause my darling Ibla to shout to them all in  
“ their dispersion and confusion; I will liberate our  
“ captives from them with the sword that splits the  
“ skulls of the warrior-chiefs. I am Antar, and  
“ my reputation is well established among the  
“ valiant for the strokes of my falchion.”

May God never abandon thy mouth! and may  
no one ever harm thee! cried Shas. But when  
Khalid beheld the Absians advance like overpower-  
ing lions, the horrors of his situation increased.  
Rage and fury worked within his soul, and he  
shrieked out to the tribe of Zebeed, Come on, my  
cousins! the battle! the battle! Pour down punish-  
ments upon your foes; but whoever of you falls  
upon an Absian, let him not slay him: if he be  
able, let him take him prisoner. With this ex-  
hortation, he bent his head over the saddle-bow,  
and began the assault, and his men acted as he did.

The noble Absians received them, brandishing their sharp swords and long spears, headed by Antar, the knight of the blow and the thrust, rushing down upon his foes and antagonists. Now the conflict raged furiously between the two armies; deaths were at hand; horrors abounded; the sword fell among them right and wrong; souls were dragged out with violence; lives quitted bodies; the heavens rained torments upon them, and made horsemen drink of tortures; the terrors of doubt augmented; calamities stuck to them with their fangs and claws. Men became old, young as they had been; the cupbearer of death made them quaff the liquor of extinction; fate decided among them, and erred not, but always effected its purpose; and bodies were suffering the severest agonies. Thus they continued the engagement, and the summits of the mountains burst at the fury of the carnage and the slaughter. Antar endangered every horseman of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed; his scimitar threatened and menaced in every direction as he stretched the heroes in the dust. But his impetuosity was principally directed towards the prisoners on account of Ibla; still he could not reach her, so numerous was the host in front of him. Khalid, too, was dealing most vigorous blows, that startled the eyes and alarmed the hearts of the bravest; saying to himself, Wherever I assail, no one can resist me; and he imagined the whole earth was within his grasp, and verily the mountains



rocked under the vehemence of his attack, and trembled in awe of him. But he experienced from the Absians the reverse of what he expected; and never could he make a single prisoner till he had completely harassed and exhausted him. Towards the evening he fell upon that part of the army where King Zoheir fought. He pierced through it, and wounded Princes Shas and Malik. And when King Zoheir beheld this calamity, his senses were disordered, and he attacked him like an undaunted lion, and engaged him till the day was clouded over, and the sun was clothed in robes of twilight yellow, and the armies of darkness threw around him the robes of obscurity. At last the troops retired from the battle, and separated to the right and to the left. Blood was still streaming and flowing, and the whole field of contention was choked up with skulls. But when the darkness became general, all dismounted and began to eat. Then King Zoheir acquainted Antar with the exploits of Khalid, and the extraordinary scenes that had passed between them, and told him that Shas and Malik were wounded. By the Ruler of the world, exclaimed Antar, sorely grieved at this circumstance, I must make him drink of the wine of perdition! I could not give my attention to him this morning in the battle, for I sought the release of Ibla; but, to-morrow, I will be the first to engage; I will challenge him to the conflict, and when I have slain him in the face of all these warriors,



perturbation and disma ywill' seize them, and we will rescue our captives from bondage and imprisonment, in spite of the boasting of Khalid. Yes, said King Zoheir, we shall vanquish them, and bring down annihilation upon them; but, I own, my heart trembles for Maadi Kereb and his expedition against our families with his ruffian Arabs, for no one remains to protect them but my son Warca with a small party of brave fellows: and I fear much, that he will gain a victory over them, if we do not succeed to-morrow in the concussion of swords and spears. After this, they partook of a repast, and sought repose in slumber: but Antar watched till it was dark, when, mounting his horse, he went forth in order to protect his friends from any sudden calamity under the veil of nocturnal darkness, attended by Shiboob, and in his heart was a flame of fury that he had not subdued Khalid, and had not released Ibla from misery. The words of King Zoheir also, and his alarms for his children, burst upon him, and he felt conscious it was all owing to him, and to the failure of his attempts: so, as soon as they had launched into the desert, he poured forth all his sorrows to his brother Shiboob, saying, in conclusion, I would not go alone on the execution of my own concerns, except in a country where there is no one that harbours evil designs against me. Moreover, I do not feel secure about the issue of this business, though truly I performed deeds, in which the bravest of

heroes would have failed. Thus they continued roaming about, gently moving as it were, on their tiptoes, till they came in the rear of the army, where they concealed themselves.

Now, by the first dawn of day, the two armies sallied forth, anxious for the battle and the contest. King Zoheir was expecting to see Antar dart forward as usual, but he did not appear, and to all his inquiries no one could give him any satisfactory information: at this he was troubled and astonished. The circumstance was soon publicly known, and whilst King Zoheir was expressing his distress at such an event, lo! a great dust arose and increased; a black cloud preceded it with immense velocity, and the wild animals were seen running away in terror: the two armies stared with fixed eyeballs, when, behold! there came forth from beneath the dust some horsemen like lions, and at the head was a knight like the declivity of a mountain, stalking over the land with two feet of prodigious size and length; and in front of him were men bound with cords, and numerous dispersed horses without riders: and the multitude shouted, O by Zebeed! and he that led them was Maadi Kereb, whom Khalid had directed to proceed from Zatoool Khirjein. He had marched on, till approaching the tribe of Abs, he said to his cousins, Only drive away the horses—mind not the camels—capture not their women and families—and let us be gone as speedily as possible, that the mass of the tribe of Ghiftan

may not attack us, and whilst we attempt too much, let us take care not to be worsted. Accordingly they assaulted the tribe of Abs, and drove away the horses and steeds, and without laying their hands on the daughters, they departed over the rocks and the plains: but when the cries of the slaves and the freeborn arose, Warca mounted with the few horsemen that remained with him, and pursued the enemy. Maadi Kereb turned upon him, and made a violent assault upon the Absians; and before the close of the day, one hundred and fifty of the Absians were made prisoners, Warca himself being made captive. Maadi Kereb immediately resumed his journey with all speed, nor halted till he reached the two armies just as they were about to begin the attack. Ah! cried King Zoheir, this is just what I feared; now, indeed, our only resource is to smite with the sword, for never must we behold our wives reduced to infamy and ignominy. Maadi Kereb was joyfully received by his friends, who advanced and saluted him, and in answer to all their inquiries, he told them what had passed. He asked them also for Khalid. Alas! said they, we know nothing of him; last night he went forth to keep the watch, and even till now we have seen no traces of him. Maadi Kereb was greatly distressed: he could neither rest nor repose—he cried out and shouted, and made the assault of one violently afflicted. All the ranks followed him, extending their spears to grasp souls. The Absians



ceived their spears on their breasts, and their lives turned the calamities that overwhelmed them, and the misfortunes that overpowered them. The whole untry shook as with an earthquake—blood began flow and stream—death was eagerly occupied, though at first in jest. The achievements of the able were distinguished from those of the brave, and the sun had not mounted high before proofs of death were manifest. King Zoheir was on the right defending himself, and boldly fighting, surrounded by his sons and a party of his brave followers, who, at last seeing the calamities that were descending upon them, spread themselves over the desert in flight. In vain King Zoheir would have rallied them; they heeded him not; and the Absians were early destroyed: heavy evils pressed upon them; and just at the moment that death was let loose upon them, lo! a shout arose in the rear of the enemy, and a large body of horse charged in various directions, exceeding a thousand men, every warrior armed with a lance, and every one crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Antar was in front of them, and Shiboob by his side, roaring out, O ye, O Zebeedians! misery awaits ye from all quarters: abandon your false hopes; and if ye will not admit the justice of what I say, behold, here is the head of your leader Khalid! Calamity has overtaken him. Thus saying, he raised up a towering spear, on which was a head like the head of a lion. And immediately Antar assailed them with



his companions, plying their blows and thrusts among the tribe of Zebeed. Antar pierced them with penetrating thrusts, and hurled down the horsemen off their steeds; and the souls of the Absians revived after death. Cousins, exclaimed King Zohair, in such a crisis as this we must persevere and be firm in adversity, that we may obtain the noblest rewards of glory. Turn back then on the foe. Our friends are advancing; Khalid, son of Moharib, is dead.

Now while Antar was keeping watch over his countrymen, he said to Shiboob, Let us stretch out into the desert under this darkness, and let us make towards the spot where are our prisoners, perhaps we may rescue them before the morning. Shiboob assenting, they plunged into the desert until they heard no more of the armies, and then they sought the forces of Zebeed. Khalid had also that night taken on himself the protection of his countrymen. His distress and anguish were intense; and he had only one attendant, his slave Damis: and when they had roamed far over the waste in the thick obscurity of night, Damis directed his course towards the Absian camp. Damis, said Khalid, my sole wish this night is to meet Antar, that I may drink of his blood as I would drink pure water, for he has laid low my beloved Jaida. Khalid had scarcely finished these words when the indistinct form of Antar appeared before him. He moved towards him, and cried out, What foul Arab art thou?

Whither art thou going in this obscurity? Antar also addressed him; his agitation increased. Damis recognised him. My lord, said he, mark how the olden god has gratified your wishes, and has fulfilled your desires. Antar, alone, is moving towards you. Come on; hola! and make him drink of the cup of perdition. Khalid gave a shout at Antar. What wouldest thou of me? cried Antar. O Khalid, what seekest thou? What are thy designs? Bastard, exclaimed Khalid, to bring destruction on thee; to darken thy life, and make thee feel thy proper value. And he instantly made the assault of night and day. Antar received him with blows like the harbingers of fate. Shiboob and Damis were each eagerly occupied; they too began to manœuvre and fight; and when they separated, they shot their arrows, directed by the sound of their voices. In the mean time Khalid and Antar were engaged in a conflict of attacks and thrusts; of pressure and junction, neither man nor genii could have waged. They exerted all their powers and bellowed; their blows descended by thousands; the contest was fiercer than a blazing fire. The obscurity of night continued till the skirts of the garments of darkness were drawn up, and the light of day shone, when Antar saw in Khalid what he had not counted; but the flame of his fury only raged the more; he plied his blow and thrust the more violently: so likewise did Shiboob and Damis; though wearied by the vehemence of their labours,

still they sprang and plunged at each other more. The arrows of either being expended, returned to the contest with daggers, and trusted the blows of their poniards; and just as each raised his hand with his dagger, and aimed a blow at the other, lo! there burst forth a withering howl; a voice exclaimed, I will not fail, for I am ever the lover of Ibla: I will not be controlled! and he who uttered this sound was Antar. Perceiving his antagonist flag in his strength, he pushed upon him like a voracious lion; he poured down upon him the attack of fate and destiny, and smote him with the irresistible Dhami, and behold his head rolled upon the ground. When Damis saw this, and heard the shout, he was struck with horror. He attempted to fly, but Shiboob overtook him, and plunged his poniard in between his shoulders, and forced it between his paps: then turning towards him, he congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his adversary, and what had happened to him. By the life of the eyes of Ibla, exclaimed Antar, I never beheld a more valiant hero, nor a more intrepid arm. Very well, said Shiboob, but, at this time however, you have not so much the advantage over me as to make me blush; for you have slain your man, and I mine. But, said Antar, how different were they in their advance and retreat! Upon this, he ordered him to take up Khalid's head, and thus they retired from that spot to the field of battle, and when they arrived, he perceived the



sians discomfited, and the Zebeedians hot in the pursuit of his friends, who were invoking his assistance. All the troops being now dispersed over the plains, and there being only one hundred men stationed as a guard over the prisoners, Antar, who observed this circumstance, called out to the slave-girls and slaves of the Absians, why do you delay releasing your masters from captivity and bondage? And he rushed upon the hundred men, and scattered them right and left, stretching many on the dust. The slaves instantly liberated their masters from their cords, and rescued both men and women, who sending forth one universal shout, made the mountains ring with the uproar. They hastened to the scene of action, and blackened the country on all sides. In a moment Antar assailed the foe, and poured down upon them thrusts that anticipated death, whilst Shiboob hoisted up Khalid's head on the point of a tall spear, and cried out in that voice, and spoke in those words. God now dispelled the gloom and sorrow from the heart of King Zoheir and his warriors. Flight and dismay fell upon their enemies, who fled towards their own country. The Absians retired from the field of battle exulting in the realization of their wishes, and the accomplishment of their hopes. The horsemen dispersed to collect the spoil and the cattle, but Antar returned like a ferocious lion, and sought King Zoheir and his sons, thus speaking:

“Verily we have found the Zebeed stout in the



still they sprang and plunged at each other the more. The arrows of either being expended, they returned to the contest with daggers, and trusted to the blows of their poniards; and just as each raised his hand with his dagger, and aimed a blow at each other, lo! there burst forth a withering howl; and a voice exclaimed, I will not fail, for I am ever the lover of Ibla: I will not be controlled! and he that uttered this sound was Antar. Perceiving his antagonist flag in his strength, he pushed upon him like a voracious lion; he poured down upon him the attack of fate and destiny, and smote him with the irresistible Dhami, and behold his head rolled upon the ground. When Damis saw this, and heard the shout, he was struck with horror. He attempted to fly, but Shiboob overtook him, and plunged his poniard in between his shoulders, and forced it out between his paps: then turning towards his master, he congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his adversary, and what had happened to him. By the life of the eyes of Ibla, exclaimed Antar, I never beheld a more valiant hero, nor a more impetuous arm. Very well, said Shiboob, but, this time however, you have not so much the advantage over me as to make me blush; for you have slain your man, and I mine. But, said Antar, how different were they in their advance and retreat! Upon this, he ordered him to take up Khalid's head, and thus they retired from that spot to the field of battle, and when they arrived, he perceived the Ab-

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“ Verily we have found the Zebeed stout in the

“ day of our concussion, and the troops of death  
“ have scoured the plain. But when they fled, we  
“ laboured in their rear as fire-works among straw,  
“ when it burns. I have left Khalid a prey to birds  
“ on the ground, and not a breath of life is in his  
“ carcase. I was born for war, and I kindle it when  
“ it cools. I would plunge into hell-flames when it  
“ blazes. I have met the thrust through the dust  
“ with smiles, and the scowling warriors when they  
“ were moist with sweat. And were deaths to ad-  
“ vance upon me, when they are in quest of the  
“ grasp of souls, I would anticipate their assault.”

Having finished these verses, he hastened to King Zoheir and kissed his stirrup, and related to him the combat he had sustained with Khalid. O Aboolfawaris, cried the King, we have indeed been exposed to the most imminent perils, and all to please your uncle Malik. O King, said Antar, all this proceeds from your gracious favours towards your slave, who is not worth the dust of your feet, and who can never requite your favours. And whilst they reposed, Antar sent for Jaida; she was not to be found. He inquired for his uncle Malik and Ibla; no one knew any thing of them. At this he was greatly distressed and astonished; his eyes filled with tears; and he wept, as he informed King Zoheir of the event, and he even felt more than Antar. These men, said he, have made us a common proverb among the Arab tribes; and to his inquiries about who remained at their post still and quiet at the



time of the engagement, not fighting and not combating, they assured him, there were only Amarah, Rebia, and Oorwah left behind, for they were covered with wounds; and not one of them able to move or stir: but there were women, and a crowd of people attending them. On hearing this, King Zoheir summoned Rebia, who came supported by some slaves. O Rebia, said he, have you not failed in what I recommended to your care! But the God of Heaven will repay you. We left you in charge of our habitations and our families; but you emigrated thence, and abandoned them to be plundered by the foe. You have adopted the evil propensities of your brother Amarah, even so as to reduce us to this unhappy state. O King, cried Rebia, whilst he poured forth groans and complaints, it was you who reviled me; you insulted me; you abused me; you refused me justice. You treated me contemptuously at the time of your departure from home; and you have implicated me in the dissensions between Antar and his uncle. But never have I failed in my duty towards you. You were not acquainted with the real state of the case: for soon after your departure, Ibla's father determined on emigrating on account of the beating he had received from your son Shas, saying, By God, he would remove to the cities of Syria, and worship the cross. This alarmed me; so I accompanied him on account of the oaths I heard him utter, and with him I went down to Zatool Kherjein, and did all I



could to soothe his heart, repeating to him, Kings are only indignant and conciliatory with regard to their subjects when the internal evidence of affairs is made clear to their satisfaction. But we had been there only three days when these disasters befel us. Well, said King Zoheir, this business is now over, Rebia ; and this is not the time for talking about it ; our hearts are bent on home. So tell me where are Malik and his son Amroo ? Rebia swore by every oath (all false), that he had seen nothing of him from the time they had been set at liberty. I was lying on the ground wounded, he added ; and the blood was still issuing from my wounds. I will punish him according to his deserts, said King Zoheir, and I will show him which of us is to be master.

They remained in that spot till morning, that every one might seek relief from fatigue, and quietly repose ; except Antar, for he tasted not of meat that night, nor of sleep. He laid himself down near the Princes Shas and Malik, full of grief and sorrow. His father sat down near him, and also his uncle Zakhmetool Jewad. All tried to console him, and engage him in conversation. By my life in thee, O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik, enemies and designing malicious people shall not exult over us ; particularly that family of Zeead. But, bear up like a man, till we learn whither your uncle is gone ; then tear his soul from between his ribs, and make him suffer to the extent of your power. Thus they continued to console him till a great part of the

night was passed. At last, they all fell asleep, overcome by fatigue; and when Antar found himself alone, he wept and mourned; his tears flowed copiously. He sighed, and his passion and agony were excessive. His tongue loosened into rhyme, and as he wept he thus expressed himself:

“ When my tears give evidence against me, how  
“ can I deny it? and the fire of anxious love is burn-  
“ ing in my entrails. In vain I would conceal what  
“ I suffer from love, and the garments of sorrow are  
“ every day renewed. I meet my pangs with cou-  
“ rageous patience, and though my love is severe,  
“ my resignation is eternal. It is to God that I  
“ complain of my uncle’s ill treatment and perse-  
“ cution, and when I find no friend to aid me against  
“ his cruelty, O my friends, shall I let my love for  
“ him destroy me; my arm being so strong, and  
“ my sword Indian? O daughter of Malik, sleep  
“ is sacrilege to me! Who can sleep whose bed-  
“ ding is of burning charcoal? I will mourn till  
“ the birds shall know that I am in grief, and the  
“ plaintive dove shall pity me. I will kiss the earth  
“ where thou art, perhaps my passion may be cooled  
“ by the moisture of the ground. My mind and  
“ my heart, O Ibla, are stupefied, and wail over the  
“ track of the baggage-camels and the horses: have  
“ compassion then on my condition, if thy love is  
“ lasting: my vows indeed will survive, and my  
“ love is immortal.”

At day-light King Zoheir set out to return home;

but Antar's heart was like a pan upon a fire, and he despatched Shibboob to procure intelligence for him concerning his uncle Malik. As to the family of Zeead, it was all holiday time for them on account of their triumph over Antar. Towards evening King Zoheir permitted them to alight near some waters, that the women and children might repose; and when they were all dismounted, Amarah went up to Antar, and thus addressed him, giving vent to his exultation, How are you, black skin? you look vastly miserable indeed! At this Antar's fiery agony blazed the more, and he could not refrain from answering him in these words: Well, son of Zeead, although you would shame me for my blackness, yet am I fair in act and mind; and ask all the women in your tents that are with child, who is the father of their children: I perceive evident signs and proofs of jealousy in you; and every Arab can bear me witness, how greatly I honour the generous giver; how I abhor the base and ignominious; and thus he continued in verse:

“ Shall Amarah threaten me, and shall he consider me a mean wight, unable to defend himself?  
“ whilst I have a sword more deadly than death;  
“ and whenever it moves, sparks flash from it, and  
“ a spear of the tall spear of Khata\*, whose barb  
“ may be taken for a flame in the night, and that  
“ deals mighty and lacerating blows; when a man

\* An island in the Persian gulf.



"dares it, it spoils him of life. Soon shalt thou know  
"which of us is nearest to death, and who shall be  
"left dead on the waste."

Shas happened to overhear what Amarah had said, and abused him in the harshest manner, adding, Cannot you have pity on yourself, and keep out of mischief? How infamously you use a man who has a thousand times shown you the greatest kindness! but you can do him no harm. Upon this, Amarah slunk away, and sorely he felt his inferiority. In the morning they traversed the valleys and the deserts till they came near home, when the high and low came out to meet them, and it was a grand day for them all. Each party retired to his dwelling; friends greeted friends; and those who remained rejoiced in the arrival of the absent. But when Antar beheld the abandoned and ruined dwelling of Ibla, his grief again overpowered him. He leant on his spear, and in a voice expressive of his consternation, he thus spoke:

"\* Have the poets left aught to be repaired in  
"song? Canst thou recollect the abode of thy love  
"after long meditation? O dwelling of my Ibla!  
"Speak to me from Jiwa! Hail to thee, dwelling  
"of my Ibla! Secure and safe be thou."

At that moment King Zoheir's son came up to him and exclaimed, By the Holy Kaaba! no one has surpassed you in poetry, and you are the most eloquent of all the tribe of Abs and Adnan. But

\* Thus begins his Moallacat, which appears afterwards.



one who can speak as you speak, and act as you act, how can he abandon himself to the vehemence of passion and desire? Drive away this sorrow from your heart! O, my Prince, said Antar, it is not by my own will or my inclination that this passion has entered into my soul, so that I can dismiss it at pleasure. And as his agitation increased, he thus continued:

“To whom do suns appear in the obscurity  
“of night, or shine in coloured robes and velvet,  
“comprising every beauty like a meadow fashioned  
“in marble, or a picture of ivory? They move and  
“wave about in garments like a ship sailing over  
“the billows: round them are entangled swords  
“and spears, and horsemen and suitors roam about  
“them: but among them she is a fair form like the  
“branch that flutters through a veil of ebony. I  
“beheld her—I became enamoured, but I concealed  
“what I suffered, so that no one knew of it—I came  
“—I conquered—but I forgave her for the ex-  
“alted beauties that were perfected in her. What  
“is it to me?—What care I for the railers? My ob-  
“stinacy and my perversity are increased towards  
“them; I shout when they persist in their in-  
“vectives against me, and their own reproaches  
“shall be their own murderers.”

When he had concluded these verses, Antar retired to the tents of his father; the Princes also went away and repeated to King Zoheir what had passed between them and Antar, and the verses he had recited.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day came Beder, son of Amroo, and two of his sons, Hadifah and Haml, of the tribe of Fazarah, with some other Chiefs, and congratulated King Zoheir on his safety. In the course of conversation, said Beder, Think not, O King, that we shrunk from Maadi Kereb, when he came and drove away your property, and made your sons prisoners we, on the contrary, mounted our horses as soon as the news reached us, and we pursued them night and day; but we found them not. All has ended well, said King Zoheir. And he detailed the wonderful events that had happened, and told him how Antar had slain Khalid, son of Moharib. After this, a magnificent feast was prepared, and the visitors staid three days; and whenever Antar was in the King's presence, he raised his dignity, and seated him on his right hand, thus exalting his rank among the Sheikhs of the family of Beder and his sons, and dignifying him above all his nobles. But when the feast was over, Hadifah invited King Zoheir's son to visit him. Shas begged Antar to be of the party, and as he was ashamed to refuse and hang back, he departed with them: and as soon as they reached the habitations of the tribe of Fazarah, Hadifah

made them alight in a spacious meadow, abounding in springs and fountains, and trees and flowers. And it was now the season of spring. When they had reposed, varieties of viands were served up; the wine glasses went round, and the maidens sung with melodious voices. At last the tears burst into Antar's eyes, for he was agonized at his misfortunes. He arose, and going out of the tent alone, he wandered over the desert, when lo! a flight of turtle doves came flying from the right, and perching on the date trees, they conversed like childless mothers, and complained in the tones of women mourning the dead. At this sight the tears rushed in torrents into his eyes; scorching sighs and uninterrupted burnings burst from him—he was bewildered—and his heart and soul suffered the most excruciating pangs, as he thus addressed them:

“O bird of the tamarisk! thou hast rendered  
“my sorrows more poignant, thou hast redoubled  
“my griefs. O bird of the tamarisk! if thou in-  
“vokest an absent friend for whom thou art mourn-  
“ing, even then, O bird, is thy affliction like the  
“distress I also feel? Augment my sorrows and  
“my lamentations; aid me to weep till thou seest  
“wonders from the discharge of my eyelids. Weep  
“too from the excesses that I endure. Fear not—  
“only guard the trees from the breath of my burn-  
“ing sighs. Quit me not till I die of love, the  
“victim of passion, of absence, and separation.  
“Fly, perhaps in the Hijaz thou mayest see some



“one riding from Aalij to Nomani, wandering with  
“a damsel, she traversing wilds, and drowned in  
“tears, anxious for her native land. May God inspire  
“thee, O dove! when thou truly seest her loaded  
“camels. Announce my death. Say, thou hast  
“left him\* stretched on the earth, and that his tears  
“are exhausted, but that he weeps in blood. Should  
“the breeze ask thee whence thou art, say, he is  
“deprived of his heart and stupefied; he is in a  
“strange land, weeping for our departure, for the  
“God of heaven has struck him with affliction on  
“account of his beloved; he is lying down like a  
“tender bird, that vultures and eagles have bereft  
“of its young, that grieves in unceasing plaints  
“whilst its offspring are scattered over the plain  
“and the desert.”

Thus he continued till the flame in his bosom cooled. Now Prince Malik also arose in order to follow him: he approached unperceived by Antar, and heard what he recited; and his heart was wounded. They remained some days feasting; but on the eighth day by daybreak they returned home. Antar's sorrows and afflictions burst out anew, and signs of illness appeared in him: nothing comforted him but the expectation of Shiboob. After a period of forty days, behold Shiboob came in to him by night, and his heart was near breaking. Well, Shiboob, he cried, hast thou any news with thee?

\* This is a figure of frequent occurrence.



Truly I have news, replied Shiboob, news that thou mayst depend on. Haste then and speak, my brave brother, exclaimed Antar. Know then, added Shiboob, that your uncle is the falsest of men. He is gone down to the tribe of Shiban, and has demanded protection of their King Kais, son of Masood, complaining of his fortunes. Kais has assisted him, and your uncle has married his daughter to Bostam, the King's son, and he has established himself among them. At hearing these words, the flame was rekindled in all its fury in Antar's heart. Ah! he cried, and has Bostam indeed received the completion of his wishes? No, said Shiboob; when I quitted you I visited all the hordes of Arabs, and inquired at every dwelling, till at last I heard that your uncle was gone down to the tribe of Shiban; thither I proceeded without delay, and entering the habitations by night, I remained concealed till the dawn of day, when I beheld King Kais, and your uncle riding by his side; and, moreover, the King kept him near him, gave him a robe, and honoured him greatly. I no sooner saw this than I wandered among the dwellings till I discovered Ibla's tent, and watching it till her mother was gone out, I entered, and found her in tears, longing for her native sand hills. The moment she saw me, she jumped up, and cried, Shiboob, where is your brother Antar? I replied, At home: and what has befallen him for the loss of you, never befall man before. O Shiboob, she continued, I am under the greatest apprehen-

sion for him, and I am unable to send any one to him. My father has married me to Bostam, and has demanded as a marriage dower the head of Antar. The tribe has orders to be in readiness: so hasten to your brother, and give him this intelligence—recommend him to be on his guard. Thus she bade me adieu, and wept, adding, God be with you, Shiboob, repeat these verses to my cousin:

“ O my cousin, all my comfort is destroyed, and  
“ I am wasting in agonies of separation and in sor-  
“ row. Were I able, I would eagerly fly to that  
“ land with the winds: but round my tent are men,  
“ whose hands are brandishing spears. In the  
“ morning I am like a bird, but the hand of fortune  
“ has clipped my wings, and my father has betrothed  
“ me by force to mine enemy; my death and in-  
“ famy are united in such an act. May God send  
“ woes upon him! that he could unite one so gentle  
“ as I am to a foe, as if it were a friendly contract;  
“ and could thus condescend to a foreigner, rejecting  
“ thee, O thou lion of the waste! By thy truth, I  
“ will never break my vows to thee, were I to be  
“ hacked in pieces by the broad cutlasses; so con-  
“ trive what seemest best to thee, for thou art most  
“ experienced in expedients. Question the gales  
“ of Nejd of my health when they blow in the  
“ morning.”

As Antar listened to these verses, he groaned aloud, and his eyes were flooded with tears; but his fears were quieted by this assurance. My object,

added Shiboob, in thus coming to you by night is, that you may conceal every thing about me. By the faith of an Arab, cried Antar, I will bring down on Bostam and the tribe of Shiban a calamity time shall record: and I will requite my uncle as he deserves. But, Shiboob, where has the party halted? In the land of Anizateen, my brother, answered Shiboob, and they are but few in number.

Now Bostam had promised Malik to bring Antar's head as a marriage present for his daughter; and soon after, as Bostam and his father were consulting about the management of the expedition, My son, said King Kais, this engagement to which you have bound yourself is very difficult, it is a very serious affair, for if we assemble the tribes of Shiban, and march against the tribes of Abs and Adnan, dissensions and feuds will arise among the Arabs. Wait patiently, let us deliberate about the execution of this project in a proper manner. But Bostam, after this conversation, only waited till it was evening, when he called his servant, and told him to prepare his horse. He girthed him, and brought it to him as soon as it was dark. Bostam mounted, and as he launched into the wilds and the wastes, he thus spoke:

“O Ibla, may thy salutations greet me frequently; keep my vows and preserve my faith, for thou hast subdued a Chief of the tribe of Shiban, who never felt love or amorous passion before, a knight to whom warriors in the battle



“ bow through fear before he draws the sword. My  
“ heart is satisfied ; one look from her reconciles  
“ me to my departure from my own country, al-  
“ though my eyelids are antimonied with sleepless-  
“ ness, and my eyes consider slumber as a sacrilege.  
“ O my tribe, I am slain by two large eyes, and I  
“ am become a distracted and impassioned lover.  
“ My soul longs for an Absian maid, that has  
“ launched at me the shaft of death. Surprising,  
“ that her deadly glances have shot their arrows at  
“ my heart ! Since the new-born moon beheld her,  
“ it snatched up light from her countenance, and  
“ became full-orbed ; and the shadow of night was  
“ astonished ; she let her hair flow down, and there  
“ came on a total darkness. She is an idol ; were  
“ she to appear before us every day, we should  
“ worship no other image but her. O son of She-  
“ dad, relinquish thy love ; comfort thyself without  
“ her, now that she has met Bostam, the knight of  
“ the horse, and the horseman whose equal dwells  
“ not on earth, and be safe.”

Bostam continued his journey over rocks and deserts till the obscurity of night was illumined, when recovering his senses, he opened his eyes, and looked around to observe what was before him. He soon perceived that the Ruler of the Air had deprived him of his succour, and that he had lost his way ; for he had intended passing through the valley of Decar, but he now found himself in the land of Dimaya ; such had been the impression his love and



passion had made on his heart. At day-light he was in an open country, with roads in various directions. He halted, and looked to the right and to the left, when lo! a dust arose, and mounted on high in front of him, and there appeared seventy horsemen, all clad in steel; and before them rode a knight, like a strong bastion. On the back of his neck was slung a long spear. Bostam instantly put his steed in motion for battle and combat; and as he came nigh unto the troop they all halted. Their chief alone came forward, who beckoning to Bostam with his hand, exclaimed, What Arab art thou? state thy parentage. Thy parentage may be thy protection. Youth, replied Bostam, and should it not be my security, my well-proportioned lance, and my well-tempered blade, will be my protection. I am Bostam, son of Kais, King of the tribe of Shibban, and the protector of the lands of Numan\*. But who of the Arabs art thou? The youth laughed aloud, and waved his spear in joy. Welcome! he exclaimed, I greet thee, O Aboolyaczan †, thou knight of the age. This is indeed a meeting for which I ought to render thanks to the Great Creator, who has shortened my road, and has thus favoured me. How so, young man? said Bostam. Hast thou any debt against me, the payment of which thou claimest? or is there blood that thou wouldest demand of me? No, Bostam; by God, no; exclaimed the

\* Son of Monzar, now dead.

† Father of Vigilance, a nickname; (i. e.) the cock.

stranger. I have no debt, no blood to claim of thee; and never in my life did I see thee till this day. I am called Tarfa, son of Rafa. I have demanded in marriage Saada, the daughter of Shohab the Barbooyte, whom thou didst slay the day he plundered thee. But, said her mother to me, I will not marry my daughter but to him who shall avenge her, and shall bring me the head of Bostam, her father's murderer. This is my business with thee, that I may separate thy head from thy shoulders. And by the faith of an Arab, I will not betray thee, neither will I permit one of my comrades to approach thee till our contest be decided. Be on thy guard, and look to thyself. Bostam was amazed at this address, and forgetting the purpose of his journey, Tarfa, said he, since evil designs have driven thee on to this wicked contest, thou and thy party shall this day witness my exploits and my powers. All I demand of thee in this conflict is fair play. What dost thou demand as justice, asked Tarfa, that I may treat thee fairly? All I want of thee, added Bostam, is to wait whilst I dismount from my horse, and let him repose a little; and when I mount him again, come on and appease thy disquietudes. Well, said Tarfa, as thou wilt. Bostam accordingly dismounted, and loosening his horse's girths, rested him and walked him about a little. But he had no sooner resumed his seat, than advancing towards his antagonist, he exclaimed—

“ Fortune is just, and has impartially decided ;

“ and by my life, O my tribe, it has never outraged  
“ us. I set out to demand blood of one who never  
“ betrayed me, and it has brought me one who  
“ seeks my blood ; a lover who complains of the  
“ warmth of his love, and whose disease is like mine.  
“ It is an adventure to surprise all hearers ; it will  
“ remain a tale among men. O tribe of Shiban,  
“ my heart is lost, so sing of it among the tent-  
“ ropes, for a fawn has beguiled it with its eyes,  
“ which are the hunters that chase the lions of the  
“ forest. She is an Arab damsel, that would dis-  
“ grace all the virgins of Persia ; so lovely, that  
“ should she come forth from her retreat, having  
“ once seen her, we should adore no idols. She rises  
“ like the sun at noon-day ; or she is the new-moon  
“ among the shades of darkness. O hope of my  
“ life, couldest thou see my thrust with the spear,  
“ or my blow with the sword among the skulls, no  
“ longer wouldest thou sigh for Antar. No ; thou  
“ wouldest not be hardened against princes for the  
“ sake of a slave.”

Bostam rushed upon the troop, and came down upon them like a calamity. He broke through all their defences, and shed the blood of the chiefs. He dispersed their right ; he routed their left. He sought out his adversary Tarfa, but after an hour's combat, consternation fell upon Tarfa ; and Bostam perceiving how it was with him, shouted at him and terrified him, and pierced him in an instant, and slew him. Again he turned upon his companions, who were



of the tribe of Nazr, and as they fled over the wastes and the wilds, Bostam soon quitted them, and continued his course over the spacious deserts till he came to the land of the tribe of Saasaa. Thence he proceeded till he approached the land of the tribe of Merah; and there he encountered on a sudden a black knight, mounted on a short-haired charger. He was immersed in steel and armour. His intrepidity proved him one of the bravest of heroes, and the superiority that shone in him, testified that he was a knight of the age and period. In front of him was a man on foot, scouring the land. This horseman was the knight of the deserts and the cities—the chief Antar; and the man on foot was the dust-coloured dragon, Shiboob.

When Shiboob had explained to Antar the pain that Ibla was suffering, and that his uncle had demanded his head as a marriage present for his daughter, he gnashed his teeth with rage: but concealing his brother that night, that no one might know his arrival, and recommending his mother also to secrecy, and desiring her, should any one of King Zoheir's sons inquire for him, to say, that being anxious about his brother's long absence, he was gone to procure some information respecting him; with these precautions he quitted the habitations as soon as all were asleep. Now Shiboob, said he, cut by the shortest way to the land of Shiban, that I may show you the infamy and disgrace to which I will reduce mine enemies. Thus they continued their expedition (Antar's passion increasing in force



and vehemence), till they met Bostam, whom of all people he was searching. Each recognised the other. But being desirous to confirm their doubts, O Abool-yaczan, cried Antar first, whither are you going over this land? Against you, son of Zebeeba, replied Bostam; that I may bring down evils upon you, and lay low your skull, and return to wed your beloved. Hey, Bostam! cried Antar, in all the heat and anxiety of love, have you beheld her, that you can describe her charms? Yes, said Bostam; and I have received her father's hand; and I have pledged myself to her. This is the very day she will become my wife, and be under my will and authority. Think not, exclaimed Antar, that you will ever obtain my permission to see her again. Be on your guard before inevitable death visit you. Turning towards Shiboob, he enjoined him not to assist him in the combat. Bostam prepared for the conflict, and drawing nigh unto Antar, he thus addressed him:

“ The revolutions arrive ever new; they raise up  
“ a slave, and debase nobles. Hero of night, re-  
“ linquish the contest; pursue justice, abstain from  
“ rapacity. The assault of chargers resembles not  
“ the camels of the desert, that thou wast used to  
“ tend at the rising of the dawn. No; and Ibla is  
“ not a person of whom thou shouldest talk or love;  
“ for Ibla is more precious than the loveliness of  
“ the moon's orb when it rises at its full. Ask of  
“ her, how that a lion hero has possessed her by his

“ sword, that, were it to smite a rock, would split it;  
“ who engages warriors in the day of battle with a  
“ courageous heart, unmixed with fear. Tribe of  
“ Shiban, I have obtained my wish; and the grief  
“ of my heart is illumined and removed. To-mor-  
“ row, I will tell ye of Antar, that he has drank the  
“ draught of death.”

When Antar had heard his poetry, he saw that Bostam was vain of his youth, and that his love and passion had urged him to attempt impossibilities, and had made him swerve from rectitude into error; so, charging with him, and shouting at him, he thus exclaimed :

“ O Aboolyaczan, thy vehemence deceives thee;  
“ soon thou wilt engage a lion not to be repulsed.  
“ Heedlessly art thou come to seek me; but, thou  
“ hast raised a lion that pursues the invading ene-  
“ mies. O Aboolyaczan, how oft the game escapes  
“ when the huntsman falls! If thou complainest of  
“ the pains of love, I will soon cure thee of that pain  
“ with a sword; whenever I draw it death ever  
“ submits to it, and prostrates itself. I am the  
“ black, the slave, that assails troops when the dust  
“ rises. My pedigree is my sword and my spear;  
“ my courage is my companion when fears thicken.  
“ All mankind is but as one individual; some are  
“ exalted, some debased. Tribe of Shiban, my  
“ uncle is a tyrant: and on ye, this day, tyranny  
“ shall fall. Bostam is driven on to his destruc-  
“ tion, dragging along the train of rash courage.

“ I am searching him out in your dwellings, and I  
“ will repay him for his deeds.”

Having thus recited their verses, they commenced the combat, and they launched into the wild and the desert. Their shouts were incessant; the fury of their love and passion obscured the forms of propriety. They continued fighting till evening, and even after it was dark. At last Bostam became weary and exhausted; the cord of his resolution was slackened, and he repented of his enterprise: and, knowing that horsemen behave generously to one another, and that Antar was not deficient in that point, he requested of him a truce from the combat, and permission to repose till morning. Antar agreed, sure that he could not escape out of the desert. Dismount where you please, said Antar. I grant you free permission; you are safe from me till tomorrow's dawn. On this, Bostam retired to a high sand-hill, and alighted from his horse, sensible that his passion could not be gratified. Antar also dismounted, for he was tired and wearied. Brother, said Shiboob, what do you mean by lengthening out the contest with this devil? He came to seek your death from a distance. I was almost tempted to kill him myself, but I was afraid of your anger; and truly, you have not found it an easy task. Let him alone this night, Shiboob, said Antar. Let him perish in regret and anguish. Let him gnaw his fingers with the fangs of repentance. Tomorrow, I will seize him before he can attack me; for



he is now indeed within my grasp. This apparent remissness is all my own doing; for had I wished to slay him, I had done it from the very first: and he would not have lived to see this evening. I want to take him with me to the tribe of Shibān, and make them all taste of infamy and misery. And verily, by the faith of an Arab, he is a horseman few horsemen can equal; and truly, I gave over fighting this evening quite fatigued. He ordered Shiboob to look after him till morning. It was just day-break, when Antar was mounted, and ready to renew the conflict. Bostam too descended from the sand-hill, assured he must perish. And just as he advanced, and was about to commence the attack, behold a dust arose in the direction of the land of Abs and Adnan; and there appeared a hundred horsemen, all like eagles; who perceiving Antar and Bostam about to engage, cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! O by Zeead! O by Hamadan! giving the reins to their steeds. Bostam was on an eminence, when lo! another dust arose from the quarter of Shibān. In less than an hour the dust cleared away, there came forth three hundred warriors, mounted on high-priced steeds, with long spears, and polished scimitars. Now all these horsemen were bent on the destruction of Antar; and there was not one friend among them. But, when a servant of God is fortunate, the Almighty produces events that frustrate the wicked designs of his enemies. In the first dust that came from the land of



Abs, were Oorwah and Amarah ; and the cause of this movement was Malik, Ibla's father, who in consequence of what had passed between him and Bostam, now gone to fetch Antar's head, sent to inform Rebia of what had occurred, saying, My cousin, so and so has happened in the land of Shibān, but my heart yearns after my native land. Bostam is gone into your country to put Antar to death, and I must beg your assistance for him. As soon as this message reached Rebia, he imparted it to Amarah. They all felt much pleased, being now sure of Antar's death and destruction. Amarah communicated the news to Oorwah, and they remained watching Antar till they found out that he was gone away in quest of Ibla. The next day Amarah with Oorwah and some troops set out on the way to the tribe of Shibān. Amarah was in ecstasies of delight, until they overtook Antar, who was then combating with Bostam. But the second dust is thus explained. King Kais was very anxious about his son's departure in search of Antar, and after forming various plans, he equipped three hundred men, and appointed Nijad to command them, and they set out by the direct road, till they came up with Antar and Bostam. When Antar saw how matters stood, he was convinced that there was not a single friend among them. So he instantly rushed upon Bostam, and hemming him in and pressing upon him, and closing every means of escape, he thrust at him with the butt end of his

spear, and threw him off his horse on the ground. Bind him fast, cried he to Shiboob, whilst we mark what may happen between these fellows now moving towards us. When Nijad beheld what had happened, he cried out to his comrades, Hey! this black has taken Bostam prisoner, but I am persuaded, he could only have reduced him to this infamy through the fear of this party of Absians. So, come on, overwhelm them with the barbs of your spears, whilst I turn upon this black knight, and cut his body piecemeal; for I think this demon must be Antar, whose head Bostam went to bring away. Thus saying, he assailed Antar with fifty men; the remainder rushed upon Amarah, and all this was by the will of the Supreme God! Amarah advanced with his comrades to slay Antar; but unintentionally he assisted him, being obliged to defend himself, fearful of death and perdition; and not being at that moment able to escape, he fought and exerted himself, whilst the dust flew about like an extended canopy. The tears coursed down his cheeks; and the bodies of the envious melted through excess of jealousy, and the Absians were discomfited on that day. Oorwah felt all was lost, and he resolved in his own mind, and bound himself by a solemn compact, that if for this once he should escape, never would he return to his odious practices against Antar, nor have any more to do with him. Amarah searched about for his companions, but perceiving that fifty were already annihilated, and the

rest in the utmost danger, and that the calamity appeared disastrous in the extreme, he cried out to Oorwah, Escape, my cousin, escape, or we die. And he gave the reins to his horse and fled, accompanied by Oorwah and his companions, and pursued by the Shibanians. In the mean time Antar encountered Nijad and his warriors. He aimed thrusts at him that blinded the sight, and anticipated fate and destiny, as he pranced and charged round them, his heart firmer than rock. In a moment he had destroyed thirty. He thrust at Nijad, and hurled him off his horse. But, when the others beheld his slaughter, and the effects of his exploits, they took to flight, exclaiming, May God curse your flat-nosed father ! how strong are your blows ! how fierce is your assault ! Bostam was amazed and bewildered at Antar's achievements ; but Shiboob stood guard over him, till Antar alighting from the back of his horse, and having walked him about a little to relieve him, again mounted to pursue the Shibanians, who were now on their return with the spoils of the Absians, whom they had slain, and driving before them their prisoners whom they had taken, and seeking their leader Nijad, whom Antar had destroyed. As to Amarah, he contrived to escape with his companions. But Antar thus greeted the Shibanians ; Foul Arabs, by the faith of an Arab, had I not had a grudge against mine own tribe, never would I have permitted you to accomplish your designs against them. And he encountered



them with the head of his spear, overthrowing the horsemen, and shedding the blood of the warriors. The Shibanians resisted, till learning that Nijad was dead, they said to one another, Verily, this demon has taken Bostam prisoner, and slain Nijad and all his brave comrades. He is indeed a nocturnal calamity, and a destroying thunder-bolt; let us seek our own country, or not one of us will be alive. So they lashed their horses flanks, and escaped at full speed, scarcely crediting their security. Now, said Antar to Shiboob, I am resolved on proceeding to the land of Shiban, and to fill them with despair after all their fond hopes, and exhibit to them the evil stars of my cuckold uncle: and I will not return till I have rescued Ibla. Moreover, I am aware that these fugitives will soon reach King Kais, and will tell him what my sword and my impetuous assaults have effected; they will also inform him, that his son Bostam is my captive. He will immediately assemble his horsemen and march against our country, and endeavour to release his sons with his warriors. His tents will therefore remain untenanted, and his property unprotected. I will take away what I please, and will leave what I please. I will carry off Ibla, my chief object; and should I catch hold of her father, I will abandon him to disgrace and infamy; and I will now make him know who I am. O Aboolfawaris, said Bostam, shuddering and trembling at Antar's language, You must certainly be proposing



to yourself impossibilities, deeds that will expose your life to dangers and troubles. Be generous towards me, and make me your friend and companion; and by the faith of an Arab, I will realize your wishes: I will go home with you, and not let your uncle quit our territory till he has married his daughter to you with us, and thus your projects be accomplished. What! O Aboolyaczan, cried Antar, Am I so far unable to execute mine own business, that I must ask assistance of another, whether I will or no? I will be the only agent in mine own designs against your country—I will bring down calamities upon your horsemen—I will requite every one according to his deserts; and I will suspend your head round my uncle's neck, that he may repent of his conduct, and never think proper to emigrate from his own country again. But do you, O Shiboob, he added, hasten to the habitations of the tribe, and see what they are about—mark the exact truth. Shiboob let loose his feet, and speeded away till he disappeared among the wastes. About the latter part of the day he returned, all aghast and out of breath. What is the matter, cried Antar, that you have returned in such haste? Know, my brother, replied Shiboob, That as soon as I had quitted you, I traversed the plains and the deserts till I reached the tribe of Shiban, when I perceived them all overwhelmed with the screams of slaves and women, on account of their horsemen that had been slain, and troops were flying about in every

direction. I began to fear that some misfortune might befall me, and methought also, should your uncle recognise me, I should be a dead man. But just as I had determined on retracing my way back, I overheard a peasant say to another, This night drive away your flocks as speedily as possible, for our families are departing for the valley of Jiljil and the plains of Jandil, (a spot in Arabia, well known and mentioned by the poets). As soon as I heard this news of their approaching removal, I was overjoyed. But what is the circumstance, exclaimed Antar, interrupting him, that has so discomposed you? Know, said Shiboob, that Ibla must also go away, she and her mother, with the females of Shiban. So you had better set out at the very moment of their removal with their camels, and convert their pride into despair. I will seize the bridle of Ibla's camel and lead it away; but mind you keep off from me the troops, whether they be few or numerous. By your father, exclaimed Antar, delighted and smiling, I will show you what will joy your heart. Soon after this they departed, and when they reached the vicinity of the tribe of Shiban, it being late in the day, they chanced to perceive some flocks on their way to the dwellings, attended by a single slave, who was thus crying out and lamenting, Alas, for thee! O Bostam, how fortune has betrayed thee, and delivered thee over to a slave of no worth, and of no faith! May God never bless that Ibla or her father!—May he curse

the hour that brought her here !—May God whelm them in his calamities and his misfortunes ! And he thus continued in verse :

“ O full moon of perfections ! O lion of battles,  
“ we are grieved for thee ! O thou, the protector of  
“ our women in every land when fled the brave  
“ heroes of war ! The tribe of Shibān has lost its  
“ sword ; a sword that could cleave even the rock-  
“ ribbed mountains. Thou art humbled, warrior  
“ as thou wert, whose power made the lions of the  
“ den crouch before it. A slave of the tribe of  
“ Adnan has made thee a captive—a slave that  
“ lately tended the camels : but were not oppression  
“ natural to man, the slave would never subdue the  
“ master. May no good betide thee, O Iblā ! Mayest  
“ thou never be protected from the calamities of  
“ night—may the lands of thy father be laid waste  
“ and ravaged, deprived of its cherished inhabitants !  
“ In an evil hour came Malik to us ; his deeds were  
“ iniquitous ; may God curse him for a vile Sheikh ;  
“ crushed be his chin ; plucked out be his musta-  
“ chioes ! for he has spoiled the joy of our lives,  
“ and we are all reduced to misery.”

Antar's rage and indignation increased as he listened to the words of the peasant ; and he said to Shiboob, Bring me that slave, that I may question and call him to account. Shiboob seized him, and dragged him before Antar, frightened as he was. Who art thou, slave ? cried Antar. I am one of King Kais' slaves, he replied. And do



you all remove to-morrow? Yes, my lord. For what purpose? Know, my lord, continued the slave, we are in great alarm about the tribe of Temeem, which our Chief, Bostam, kept in awe. It was he who protected us from every villain; but he is now a prisoner in the hands of a hell-born slave; and therefore must we remove. We have assembled all our comrades, and are going to rescue our Chief, the son of our King. But who has taken Bostam prisoner? is he the foremost knight of the age? asked Antar. Oh! no, no, said the slave: he who has taken him prisoner is a contemptible, insignificant fellow, and he is not reckoned a horseman at all: but the times have turned out most extraordinary, and a total revolution in fortune has upset his family. Here the slave related the whole story of Malik, and how he had demanded Antar's head as a marriage present for his daughter. Antar smiled and drove the peasant on before him till he came up to Bostam. Look at this prisoner, said he, who is now before you, and ascertain who he is; observe well whether it be your master, that we may be liberal towards him in restoring him to liberty. The slave recognised Bostam: his tongue quivered in his speech, and his knees quaked as he stood. He felt as if his very soul were on the wing, and his limbs trembled as with an ague: for he was convinced that the person who was speaking must be Antar himself, the lofty column. He gave himself up for lost and a dead man: then turning to-



wards Antar to appease him, he said, Pardon, my lord, for it is the noblest quality of the great; act not thus towards my master, Bostam; do not cut down the very tree of generosity from mankind. And he wept from his tortured heart and his agonised eyes. He kissed Bostam's feet, and gave a loud scream. But Shiboob darted upon him and stopped his mouth, and binding him fast, left him by the side of Bostam. Antar reposed in that spot, whilst Shiboob stood guard during the night. By daybreak Shiboob quitted the plain, and sought the tribe of Shibban, to gain some information: but not long after, as Antar had his eyes fixed on the road, behold! Shiboob appeared like a bird when it flies, the tears streaming from his eyes. What is behind thee? cried Antar, what event has called forth this lamentation? O, my brother, he replied, the enemy has anticipated us in the completion of their desires: all our plans and projects have failed. A subduing arm has already fallen upon the tribe that cannot be repulsed—an irresistible, unconquerable foe! How is that? thou black-born. How has this happened? asked Antar. Know then, answered Shiboob, I had no sooner quitted thee, than I discovered that they had already set out with their families and their baggage-camels, and the howdahs were placed on the camels. The tribe of Shibban were all on horseback, and prepared with their spears and their scimitars. They were marching forward with their wives and their flocks, when, lo!

the plain was filled with horsemen and warriors, rushing on from every direction, and stopping up all the roads and passes, crying out at the same time, O by Temeem! At their head was a knight of prodigious bulk, who rode towards the quarter of the women, driving back all opposition, and piercing the horsemen; and when he had gained possession of the women, he forced them on before him, eagerly and resolutely. Ibla was among the women, shrieking out in the language of anguish and distress, and letting fall streams of tears, as she cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! O men, nobly generous towards women, where is the valiant knight? Where the undaunted hero? How I long for the Absian horseman! Oh that I could meet him! Your uncle Malik and his son Amroo were soon made prisoners. So I determined to return to you, when, lo! this warrior whom I mentioned before, bellowed out like a savage lion: Attack, attack, my cousins! he cried, the business is a mere trifle, for I have obtained my beloved Budoor. Having witnessed all these disasters, I departed; and here I am in despair. Antar's tears flowed and streamed at the recital. O Malik! he cried, May God never let thee taste of moisture! or let thee escape from these perils! for thou hast drawn these misfortunes on thyself: and thou hast dishonoured thy daughter among all mankind. And as he was resolved on mounting his horse to quit the plain, anxious to encounter the

enemy alone, he chanced to hear the Chief, Bostam, exclaiming, Alas! the foe has disgraced me; they have exulted over me: verily a blow from a sharp sword, or a thrust from a long spear, is more tolerable than the insulting outrage of enemies! Antar listened to his words and his complaints, but only thought they proceeded from his passion for Ibla. Is all this in consequence of the violence of your flame? said Antar, or is it on account of the captivity of Ibla, that this affliction makes such an impression on you? By thy existence! he replied, O Aboolfawaris, there is not even a small or a large portion of my love for Ibla surviving in my heart; neither does my anguish proceed from what thou hintest at: but my tears flow for the grief of the females of mine own family. I have a sister, who is called Budoor, and she is my youngest and favourite sister. The Chiefs of the tribes of Cahtan have been her suitors, and also the nobles of Shiiban and Nibhan; but she has rejected them all: and this is one of her lovers who has invaded us on her account, and has seized our wives and our families, and has carried off my sister Budoor. He is called Keshaab, son of Ghayath: he must have heard of my captivity, and thus taking advantage of my absence, he has assailed my tribe, and violated the honour of my family, and of the females of my countrymen, thus possessing himself of my dearest sister. But now, O Aboolfawaris, I conjure thee, by the faith of an Arab, and by the Lord who overthrows when he



pleases, either make me fall beneath thy sword, or pardon and grant me thy protection, that I may be one of thy dependants and thy servants. I am aware that I have been overbearing and insulting, but I now know my error; and thou wilt be celebrated for thy forbearance and generosity. Let me go, that we may exert our whole force and fight. Perhaps we may still succeed. Think not, O Aboolfawaris, that on such a person as myself, a noble action or an obligation will be thrown away. And thus he addressed Antar:

“Thou hast taken me prisoner, and the horsemen are charging; sword and spear spare not and stop not. I went against thee, but now I know that I wronged thee; and after such insults, I implore thy forgiveness. Shouldst thou kill me, it is but justice that thou seekest. But, if thou wilt pardon me, thou shalt be my ear and my eye. O thou, from whose sword, when it is drawn in the fury of war, fate and destiny descend, were all the dwellers on earth to engage with thee on the day of terrors, they could not subdue thee. Spare me, forgive me, powerful as thou art. Consider my praises, and the story I have told.”

These verses brought tears into Antar's eyes; for he was compassionate of heart, and kind, root and branch. Being now convinced of Bostam's distress for his family, he untied the cords and bandages, having first bound him to his word. He also restored to him his armour, and his weapons, and



his horse. But this bastard slave! said Shiboob, wilt thou not put him to death after all the foul words he made us hear? O Shiboob, replied Antar, shall we release illustrious chiefs, and kill slaves? particularly when between them and us there is the tie of blackness? He has done nothing to merit punishment. He only expressed his sorrows and regrets for a master who had honoured him, and had treated him well. Release him, for we will be kind to him on account of his dark complexion. Bostam burst into a loud laugh, and said, May God prosper thee for a great hero, and a noble lion! How just are thy words! When Shiboob had restored the slave to liberty, Antar and Bostam mounted, whilst Shiboob and the slave ran on ahead of them; and they hastened on till they came up with the tribe of Shiban, where they perceived men scattered right and left on the ground; the country was destitute of the women and families, and appeared an uninhabited waste. Bostam wept at the misfortunes and dreadful events that had befallen him. Run to the top of yonder hill, he cried to the slave, whose name was Hamam; collect the fugitives, and tell them to be of good cheer, as their protector Bostam is arrived: bid them come to me. The slave cried out as Bostam directed, and the troops rallied from the different parts of the desert, rejoicing in the safety of their chief, who, when he had explained what had passed, exclaimed, Now pay homage to the chief Antar. But Antar

comforted their hearts, and their respect for him increased, and their griefs diminished. They marched on till they approached the enemy about sunset; and having explored Keshaab's position, they occupied the roads, and attacked him when all were quiet and reposing. As the prisoners were stationed behind the camels, Antar heard the voice of Ibla, and distinguished it from the others; the whole country seemed too confined for him. He could wait no longer, but gave a yell that made every mountain tremble. He sought the standards and ensigns, and laboured in the slaughter of the chiefs, Shiboob ever at his side. Bostam also assailed them, and rushed to the combat, his heart encouraged by the example of Antar. His horsemen and nobles also joined in the attack. But the tribe of Temeem seeing them advance, despised them, saying, These must be some stragglers from the tribe of Shiban; it is not worth our while to pursue them. But they soon marked how they burst through their right, and dispersed their left; and the calamity seeming now to be great, they mounted, and began to take a part in the conflict. They beheld Antar's thrusts tearing out the hearts of the heroes, and his blows making heads fly off right and left. He was raising his mighty shouts, and plying his cleaving blows: and he exhibited among them all his powers. The chief Bostam also overwhelmed them with his deadly strokes. The battle continued till night had veiled the land in obscurity; and still the combat and car-

nage grew more terrific. When Keshaab saw one of the flanks of his army routed, and a great part of them hacked and torn to pieces, and beheld Antar hewing his way through them, and Bostam sending down upon them infamy and dismay, he was greatly alarmed. He shouted, and rushed towards his people; but he found their heads flying about like leaves. Carnage was on all sides. The conflict raged. Terrors became more frightful. But Antar ceased not slaughtering and destroying till he came up to the camels and the women, having already slain one hundred and twenty of the bravest. Bostam had overthrown thirty: and when they had collected the cattle and the families, said Antar to Bostam, dismount, O Aboolyaczan, and rescue your father from bondage; release all your tribe and your relations that are with him; but leave alone my uncle Malik, and his son Amroo, and do not release them on any account: for I now know that my uncle is full of deceits, and were I to let him go, he would take away his daughter and his wife, and flee away from us: and we shall have to do it all over again. I will detain him until the affair is decided. Shiboob was despatched to Ibla to comfort her heart, and remove her grief. Now, when Malik heard Antar's voice in the attack, he said to his son Amroo, O my son! these are the shouts of that accursed black. This night the warriors of Temeem will be annihilated by his evil destiny. O that the enemy had made me drink of the cup of death! O



that I might never again behold that black hard-featured face ! But I must have him put to death and destroyed. I will remove his beloved from him, or in truth I will kill her on his account. It is to be sure a noble return for his rescue of me from calamities, and his protection of my child ; but still I must have him murdered. Whilst Malik and his son were thus conversing, Bostam hastened towards his father and released him, together with all those that had accompanied him, detailing to them all that had passed with the magnanimous Antar, from the time of his departure to his re-appearance. King Kais was amazed, and reflecting on Antar's noble conduct, If he is a mortal, said he to his son, his equal is not to be found in the universe. No man can recompense such deeds. Having thus released their people and the trains of camels, the women and children alighted ; but they still left Malik, Ibla's father, and Amroo in captivity, as Antar the ferocious lion had directed. Release me too, O Bostam, cried Malik. O thou base-born wretch, replied he, how could you fly from this noble warrior with your daughter, and marry her to me who am not worthy to be his servant ? What, nothing would suffice you but the head of this illustrious Antar, as her marriage-present ! But know, that I am become one of his associates and friends ; for he has protected my sister, and the other women and wives of the tribe of Shibani, and never can I make him any suitable recompense ; were he even to order



me to make you drink of the cup of ignominy, I would do it: for you are not a man; neither can kindness or noble conduct have any virtue with you. Thus saying, Bostam rode back to Antar, in order to aid him in keeping the night-watch, and protecting the people, whilst Shiboob staid with Ibla. Amongst other things, he told her all his brother had done with the Shibanians on her account; and afterwards conducted her to the women of King Kais, who received her with every mark of attention.

Early next day the tribe of Temeem sprang up, eager to renew the fight and the contest. King Kais appeared among his troops and warriors, to whom he related the friendly intercourse established between his son and Antar. In the mean time Antar and Bostam being together, said Antar to him, Why do you keep back from the combat? Begin with the foe, before the foe begins with you. Attack him, and be of good cheer. Antar mounted Abjer, and casting his eyes towards the tribe of Temeem, he observed it was their intention to make a general assault; so he attacked their right, and singled out their heroes and chieftains.

As soon as Keshaab had clad himself in armour, and had seated himself on his steed, he pushed forward to the front of the army; and there too was Antar, who had already slain two and twenty warriors. Keshaab assailed him in the fulness of his rage; and he cried out, Now will I bring down per-

dition on thee. Knowest thou not who I am? Have none of my deeds, none of my exploits reached thee? Hast thou never heard of me, that thou darrest thus to follow me? Dost thou hope to take my plunder away from me, or to rescue my beloved? As to thy beloved, cried Antar, my sword has liberated her, and last night she reposed under my protection. But, if thou art indeed so bold and so skilled in war, come and rescue her, and make good thy pretensions. On the instant each assailed his antagonist, aiming alternate thrusts and blows at one another, and both bellowing and roaring, the blood gushed from their nostrils. At last they vanished from the sight, and plunged into the wilds, till drops of gory sweat streamed from them, and their fury grew intense.

Keshaab's uncle being present, turned towards the tribe of Temeem, and said, O my cousins, be on your guard in this conflict, and beware of that black hero; for much I fear he will prove superior to your Chief. Upon this, the tribe of Temeem rushed forward from all sides; but Bostam, who observed them advance, met their assault with the Shibanians, when lo! a yell pierced the dust, and one cried out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! and behold Antar darted forth from beneath the dust, holding in his hand the head of Keshaab, son of Ghayath, and thus he spoke:

“ When I steep not my sword in the blood of  
“ foes, and when the gore trickles not from its lustre,

“ may the lids of my eyes be never antimonied with  
“ sleep, and may no harbinger visit me from the  
“ phantom of Ibla! I am Death, but I am impatient  
“ for the lives of warriors; and Death is patient.  
“ Whenever Death sees me, it humbles itself  
“ to my awful form, and the arm of the Arab is too  
“ short to reach me. I am the grasper of lives with  
“ sword and spear. I am the warrior—the hero—  
“ the intrepid—the undaunted! Whenever I meet  
“ Death, I turban his head with the sword tempered  
“ in draughts of blood. I am the lion of death,  
“ that protects all that depend on me, and my exploits  
“ shall be recorded to eternity. My swarthy  
“ complexion is fair at the moment my deeds stand  
“ forth conspicuous. My progenitor is celebrated,  
“ and my ancestors boast of their fathers; for my  
“ friends live respected, and my foes shrink away,  
“ abject, frightened, and maimed. By the raiser  
“ of the seven heavens, who knows every secret,  
“ mighty and sublime, I swear, that I will never  
“ weary of the battle till I have repaid my foe, and  
“ am the victor. I am the lion of the waste, and  
“ of eternal war, one soiled with deaths and dust.  
“ I have repulsed Temeem; I have felled their  
“ elders. I am returned, and my sword is reeking  
“ with the blood of the tribes. O tribe of Abs, be  
“ strong in glory, and boast of a slave, whose  
“ mansion is between the Pisces. Whenever the  
“ herald of the tribe proclaims, I answer him whilst  
“ the horses stumble among the skulls. My Indian

“ blade is drawn ; and it will tell thee that I am  
“ Antar in the contest.”

Keshaab's uncle had been conversing beneath his standards, surrounded by his nobles. I am alarmed, said he, about Keshaab, for his mother had a dream, in which he was victorious over the Shibanians. But as he was returning home in triumph, a black in the form of a lion met him, and deprived him of all his plunder, and finally cut off his head and silenced his life. Now just as he had uttered these words, behold Antar appeared, and thus shouted, bearing Keshaab's head in his hand. Ah ! exclaimed his uncle at this sight, the dream, the dream ! Again he shouted to his surrounding friends, and the troops followed him to the assault. The Shibanians also attacked with their Chief Bos-tam. Dust and black clouds of sand arose. The conflict became severe. The brave stood firm ; the dastardly fled. Antar encountered the whole force, and his assault was the descent of a torrent ; and as the foe was superior in numbers, he exerted all his vigour, assailing them right and left, and crying out, O by Abs, O by Adnan ! Thus were matters situated, when lo ! twenty horsemen appeared among the sands, and rushed upon the tribe of Temeem, overwhelming them with disgrace. They galloped towards Antar, who viewed them a time, and saw that they were Absians, headed by Ghayadh, son of Nashib. But they came not with the intention to assist Antar ; on the contrary, their object was



his destruction. This was another of the insidious plans of Amarah, who, when obliged to fly for his life, continued his retreat till he reached the land of Abs by night. In the morning he repaired to his brother Rebia, and related to him what had passed. Rebia advised him to wait patiently, and keep on the watch for some chance opportunity to kill Antar. Amarah quitted him; but being still sorely exasperated at his defeat, he sent for Ghayadh, and as he stood crying before him, he implored his aid. Explaining what he must do in the tribe of Shibān, he assured him of wealth and camels in abundance as a reward. His avarice induced Ghayadh to assent, for he was one of Antar's enemies. With a party of twenty horsemen, he departed for the land of Shibān, where, on his arrival, he made inquiries about the tribe of Temeem; and afterwards he pursued his way till he came up with Antar at the head of his troops, defending the women and the families; and he saw all that immense host opposing him, whilst he cried out, Where is he who plunders girls and women? At hearing this, all the malice and rancour in the heart of Ghayadh was converted into love and affection, and he said to his companions, Cousins, we must indeed aid this hero, who exposes his life to death, anxious only to preserve the modesty of women untouched. To hell and disgrace be Amarah and his cattle! May he never be out of affliction and trouble! And he instantly attacked with his men, all exclaiming, O by Abs, O by

Adnan! and they thrust their spears against their chests, and hacked their necks with their swords, till the tribe of Temeem took to flight, pursued by the Absians.

Ghayadh turned towards Antar, and saluted him, giving him a full detail of Amarah's conduct, and how he had engaged him by the promise of flocks and camels. Antar thanked them for what they had done for him, and extolled their brave deeds. Thus they proceeded together to the loaded camels and the families. The women and the men met them with the young girls, in front of whom was Ibla, and she was drowned in tears; but as soon as Antar saw her, he thus addressed her:

“ Hail, I greet thee, branch of the tamarisk!  
 “ Welcome to the new moon of the desert and the  
 “ city! O Ibla! thy form during my absence was  
 “ ever in the core of my heart and my eye. Since  
 “ thou hast been absent, all my joys have been ab-  
 “ sent; all my pleasures closed: and my blood-shot  
 “ eyes have past the nights in sleeplessness. Never  
 “ has slumber visited me since I quitted thy form.  
 “ O thou full moon of obscurity, in truth, thou face  
 “ of the moon itself, were I to complain of what I  
 “ have endured in sorrow, I should fail to describe  
 “ by the truth of the shrine and the stone! what  
 “ I suffered in the horrors of my journey, and the  
 “ jealousies I have been subject to from my relations.  
 “ How many horsemen, whom I have encountered  
 “ in the barren waste, have been laid low on the

“earth and in the tombs! Keshaab, son of Ghayath, lies prostrate, on the day of horrors felled  
“by my Indian blade. These shall ever be my  
“deeds with the foe as long as the sun shines, and  
“as long as the morning-star glitters at the dawn.  
“I am the son of Shedad, and the lion to whom  
“every one that dwells in the desert or in towns  
“bows in submission.”

After this he went up to Malik and his son. Ibla's father wept; My son, said he to Antar, do not rebuke me, do not reproach me for my behaviour, the crime is all Rebia's; it was he alone who contrived this stratagem. But now I will not quit this land till I have married my daughter to thee, and have offered her to thee as thy hand-maiden; then we will return home.

Ghayadh and his comrades having also assured Antar that his uncle was not to blame, he ordered Malik and his son to be unbound; and when he had mounted his horse Abjer, they all thanked and extolled him. Soon after this, King Kais set out for his own country with the tribe of Shiban; and when they reached their native land, they pitched their tents and hoisted the standards. King Kais slaughtered sheep, and made preparations for a feast, of which all his companions and friends partook; and when they had done eating, the wine-glasses were presented, and the carousing lasted three days.

## CHAPTER XIV.

ON the fourth day, said Antar to Malik, Uncle, we must depart. No, Antar, he replied, I cannot possibly move from hence on account of the language of the Zeead family. Let it not be said again, that Malik fled from Antar the black, and is now returning to marry his daughter to him against the consent of every one. Never will I return home if something be not done to raise my consideration, and some one of my friends come to conciliate me. Oblige me in this respect, go you home first, and send me one of King Zoheir's sons, that he may repair the evil done to my character. Antar heard him, and thought him sincere; for he could not divine the wickedness of his heart. Well then, he said, I will send you the Princes Shas and Malik; but I will not stir from you until you make Bostam and his father King Kais testify for you, that you have betrothed your daughter Ibla to me; and if again you have recourse to your vile arts, I will draw my sword across your neck.

The next day Antar conducted his uncle to King Kais, and in the presence of his children and his tribe, related all that had passed between him and Malik, and made them bear witness to what he had



said: then recommending his uncle and his family to Bostam and King Kais, he departed. He took with him Ghayadh and his companions, and when they were near home, he sent on Shiboob to announce his arrival. The report was soon spread abroad, and reached the sons of King Zoheir, who accompanied their father on horseback to meet Antar, who dismounted, and prayed for the long life of King Zoheir. He went to his sons and saluted them and all the horsemen, to whom he related what had passed with his uncle among the Shibanians, and that he would not return home until some one was sent to conciliate him, and unless his honour and character were exalted. As the man is ashamed of what he has done, said Zoheir, we must of course make it up with him, and grant his wishes. It was then settled that King Zoheir's son should depart with Antar for the land of Shiban, and appease his uncle. For four days they continued eating and drinking, and just as they were determined on their journey, lo! a slave arrived from the land of Shiban: he saluted Antar, and kissing his hands, My lord, said he, King Kais and his son salute you, and inform you that your uncle only remained there one night after your departure, and on the next day he quitted the country, and since then we have no tidings of him. Ask not the effects of Bostam's anger! He desires you to be quiet till he can inform you where he is. Antar on hearing this shed torrents of tears; but when King Zoheir

heard what had happened; Cheer up your heart, said he, and be your brow brightened up, for your uncle has now no enemy but me, and I alone will secure the completion of your wishes.

When the people had retired to their tents, and silence reigned among the family of Carad: How long will you extend your arm to what it will never reach? said Oorwah to Antar; the daughters of Arabia are numerous, incline towards them, and relinquish those in whose house you were brought up. These words made a deep impression on Antar, and he recommended to Shiboob to keep a good look out after Oorwah. Now Oorwah had a sister called Selma, who was married in the tribe of Ghiftan, to a man whose name was Jahjah; and he went to visit his sister for some days. Shiboob watched him, and informed his brother Antar of his movements. As soon as it was dark, Antar sallied forth to lie in ambush for Oorwah on the road side, concealing himself in a mountain called Tebeer. But Oorwah, when he reached the tribe of Ghiftan, went to his sister Selma, and found her quarrelling and wrangling with her husband. She no sooner saw her brother than she wept and complained after the manner of women. Brother, said she, by that womb in which you and I moved, you must relieve me from the state in which I am, and take me to your home; do not let me die here of rage and passion. So the next day he put her into her howdah, and went away with her towards the land of

the Absians; but just as they reached the mountain where Antar was concealed, behold! ten horsemen met them, and in front of them was a knight of immense stature, of the dimensions of an elephant, who, on seeing the howdah and the camel, advanced towards Oorwah without delay, roaring out, Who art thou? what is thy birth and parentage? I am the son of Wird, he replied, Oorwah is my name; noble are my father and my grandfather; so begone. The knight listened: he was much surprised at this language; but with a smile, he continued, Welcome, O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, for thou art my object, and my goal. Knowest thou who I am? Who art thou? said Oorwah, thou son of a two-thousand horned cuckold! I am Ghazi, answered he, the son of Kais, the son of Dibyan; thy slave Antar slew my father, and I must verily put him to death; thou too didst slay my brother, and didst plunder my flocks, and drive away my camels when I was absent from home; so I have waited patiently till I might have thee in my power, and now that I have come upon thee, I will take away thy life from between thy sides. As soon as he had spoken, he rushed upon Oorwah, and exhibiting his strength and skill; and as Ghazi was superior to Oorwah, he charged: after a furious conflict he threw him on the ground, and bound him fast. He then seized the bridle of Selma's camel: she screamed, and invoked assistance, crying out, O by Abs! is there no one to aid me?—no one to release me? Antar had marked

Oorwah, and was ready to rush out upon him ; but when Ghazi encountered him, he was better pleased, saying to himself, He is a lucky man who succeeds by the means of another. But he no sooner saw that Oorwah was a prisoner, and heard Selma's exclamations, than his anger subsided in his heart ; his enmity gave way to his noble pride, and his soul was softened : so he darted forth from the defile like a lion in his wrath. Daughter of my uncle, he cried, rejoice in your rescue from your enemies, for the God of heaven has requited your brother ; he has had compassion on your sorrows, and has sent me to your deliverance. Thus saying, he directed his impetuous course towards the troop, and poured down upon them with the vehemence of a torrent ; he thus exclaimed :

“ Ye dastards, have ye captured Selma, and  
“ Antar, her guardian, is he here in ambush ? Her  
“ brother, indeed, was my opponent, but now that  
“ he is sick, I will be his physician. Had she not  
“ cried out, O by Abs ! and had not her tears  
“ flowed in sorrow, the rancour I harboured would  
“ not have been subdued, and I should not have  
“ defended the well-shaped, high-bosomed dame.  
“ But now be at ease ; mark my deeds when thou  
“ beholdest my antagonist inflicted with my spear.  
“ Oorwah shall return after this, and he shall an-  
“ swer with submission to my call : were I to  
“ punish him for the family of Zeead, Ibla would  
“ never be mine.”



When Ghazi heard Antar's verses, and observed his motions, he assailed him. They galloped about—they dashed against each other—they struggled—they plunged into the combat—they resisted the thrust and the blow. But Antar fatigued Ghazi, and having worn him out, struck him with the butt end of his spear; he hurled him over, and knocked him off his horse; when his companions hurried to his relief, crying out, May God blast the tips of thy fingers! what a noble knight hast thou slain! Antar also assailed them, and the mountains trembled at his violence; in less than an hour he slew those who were destined to die, and the rest were dispersed among the wastes. Selma rejoiced at her rescue. She descended from her howdah, and came forwards to meet Antar. May God bless thee for a protector, she exclaimed, and in such as thee noble dames may exult. And as she threw herself before him kissing his feet, she thus expressed her thanks:

“ May God reward thee with every good from  
“ us—may no evil of fortune afflict thee! for thou  
“ hast rescued us from a base tribe, and converted  
“ fears into security: they saw thee, and bade adieu  
“ to life, when thou didst inflict the blows of thy  
“ dreadful sword; thou didst return, and upon thy  
“ spear were clots of their blood, and upon thy  
“ barb—thou didst fell down their Chief with thy  
“ polished blade; sturdy in the field of battle; for  
“ thou art the lion, the champion of the race of

“ Abs, and their Chief far and near. May ever  
“ thy foe in every land groan in the anguish of the  
“ strangury ! May thy sword be ever drawn against  
“ thy enemy in the tumultuous combat ! May thy  
“ glories ever increase in sublimity, even to the sign  
“ of the Lyra and the two Bears.”

When Antar heard these verses, his rage was calmed, and turning towards Oorwah, against whom he was much provoked, he said, My heart was indeed wounded at your expressions, and I only came forth with a view of making you drink of the cup of death, but things have turned out contrary ; for when I heard Selma's lamentations and sighs, this violation of her modesty fell heavy on me, so I have liberated her from the power of these wretches. But I still turn towards you with an ulcered heart ; see then who can rescue you from me ; who will be your deliverance. O Aboolfawaris, cried Oorwah, your generous nature will rescue me, the sweetness of your milk will protect me ; all I beg is, that you will pardon me this once, and make me your friend, and if you ever see me act foully again by you, may I not be a legitimate son ! may my pedigree prove false ! His sister Selma also intreated Antar, and threw herself down before him ; neither did she desist till Antar had untied him : and when Oorwah stood up, he thus said :

“ O thou whose face has smiled, mayst thou ever  
“ be the leader in every enterprise ! for thou art  
“ far above the world in courage ; the universe

"may perish, but thy glory can never be extinguished."

He then advanced and embraced him, and swore he would never betray him again under any circumstances whatever. After this they set out, and whilst they were marching on, a wandering Arab met them, roaming wildly over the plains, and driving the wild animals before him. As soon as Antar marked him, he desired Shiboob to bring the fellow to him. Shiboob went and brought him. Son of my aunt, said Antar, what is the cause of thy wandering thus astray? My master Bostam, he replied, has sent me to you; he salutes you, and informs you that he has news of your uncle from the tribe of Kendeh; and he wishes to know whether you desire him to come to you with a party of Shibanians, or whether he shall join you in the land of Kendeh.

Arab, said Antar, salute your lord, and tell him I am able to do myself justice, with the aid of the Lord of all power; what I shall do with the tribe of Kendeh shall be reported to him, for I will encounter them were they even as numerous as the sands of the desert; but let not your master, out of his kindness and generosity, trouble himself about such matters: let him not quit his own country and family. May God bless him, and his liberal conduct! The Arab took his leave, and departed home. But Antar felt all the fierceness of rage and indignation. O Abcolfawaris, said Oorwah, will you

not consent that I become one of your servants? let me take my men and attend upon you. O Oorwah, said Antar, how can I place any dependance on you in the day of battle? I have never tried you on any occasion. Speak not so, said Oorwah; by the faith of an Arab, were I able this moment to make my heart a shield to meet the spears of thy enemy, I would do it, for I can never requite thee. March on home, said Antar, and tell no one where I am going. Oorwah drove on Selma's howdah, and went home; but Antar, who regarded not his professions, sought the land of Kendeh, and every difficulty seemed easy to him, as thus he spoke:

"In whatever language the railers shall abuse  
 "me, let them know that I watch while they sleep.  
 "I rave, and I exhibit nothing novel in my love;  
 "for were they to taste of passion, they too would  
 "rave. Can I ever forget my afflictions in my love  
 "for Ibla? are there any means of sheltering  
 "myself from it? They think a moment's meeting  
 "with thee too much, and years and years have  
 "been past in grief and troubles. It would indeed  
 "trouble me, were I not to see the treacheries of  
 "fortune,—the sight of such is natural and con-  
 "stant."

Antar proceeded on his journey, and felt exceedingly pleased that neither King Zoheir nor his sons knew where he was, and could not assist him in the conflict; and as Shiboob directed him on the road to the tribe of Kendeh, he felt anxious to proceed



unattended and unaided. O thou who seest, and art not seen, he cried, thou knowest that an expedition when I am alone is more agreeable to me than horsemen and troops, be thou only my succour, O God of those who adore thee ! and thus continued in verse :

“ O bird ! alas ! it grieves me in the groves, and  
“ the hand of fate points out to me my abode.  
“ I stop, and love has engraved its characters with  
“ the pen of my blood in the desolation of my heart.  
“ I question it about Ibla, and the raven answers  
“ me, What have I to do with distracted lovers ?  
“ It grieves for its mate, its passionate sorrow tortures me, plaintive is its note, but not in articulate  
“ words. It grieves for the excess of its passion,  
“ and I answer it with a heart ever throbbing in  
“ regrets ! What, O raven ! if thou wert my companion, we would traverse the countries of God in  
“ our circuit, we would wander far away ; perhaps  
“ we might see a messenger from the tribe of Abs,  
“ through whatever land or country we might pass.  
“ In the shades of the night the dove calls out  
“ mournfully, complaining of the vicissitudes of  
“ fortune. If thou wert as melancholy as I am,  
“ I cried, thou wouldst weep for me in ever-  
“ streaming tears. O Ibla, would thy phantom  
“ visit me, I would be satisfied, and though thou  
“ art absent from my eyes, O daughter of Malik,  
“ thy form ever dwells in my heart. To-morrow  
“ the foe shall lie round thy tents, gnawing their

“fingers in dismay. Think not armies shall repulse  
“me when I charge through their native lands on  
“my steed. Let Death come in whatever form he  
“pleases, let him behold my sword blows and my  
“spear thrusts.”

Antar pursued his course till he reached the waters of the tribe of Nagil; there he turned off, and wished to alight, when lo! a cloud of dust arose behind him; he waited to see it, and when it cleared there appeared an hundred horsemen in armour of steel, and their chief was a noble of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, Oorwah, son of Wird, who was coming after Antar to afford him his assistance. For when he separated from him, he conducted his sister to the tribe of Abs, and having assembled his people, in whom he trusted in difficulties, Know, said he, that Antar was the most odious of men to me, but now he is dearer than my life. Then he related all that had passed; how he preserved his sister's honour, and had rescued him from death. I am now resolved to accompany him, and follow him wherever he goes, for he is a fortunate man; we shall be among his abettors, and thus become the prop of the tribe, and this will be a great additional honour to us. This is my only reason for having quitted him, for he is going against the tribe of Kendeh, and is determined on attacking them alone. With one who is endued with such fortitude and intrepidity, we cannot but hold a glorious course, for he will plunge into the fire of battle, and divide with

us the spoil and plunder. Oorwah continued extolling the excellencies of Antar's character to his comrades till they agreed to act as he desired, and they all swore obedience to Antar; so they immediately prepared for the expedition, and on the next day they set out, Oorwah at their head, thus reciting:

"I go to the noble hero to aid him with my voice, my deeds, and my arm. I will aid him till he rescue Ibla, and cut down the foe with the Indian blade. Come on then, my cousins, let us follow him, for he was indeed my succour in the evil day; he liberated me when I was in captivity and disgraced; and he released my person when I was in chains. He protected my family—he was the intrepid lion—he destroyed my foe, and I succeeded in my project—and by this act I am become, as it were, his slave. How can one deny a man who has acted thus? By God, with no man on earth will I associate but him; to please him shall be my object till I am dead and interred."

They pursued their journey till they all met, as we stated, and as they neared each other, O Ebeulebyez, said Antar, my acts towards thee did not merit such a return as this. Aboolfawaris, exclaimed Oorwah, we will not die but for thee. And they proceeded and traversed the roads till they reached the tribe of Ghaylan, when Antar said to Oorwah, Do you and your men alight here, whilst

I and my brother Shiboob roam among these sand hills and rocks. Antar took Shiboob, and leaving Oorwah and his people there, the two brothers wandered about till they at last reached a valley abounding in trees and murmuring streams; and as they came near to the water, they heard groans issuing from a sorrowful heart, and some one exclaiming, May God curse thee, O Malik, how infinite have been thy frauds and artifices! The moment that Antar heard these words he dismounted, and stood listening, when lo! in a voice stronger than at first, came these verses:

“ O mother, relieve my woes with water from the  
 “ misery of thirst! Weep for me, all that behold  
 “ me, a wretched lover; my woes have destroyed  
 “ me, and grief has worn out my frame. Tears  
 “ were my relief, but now they are become blood.  
 “ I see no one that feels compassion for me, or that  
 “ can dissipate my sorrows. Sing to me, dove of  
 “ the waste, and favour a victim of love! Watch as  
 “ thou wert wont in nights of old. Here are we in  
 “ the valley of Hima, all night mourning in absence,  
 “ suffering for fidelity to vows that I ever preserved.  
 “ If my darling Ibla asks thee after me, say I am  
 “ no more; that every day was passed in passion  
 “ in this grove. O Ibla! had the enervating senti-  
 “ ment of love left any power in my body, I would  
 “ not thus be grieving in a foreign land, a miserable  
 “ unhappy lover. But all that is passed is by the  
 “ will of God.”



How, son of my mother, exclaimed Antar, do these words find me awake or dreaming? Or among the Arabs is there another Ibla and Malik, her father? or has destiny sent me hither to rescue her from perils? They advanced, and came to a pool of water, where they found on its banks a black woman exceedingly ugly, and before her was a youth, hard-featured, strong-limbed, and much like her, sometimes closing his eyes, and sometimes opening them; and the woman was grieving over him. Woman! said Antar, as he stood over her head, who art thou? and who is this youth that is lying before thee, and what has thus distressed him? Arab, she replied, this is not his natural condition, for he is a gallant horseman; but the decrees from the great God have come upon him, and a cruel uncle has harassed him. And what is this youth's name? asked Antar. My lord, she replied, his name is Antar, son of Shedad, and his mother is Zebeeba. Our story is curious: his father captured me among the hordes, and I bore him this son, who grew up, and God endowed him with force and strength. He mounted the horses, made much plunder, and enriched his father and uncles. One of his uncles had a daughter, with whom he was brought up—he loved her. At last his father acknowledged him as his son, and he continually besought her father to marry her to him, which he promised, but deceitfully and treacherously, because his friends and companions abused him. He had also

an enemy called Rebia; his uncle was ever ill-treating him, and at last he ran away with his daughter from place to place till he came hither, where a celebrated warrior and renowned hero encountered him, called Mozahim, son of Jeyash, the lord of this valley. When he took up his abode here, he slew her father, and lusted after her. My son in the mean time remained wandering over the deserts on her account, and came to this valley, I also following him, always crying out to him, till he reached this spot, and threw himself down in this state as you see; and it is now three days that we have been in this condition.

Whilst the woman was speaking, Antar meditated, and was quite amazed. Woman! said he, has he a brother called Shiboob? No, she replied, by the truth of the unseen Knower of all things! She is like our mother Zebeeba, said he to Shiboob; and verily, I am quite alarmed at this calamity. Well, he continued, and does he who has taken Ibla prisoner—Ibla, the daughter of this youth's uncle, reside in this valley? Yes, she replied, and we are in the greatest danger, for were he to know of our situation, our fates would be at hand.

Now this was a renowned warrior—a tyrant—whom fire could not touch. He was a shedder of blood, a violater of women, and morning and evening he practised his iniquities. His sole desire and object was cattle, that he might plunder—crimes that he might perpetrate—debaucheries that he

might commit, and a goblet of wine that he might drink. He listened not to the voice of the railler, and he never was to be deterred from his villanous proceedings. It was he who having driven away the inhabitants of this valley, caught some young lions, and brought them up till they became huge animals: he tamed them, and whenever he rode out, they roamed round him; and when he staid in his den they guarded him also. On this account the Arabs called him the Father of Lion-cubs—Abooleshbal: and when that damsel fell into his hands, he dragged her into this valley, and demanded of her what man desires of woman. But she would not listen to him, but answered him with abuse; he smiled at all she said, and gave himself up entirely to her, and sought by every means to attach her to him.

Now when Antar came, his abode could not be discovered on account of the quantity of bushes. But Abjer smelt out the lionesses, and started back. Antar doubled his legs to dismount, and proceeded on foot. He drew forth Dhami, and rushed in, saying to Shiboob, Hold Abjer whilst I settle this affair. He soon beheld a spacious dwelling, and a tent pitched; a horse ready bridled, a long spear, and a sword suspended. Abooleshbal was seated in front of his habitation, and before him was a wild ass; and he was cooking over a fire; and by his side was a goblet of wine as big as the belly of a camel ten months gone with young. The dam-



sel was in tears ; How long will you thus persist ? cried she ; never will I betray my cousin Antar, no, not even were you to cast me into this fire. Abool-eshbal, enraged, was about to kill her, when she cried out, Where are thine eyes, O Antar, that thou mightest see me thus cruelly, infamously used ?

Antar really imagined it was his cousin Ibla : he almost expired ; he gave a howl that made the mountains rock, and the lions roared. Antar attacked them with his irresistible scimitar, and his brother Shiboob followed him with his arrows. God has hastened vengeance and death on you, cried the damsel. He sought his lions, and found seven of them dead ; for Shiboob had killed two with his arrows, and Antar five with his sword. Amongst them all there was one brute with a long red mane, with immense talons. It looked at its master, and sprang upon Antar like the descent of Fate and Destiny. But Antar met the beast with his Dhami. The blow came down just between the eyes, and the sword issued flaming between the thighs.

When Abooleshbal saw the effects of that stroke, he was aghast ; he shouted out to two lions, and let them loose into the desert. And as he advanced towards Antar, You know me not, he cried ; and they rushed at once at each other, well matched in the contest.

Abooleshbal soon said to Antar, Wilt thou wrestle ? Willingly, said Antar. So they threw aside their swords, and returned to the conflict. He was greatly



rejoiced, but as Antar was afraid of protracting the contest, he dashed at him with a vast roar. The mountains echoed back the terrifying sound, and the lions quaked with fear: he grappled with him, he grasped him between the thighs with his right hand, and raising him up above his shoulder, till the black of his arm-pit appeared, O by Abs! he cried, I will not be resisted. I am the lover of Ibla; I will not be controlled; and dashed him on the ground, and smashed his length into his breadth: he again took to his sword; he cut him through his jugular vein, and severed his head from his shoulders. May your arm be never palsied, exclaimed the girl, or your wife made captive; and may never any one harm you! and thus she eulogised him:

“ God prosper thee for a noble youth of the thrust  
“ in the day of battle, and the struggle of equals.  
“ O knight of knights! O lion of war! O asylum of  
“ the Adnanian horsemen! O cleaver of heads! O  
“ crown of glory! Thou hast converted my fears  
“ into security! May the pillar of thy sword make  
“ thee a horseman to subdue the kings of Caltan!  
“ O thou defender of the age, my limbs and my  
“ tongue will sing thy praises. O thou, who  
“ honourest the age with thy existence, and raisest  
“ men to high distinction by thy deeds, mayest thou  
“ be secure, and live under the shadow of happiness  
“ as long as the lightning flashes over Hedjaz!”

Antar thanked her for her compliments, and rejoiced at this virtuous act. He ordered Shiboob to

collect all the cattle in the valley, and the silk stuffs. He then went forth, and there found the boy, and the woman, who was soothing him with her conversation. As soon as she saw Ibla and Antar, her heart was near bursting. She instantly jumped up, and kissed Antar's hands and feet; on which he dismounted, and seating himself by the head of the youth, he said to his cousin, Come, and speak to him; for it is only the disorder of lovers; nothing can dispel it but the beloved object; that is the only physician. The damsel approached, and spoke to him; whilst Antar gently offered him some food. The youth recovered, and returning to himself, he exclaimed—

“ Alas! for my heart that passion has melted,  
“ by glances cast at me from the edge of a sword.  
“ If I say he is a scimitar—he is a drawn scimitar,  
“ If I say he is a bow—here are the arrows. Thou  
“ hast brought me to life again, O knight of the  
“ land, through whom the hand of fortune has ad-  
“ ministered peace to me. Openly will I thank  
“ thee as long as I am able: O thou, my generous  
“ benefactor!”

Antar, on hearing this commendation, thanked him; but the youth, now that he felt restored to life, turned towards Antar, saying, My lord, I anxiously hope you will be so obliging as to take me with you as one of your assistants, for I cannot separate myself from you. Take some nourishment, replied Antar, and go to your cousin, so that

your distresses may be removed, and the flame of your heart be cooled: as long as you live I will protect you, but be not called by that name, or you will meet your death, for I have numerous enemies among the Arab tribes. Then making him a present of a string of camels that belonged to Abooleshal, he bade him farewell, and quitted him, and he continued his course, rapt in meditation. But they had not proceeded, when, lo! a dust arose, and twenty stout horsemen appeared beneath it; with them was considerable plunder, and they were on their way home. As soon as they saw Antar, they turned towards him. Dismount, said one of the horsemen from your horse, and surrender. Accursed be your father, exclaimed Antar, go your way, and keep what you have already gained. On hearing this, they laughed at him. I will soon convert your smiles into tears, he added, and he instantly attacked the first, and smote him, and severed his head from his shoulders. As soon as his companions saw this blow, May God blast your right hand! cried they, how vigorous are your blows! Who are you, noble knight? I am Antar, son of Shedad, he replied. When they recognised him, they fled into the wastes, fearing the power of his sword. Antar drove on the camels, and as he drove them, thus he recited:

“ Long has my anxiety and my passion endured;  
“ nought but thee do I wish for, and without thee  
“ I am not comforted. I am going towards thee,



“ that I may have one look with which my heart  
 “ may revive from sorrow and inquietude. I have  
 “ seen Aboolesbhal in the tumults among lions; he  
 “ a lion, red-haired and tough of heart; I charged  
 “ among them, and I soon felled them to the ground  
 “ in my vigour, my resolution, and my impetuosity.  
 “ Aboolesbhal too turned upon me, but I cut him  
 “ down instantly, hand over head. Armies opposed,  
 “ eager to strip me—all patient heroes, hardened  
 “ in fight. But I implore relief from my Creator  
 “ in thy embraces; O thou the hope of my heart  
 “ among the world !”

When Antar had finished, Shiboob urged on the  
 spoil and plunder, and they traversed the wastes  
 and wilds till they rejoined Oorwah and his com-  
 rades, who congratulated him on his safety, and to  
 their inquiries, he informed them about Aboolesbhal  
 and the damsel Ibla, and her cousin Antar. Oor-  
 wah was amazed at his liberal conduct, and was in  
 the greatest consternation. Antar divided the spoil  
 with Oorwah and his men, and soon after they re-  
 sumed their journey towards the land of Kendeh,  
 like lions in steel, Antar at their head, and Oorwah  
 by his side, and thus he spoke :

“ Verily I have been oppressed with the cala-  
 “ mities of fortune, and I have been overwhelmed  
 “ by it in perils and enemies. How long must I  
 “ endure in battles horrors that blind and bewilder  
 “ the senses of every youthful hero ! Every day I  
 “ am engaged in endless contests, that would crush



“ the bones of lions in the hour of concussion, trials, meetings, absences, and every intolerable goading oppression. O Ibla ! how many terrible tumults have I endured for thee among the Arabs and Persians ! How many lion-hearted, princely horsemen have I slain with the spear and sword, intrepid heroes in the day of terrors, undaunted warriors in quest of prey ! ”

This was their situation ; but Malik, Ibla's father, when he fled from the land of Bostam, son of Kais, went and demanded protection from the Arab tribes. He wandered far over the deserts, and whatever tribe he halted at, when they knew who he was, expelled him, for they were alarmed at the sword of Antar. Thus he continued, till he came to the tribe of Kendeh, and this was an exceedingly powerful clan. He introduced himself to the King Amroo, taking his son with him ; they kissed his hands, requesting his protection : he took compassion on them, and feasted them for three days. On the fourth day he sent for them, and asked them who they were, and why they had halted in his land. O King ! they replied, we are of the noble tribe of Abs. The King, on hearing this, said, O Malik, could not your cousins protect you ? They are the strongest of the Arab tribes, and their power the most universal. Upon this he acquainted him with the story of his nephew Antar, and what had passed between him and his daughter. As Amroo listened, he felt assured that Malik was a

man of great dignity and liberality, but he did not know that he had plotted the destruction of his country, and its entire annihilation. King Amroo pitched a tent for him by his own dwelling, and assigned him servants and handmaidens; and as he staid with him a long time, he frequently, with his son, rode out to pay their compliments to the King; but one day they perceived all the family in confusion, and the horsemen all mounted. On asking the reason, they told him that the son of the King's sister, famed in war, was on his way, and that all the people had come forth to meet him. Malik therefore accompanied the horsemen, and was amazed at the immense concourse of Arabs. Soon appeared Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and before him marched seven hundred horsemen in coloured dresses, and with gold maces. He was a terrific object, but quite a youth like a brilliant moon, broad-shouldered and strong-limbed; and as he approached, all the horsemen crowded round him, eager to kiss his hand. When Malik saw this, he also followed the Arab custom, and went up to Mas-hil, and saluting him, expressed his affection for him. O Sheikh! said Mas-hil, truly this country is honoured in your presence, and he continued praising him till Malik again kissed his hand. And when the multitude had retired, and the glasses were circling freely round, and the girls and boys were dancing, said King Amroo to Mas-hil, What is it that has brought you hither at this moment? I am come,

said Mas-hil, to demand the daughter of this Arabian in marriage. She has been often mentioned to me, so I have presented myself here, and I wish you would assist me. Truly this damsel is well-favoured, said he, much surprised, and the hand of God has contributed to her charms; moreover, I say nothing to you but what is perfectly true. I am anxious, said Mas-hil, to see her before the contract, if your wife will but aid me; when the women come to congratulate her on my arrival, Ibla and her mother will be of the party. I will put on the garments of your daughter Najia, and will seat myself by the side of her mother. When this conversation was over, he went to his aunt, and told her all his story, and in the morning she dressed him in her daughter's clothes, and placed him by her side, and invited the women in. They all came, and Ibla and her mother too. But Mas-hil was in ecstasies; he was quite enraptured, and his pride and glory were humbled; he was in torture till the women departed, when he stripped off the clothes, and felt like a drunken man; he put on his own garments, and could not account for this revolution in his feelings. In haste he repaired to his uncle, and in the greatest agitation. All present stood up. Mas-hil went towards his uncle, and related all that had passed. King Amroo turned towards Malik: Know, O Arab, said he, that the son of my sister entertains the strongest friendship for you; he was talking to me last night about it, and he said, O



uncle, I much wish this Sheikh and his son would go home with me, that I may load them with kindnesses. Now truly he is a horseman of the universe, his sword has conquered all from Yemen to Irak ; his commands are strictly obeyed : I told him your adventures, and the circumstance of the slave who was educated in your tent. Uncle, said he to me, were he not a man of noble pride and dignity, he would not have emigrated into a foreign land. In addition, he told me he was come to demand your daughter in marriage, and would give her all he possessed, and this is what has passed. When Ibla's father heard this, his joy was great ; O King, said he, the God of heaven knows my intentions, and has now realised all my expectations. Do as you please, and make me one of your slaves ; here is my hand as a proof of my sincerity, and in confirmation of what I say. He made the contract with Mas-hil, son of Tarak ; feasts were prepared, and the good tidings promulgated, and the slave girls all shouted in delight. About evening, Ibla's father returned home, Mas-hil having invested him with a splendid robe, and made him presents, and given him some richly-caparisoned steeds, and instantly told Ibla all that had passed ; but when she heard this news, she beat herself violently, and screamed aloud, weeping and sighing piteously. As to Mas-hil, he set out that very night on his journey home, that he might despatch the marriage donation and dowry, which consisted of a thousand she-camels



laden with the rarities of Yemen, and a thousand dinars, and three thousand sheep, and fifty swift steeds, with their armour and rending spears; and robes of satin, and ten strings of jewels, and twenty balls of scented musk. Early in the morning he sent it all away with his attendants, and fixed on a certain day for the wedding. In a few days the marriage presents arrived in the land of Kendeh; all the multitude were amazed at that quantity of wealth, saying, No damsel has ever seen the like that this Absian has beheld, but she deserves it and as much more. They continued making the preparations till there only remained three days of the appointed time, and during that period arrived Antar. Happening to reach the land by night, he dispersed Oorwah's people among the mountains, saying, O Ebeulebyez, I am anxious to know what is going on with Ibla in this country, for certainly they will provide her a new husband. I want much to go among the dwellings, and I will soon return with intelligence. What would you be about? cried Shiboob. You, just like a huge bull! I am the only person for such a project. I fear, said Antar, that my uncle may recognise you. I will not let him discover me, said Shiboob, were I even to stand close to him. And he went to his travelling bag and took out some women's clothes, which he put on, and having veiled himself, he slung over his shoulders a water bag. Antar and Oorwah were astonished at his contrivance. You are indeed like

one of Shedad's slave girls, said he, and resemble the young Banah. These are her clothes, said he; she is my mistress, and I am her lover. And he set out for the tents of the tribe of Kendeh, and repaired to the dwellings of King Amroo, moving and swaggering his shoulders like a woman. He perceived the tents destitute of horsemen, for they were gone out to the plain, and the families were occupied in festivities. The unmarried girls were playing about and beating the cymbals and musical instruments, and the slaves were brandishing their swords and shields, and their countenances appeared glistening with joy.

When Shiboob saw this, he advanced towards them, and mixing with them, looked towards a tent, on the outside of which was a brilliant illumination of lamps and candles. Being convinced that this must be the nuptial pavilion, he made a great noise, and began to play, and mingled with the women and slave girls, and danced till he attracted the attention of all present; and they all crowded round him, staring at him whilst he sang, for he knew his voice would reach Ibla:

“Fawn of the huntsman, thy captor is come; say  
“not he is not come; lo! here he is—certain are  
“all thy hopes. Rejoice in the aid of the sword of  
“thy hero. Understand the tale I tell thee: how  
“long wilt thou delay? Joy is now descending on  
“thy home, and will ever endure summer and  
“winter.”

Now Ibla was at that moment listening to the music from the tent. She signified her wish to sing and play with the other damsels, and thus addressed Shiboob :

“ O wanderer of the desert, dancer of the tent—  
“ the lion is the noble animal that affords refuge  
“ after excess of pain—this is indeed a period of my  
“ joy in thee. All my sorrows and griefs have  
“ vanished. My joy depends on thee, O Chief!  
“ Approach, for I am here as one dead !”

When Shiboob heard these words, he pretended being tired, and sat down near the tent. Just at that time Ibla also appeared and looked at him, and as he was dressed in woman's clothes, This damsel cannot be a Kendeyan maid, she said ; she must be a damsel of Shedad's. Then went pit-a-pat Shiboob's heart ; but he turned towards her ; and calmed her mind, and uncovered his face. She recognised him. O Shiboob ! said she, where is my cousin Antar ? Here he is, replied Shiboob, hard by, and with him his friend Oorwah, and a hundred horsemen. We arrived here last night, and I am come to procure intelligence of you : I shall return and inform him. Shiboob, said she, there are still three days for the marriage with Mas-hil, son of Tarak ; but let that rather be the means of separation. Return immediately and tell him my situation ; but let him not think of assaulting the tribe, he must lie in wait for me till I set out ; then let him rush forth, and slay all that are with me. Do you seize the bridle



of my camel, and we will return to our native land. All, all, must taste of death ; bid Antar not to spare even my father.

Shiboob having heard this, returned to Antar, and related to him all that Ibla had told him. Antar was in agony for three days; his disquietudes and anguish were unceasing.

Now Malik, Ibla's father, from the moment he had betrothed his daughter to Mas-hil, never saw her but overwhelmed in tears and sorrow ; yet he never rebuked her. But when she learnt this account of her cousin, her distress vanished, and she began to eat and drink, and clothe herself in the rich robes which Mas-hil had sent her. Her father observed this, and made a thousand useless conjectures about it. At last, he mentioned the subject to his son, saying, My son, Ibla appears happy and pleased ; and her sorrow is turned into joy. I am persuaded she has intelligence of Antar ; and I fear he will encounter us on the road, and mar our fortunes : this Antar is my horror. So he despatched a letter to Mas-hil—

“ Know, mighty King, that I have been harassed several times by my nephew, and I fear he will meet us on the road ; and his attack is replete with death. It would be better that you should come and receive your bride, and return home with her.”

When Malik's letter reached Mas-hil, he smiled in astonishment. I will go for her, said he ; fortunate if this black should come into the country,



that I may slay him, and darken his existence, and Malik enjoy all that can give him pleasure. So he gave directions instantly to his horsemen and his troops to make preparations for a journey. He himself mounted with a hundred black horsemen, harsh-featured fellows; and they pursued their course eagerly and rapidly till they reached the tribe of Kendeh. Mas-hil went to his uncle's, and told him of Malik's letter. What's all this? said Amroo to Malik. Who is this Antar, that he should venture into this country and annoy this Knight, who is the destroyer of horsemen?

Malik returned home, and ordered the slaves and handmaidens to make the camels kneel down, and fasten on the baggage. Ibla was elegantly dressed; he raised her into the howdah. The Kendehan women came out with her, and before them went the richly-harnessed horses, and the slaves, brandishing their swords; all headed by Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and Malik, Ibla's father. The people rejoiced at this event, and Ibla pretended to be overjoyed; whilst every moment she lifted up the curtain of the howdah, and looked about to the right and left. Ibla, said her mother, who was by her side, I could have been persuaded that on such a day as this you would be drowned in tears; but I see you all brilliant with joy: what is the meaning of this? My mother, I was in a distant land, and despaired of ever returning home, said Ibla; but now I have beheld this beautiful Knight, all my wits

are captivated by his loveliness and grace, and by the life of my father's head, this Knight is dearer to me than any human being; and had I the power over Antar, I would gnaw his flesh, and drink his blood, for I am indeed vexed at what I have suffered, and at having irritated my family. And her mother was well pleased at the change.

Thus they continued till they reached the defiles where Antar was concealed. Shiboob was reconnoitring on some of the sand-hills like a cunning fox; and he cried out to his brother, O thou black-born, the howdahs and camels are approaching. The instant Antar heard this, he sprang on Abjer's back, and girded on his irresistible Dharni, and his long spear. Oorwah and his people did the same. Antar wished to explain to Oorwah his plan for the battle. O Ebe-ool Ebyez, said he, this is Ibla that is coming, and the troops protect her. Mas-hil her lover is behind. Which do you prefer? Will you meet the enemy with your men? and shall I take the bridle of Ibla's camel? Or, will you conduct her camel, and guard her whilst I drive away the troops? O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, let me protect Ibla, and do you drive away the enemy from us. Antar smiled, and said Yes; and I am the man to drink of their cups, I am their slayer, and their destroyer. When thus I rush out against the party, do you and your comrades protect Ibla, and away with her to the valley. Let none of your men attack them till they

see the horsemen close on me, and surrounding me; then let them make the assault, and aid me.

And forth he issued from the mouth of the valley like a gust of wind, till coming up to the border of Ibla, he shouted at the slaves, and fell into the midst of them, plundering their souls; his uncle was stupefied with fear and terror. The slaves shrunk from the carnage, whilst he sung from his saddle, and thus recited:

“ This day shalt thou see a day when the battle  
“ will blaze, and lives shall be cut off by the sword.  
“ a day that shall frighten all that witness it. In it  
“ shall be blood, and the sharp-edged swords shall  
“ clash. Brave men shall drink of the cup of fate,  
“ and heroes be hurled from their saddles. Away  
“ with laughter and jest, and mirth. They shall  
“ be in battle, and in the turbulent conflict. Here  
“ shalt thou see me in the field of war, hewing off  
“ heads with the sword, whose edge is pain. I will  
“ abandon warriors on the plain of contest, laid low  
“ and stretched out ghastly with anguish. Heroes  
“ shall be struck down; armour cleft in twain, and  
“ confusion reign in the dust of the conflict.”

As soon as Antar had finished these verses, he shouted to his uncle, Son of an adulteress, whithersoever thou goest, behind thee comes erasing fate, and the turbulent lion. Malik was stupefied; he speedily retired towards Mas-hil, to inform him of this accident, whilst Antar took the bridle of Ibla's



camel, and said, Health to thee, beloved of my heart! And art thou alive, and in health? O Aboolfawaris! replied she. O ornament of every circle! lord of the bold heart and intrepid soul! hero of the tall spear! Thus he addressed her:

“O Ibla! daughter of Malik, son of Carad, love of thee has sunk into my heart. Soon will I meet them with the tearing thrust of the spear, till my heart is appeased. I will smite their heads with the polished scimitar—I will hew off their skulls, and cut their throats—I will ravage their cultivations and lands, and will glut the wild beasts with their carcases. I am Antar, noble and zealous. He who is nobly born! yes; he that is strong in battle, shall be called on the day of carnage a Shedadean!”

Foul wretch! exclaimed her mother, didst thou not tell me thy cousin was nothing to thee, but truly I suspected thee when I saw thee turning about to the right and left. Now the slaves all fled towards Mas-hil, and told him of the sad event. His eyeballs turned fiery-red; then galloping towards his troops: I am the knight of Yemen, and Irak, he roared. He stopped not till he came up with Antar at the opening of the valley, and thus taunted him:

“Has a tender of camels taken my bride captive? And has he wounded me with the arrow of separation? Has he seized the fawn that enslaved my heart with the magic of her eyelashes and



“pupil of her eyes? Hopeless were his attempts,  
“were he even to bear her away on the steeds of  
“Ootak. I will make her slave drink of the cup  
“of death with a spear! and I will annihilate  
“the Absian Chiefs with finely-edged swords. I  
“will leave their lands whelmed in affliction. Women  
“shall ever remember the catastrophe! I am  
“a lion, whose name is known from the land of  
“Room even to Irak.”

Whilst Mas-hil spoke, Antar listened; and instantly he replied:

“O Mas-hil, instead of embraces and kisses, behold the thrusts with the well-shapen spear, and fatal blows from the hand of the nobly-descended lion, high raised above his fellows. Instead of Ibla are the cleaving strokes of scimitars and thrusts of spears, tearing out the eyeballs. I am the well-known warrior, whose fame is spread over every region. Behold! how horsemen smite the breasts of their antagonists, but my thrust is through the throat and the eye-ball! Cowards pride themselves on the extent of their wealth, but my pride is in the steeds of Otak. See! death is on my javelin's point—See! at one thrust life is extinct—See! how glory belongs to me alone, and after me, no higher honour can wait the most ambitious—See! how I have surpassed every warrior, and truly my attack has checked every foe. Now tell the Kendeyans what thou hast seen, for the hour of thy death and thy

“wane is come! Recommend to them all thy wishes, for if once thou meetest me, thou wilt never return!”

No sooner had he concluded, than he rushed upon Mas-hil. They thrust with their spears—they smote with their swords, and the bird of fate was flying over them. The dust arose in black clouds, and Mas-hil perceived in Antar what confounded his senses; but he concealed his anguish, braved every thing with patience and perseverance. Again the thick dust rolled up, when, lo! a troop overtook Antar from the sides of the plain: he rushed upon his antagonist like a lion, and thrust at him the spear of rage and fury; he rent open his corslet and coat of mail; he tore out his entrails and his heart, and he hurled him at his full length upon the ground. Then he assaulted the troop, and soon brought down disgrace and misery upon them. Terrified they were as they perceived the destruction of Mas-hil, the knight of the world; but they engaged Antar, till despairing of success, and seeing death was at his command, they dispersed away from him, and joined their rear. Ibla's father and brother continued their flight, till they reached the tribe of Kendeh, and in the fulness of their agony and distress they exclaimed, O Kendeyans! misfortune has come upon you; war has suddenly overwhelmed you! death is nigh at hand. At this the horsemen advanced thick as a shower of rain when it pours; King Amroo mounted and

asked the news. They told him what Antar had done. Overtake, said they, your nephew, before death descend upon him, and this voracious lion destroy him. Speak not thus, O Malik, said King Amroo, for I am under no alarms for the son of my sister; let your black come, he will never return. 'Tis thy fears that dictate these expressions. He then hastened to the foe, and the troops behind closed upon him like the waves of the stormy sea, when, lo! the troops that had accompanied Mas-hil hurried towards him, screaming and shouting. Some of them advanced, and told him what had happened; his heart was near bursting—he halted: How evil and inauspicious, he exclaimed, has been the face of Malik and his daughter to us! To his horsemen he called out, and they slackened their bridles, fixed their spears, and sought the summits of the mounds and sand-hills. Antar, when all had fled, stood over the carcase of Mas-hil, stretched out like the mountain side; he smote it with Dharni, and as he cut it in two, he thus exclaimed:

“Favourite of the songstress! I have left him  
“dead, a plenteous prey for the spotted serpent’s  
“maw. My hands with a speedy thrust reached  
“him, and the blood gushed out, and he weltered  
“in his gore. I rent with the sturdy spear his  
“heart; however noble may be the hero, the spear  
“is not to be resisted. I have left him a prey to  
“wild beasts, that they may feed on him—that  
“they may gnaw his head and arms. I am one



“ whose hands, inflamed with wine, would tear the  
“ regal standard from a king. I will urge my steed  
“ into the dust, and he will plunge into it, champ-  
“ ing the bit and snorting; but when he sees that  
“ I mind not his distress, he shows his grinders,  
“ but neighs no more. I have pierced him with the  
“ spear, and have raised him on high on the point  
“ of my sharp-edged Indian scimitar.”

Neither did he cease till he saw the desert all black, and dust extending along the plain, troops pressing on him, and warriors shouting at him. Heroes advanced in haste towards him. Horsemen appeared on all four sides, each exclaiming, By the faith of an Arab, I will not permit thee to return home, thou foulest of blacks, for thou hast slain a warrior whose equal the world cannot boast; and we must destroy thee to avenge him. As soon as Antar perceived the sparkling of scimitars and the glittering of spear-barbs, and the din of shouts and cries, he shook with rage and fury, so that all his armour nearly flew off from his body: he was scarcely sensible to whom he was speaking, or with whom he was fighting. But as pride and ardour seized him, he thus exclaimed:

“ When I behold the steeds pouring down in  
“ numbers, and snorting, I meet them without a  
“ roar. They call on Antar, and their spears are  
“ like a descent of locusts on a towering sand hill.  
“ They call on Antar, and their studded breast-  
“ plates are like the eyes of frogs in a pool of water;



“but I dash them down with the bright forehead  
“star and chest of my steed, till he is all besmeared  
“with blood. But should he bolt away from the  
“fall of the spear, I still urge him on; then he  
“complains to me, and gently neighs. But the  
“horses are stern and sour-looking, as if their riders  
“had drunk of the cup of coliquintida.”

Anon he rushed upon the advancing troops, his heart harder than stone, and his mind like the waves of the sea when it roars. He smote off heads with his sword, he dealt severing blows, and drove penetrating thrusts; and when the troops closed upon him, he shouted in their faces, and they were driven back upon their rear, tossing the riders from their backs, till his arms slackened of their vigour, and he beheld the day like night. Upon this King Amroo called out to his men, and threw himself on Antar, steady as the noblest of heroes. Matters were in this state, when lo! a dust appeared among the mountains, and there started forth some swarthy-complexioned horsemen, crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! And when they approached the plain, they uncovered their heads and cast aside their garments, and exposed their lives to death; they poured down like eagles, and thrust at the foremost of the troops.

Now Oorwah, as soon as Shiboob came up to him bringing Ibla, stationed ten men to protect her, and with the remainder he made the attack, when he saw the Kendehans surround Antar, and attack him

with their spears and falchions. Let us now, my cousins, attack truly and sincerely, said he to his comrades, for this is the first time we have ever fought with Antar. Let us remove from him this affliction, that he may acknowledge it as long as he lives. It was the intention of Oorwah by this discourse to make them behold Antar's exploits, and teach them firmness for future occasions. When Oorwah's comrades perceived Antar's unshaken resolution in assaulting the warriors, their hearts were like mountains, and they did as Oorwah commanded; they endured patiently all the horrors of the conflict, they assaulted with the utmost impetuosity, and exhibited the firmest courage and determination. Again Antar's powers expanded: where he thrust, he slew; where he struck, he cleft; where he attacked a whole body, he made it retreat. The dust arose and thickened—the horses feet played with the skulls as if with balls—and all that were present on that day wished they had never been born, had never stirred, and had never moved on the earth.

Antar heard his uncle's shouts, and his voice crying out to the Kendehans, Assault this black, this infernal black, who has slain Mas-hil; destroy him whilst he is engaged in slaughter. Fear not those who have aided him, for they are only common fellows. When Antar heard these words, he attacked him, urged on by his feelings, and overtook him. Malik endeavoured to fly, but Antar grasped hold of him, and seized him by his rings, and clung

to his throat, and threw him down behind him. Shiboob soon bound him fast; his son made an attempt to defend his father, but lo ! an arrow struck his horse's scrotum, and overthrew him. Shiboob was on him before he could recover himself, and bound him also, and away he went into the valley with them both. The intelligence was soon spread among the Kendehans, so the horsemen and warriors came out one after the other. The numbers increased against the Absians, and the succour brought against them augmented. Oorwah's men exhibited all their courage and their zeal, whilst Antar assisted them as a father assists his son. They were covered with wounds, and took refuge in the valley and the defiles, for they were exhausted with striking and thrusting; and as soon as night clothed the world in darkness, they were surrounded by infantry and cavalry.

King Amroo also came down to the entrance of the passage, and in his heart there was a blazing fire against Antar. In the evening no less than seven thousand horsemen crowded round him, and all were talking of Antar's exploits. My cousins, even the Bestower of life on the world could not have done such deeds, cried King Amroo; but if he quits us alive after such achievements, the Arabs will be ashamed of us, as long as the seated sit, and the risen rise; and we shall be considered by them as mere beasts and savages. Oorwah's men reposed themselves. Some even expressed their disapproba-



tion, saying, How can we, fewer even than a hundred, in this battle pretend to withstand all the population of Yemen? but as to Antar, he is in love. Their situation was no secret to Antar, so he went up to Oorwah and said, O Ebe ool Ebyez, I am aware your companions repent of what they have undertaken; it would be better for you to take them away, and seek safety among these hills, and leave me alone in these difficulties, for I well know death never advances or retards. What is this? said Oorwah. We will never separate from you, till the enemies' horses trample upon our heads, and if any one of my companions repents of the enterprise, let him take the consequences. They ate a hearty dinner, and laid themselves down to sleep; but Antar arose and went to Ibla, and saluting her, kissed her between the eyes, and soothed his passion with her. And the tribe of Kendeh reposed in sorrows and distress.

They were in this situation when a messenger advanced towards them in full speed over the sands: Noble leaders, he exclaimed, know that the Chief Bostam has plundered your wives and families, and has ravaged your country and native land. So the Kendehans returned to demand the restitution of their wives and families. Antar, hearing their shouts, wished to attack them, but Shiboob prevented him, fearful of some stratagem on the part of the Kendehans. Shiboob, however, in the course



of the night followed them, and on his return was communicating to his brother what he had heard of Bostam, how he had plundered the dwellings and tents, when a dust appeared, and black columns arose, beneath which stood forth some swarthy horsemen, all shouting out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! This was an army of noble Absians, headed by King Zoheir's sons, Shas, Malik, Noofil, and Harith, and with them was the Chief Shedad, and his brother Zakhmetuljewad, and a thousand illustrious horsemen: and Oorwah's sister was the cause of their arrival, for when he had conducted her to the dwellings, and enjoined her not to mention the subject to any one, she religiously kept the secret, till she perceived the great anxiety of the men and women on account of the absence of Antar and her brother; upon which, exceedingly alarmed, she told Shedad that Antar and her brother were gone to the tribe of Kendeh to rescue Ibla, and she related all that Antar had done in his liberality and generosity on their return from the tribe of Ghiftan, and also the circumstance of the messenger from Bostam. On hearing this, Shedad went to King Zoheir and his sons, and in great distress related the story to them. This narrative brought tears into the eyes of all present. March! said King Zoheir, haste away! Take with you one thousand horsemen, and assist him; and if you wish, I also will set out. Shas and Malik were greatly pleased;

they selected a thousand men, and marched out with Shedad and his brother, a flame burning in their hearts, till they reached the tribe of Kendeh.

As soon as Antar saw King Zoheir's sons, he made his obeisance, and raised his voice in prayers for them and their father. O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, we have indeed to reproach you, for you went away without telling us, so had any evil happened to you, all the men and women would have been in the greatest affliction on your account. O great prince, exclaimed Antar, I do not wish the Arabs should say of me, that the chiefs of the tribe of Abs marched out with their slave, and assisted him in the violence of his love. My son, said his father, under the influence of your passion, you daily expose your life to death; and, moreover, the Arabs are all your enemies. Then Antar told them all that had befallen his uncle Malik in the land of Kendeh, and how he had betrothed Ibla to Mas-hil, whom he had slain, and made to drink of the cup of extinction; and how Malik had excited the horsemen against him. Antar's account filled them with astonishment; they inquired about Malik and his son Amroo, and Ibla, and the tribe of Kendeh. As to Malik and his son, said Antar, they are in my possession, well secured; the Kendehans have returned home. And, acquainting them with Bostam's story, he continued, I was now setting out to his assistance, had you not arrived.

Amazed at his great success, they departed in

company with him till they reached the field of battle, where they saw Malik and his son in a deplorable condition, almost dead under the pressure of ropes and cords, so tight were they bound down. Ah ! said Shas, his heart pitying him in the presence of the multitude, in what an unlucky hour didst thou come into the world ! Art thou not ashamed ? Thou art become a fable among the tribes. O nobles and chiefs, by the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Malik, I will never deliver my daughter to this black slave whilst I have a tongue to speak, or a limb to move. Either then make me drink of the cup of death, or seize her for him with the hand of power, so that my justification may be clear to the world, and my honour unpolluted with ignominy. What induced you to take my son's property, said Shedad, and then refuse any return ? and marry your daughter to another man ? But now as to this girl, we will send her back to her country, and she shall not quit our dwellings till she herself requests of her own accord to be married ; then we will marry her to whom she pleases, and we shall be free from annoyance and affliction. Witness for me, cried Antar, all here, if he returns home and conceals his daughter, I will make no demand upon him whatever ; I will not even remain near him, but I will do what he pleases, and live with my sister Merwa in the tribe of Ghiftan ; and on his account I will abandon family and home, and will wait for time to effect my purpose. But should he marry her to any human



being, I will requite him as he deserves, and I will hasten his departure from this world. O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, no blame can now attach to you, and it is impossible for any one to object to such conditions. Well! said Malik, I shall demand of you this concession and acknowledgment when we have returned home. But I, said Antar, will not return to reside with the tribe of Abs, whilst you remain there, unless you grant me permission to do so. Upon this Shedad got upon his legs, and releasing Malik, kissed him between the eyes. King Zoheir's sons were much astonished at all this, and at his excessive liberality, and his affection for his family and tribe; whilst Antar endeavoured to win his uncle with these verses:

“ I have had patience, but in my love patience  
 “ is extinct. Tears have flowed till they have be-  
 “ come blood. O ye that depart, in my heart you  
 “ dwell—my heart thirsts after ye. What burdens  
 “ of anguish have I borne! Were Mount Redwa\*  
 “ to endeavour to support them, Redwa's self would  
 “ be crushed by their weight. O thou, daily in-  
 “ flicting me with grief, the horsemen of olden time  
 “ would sink under such burdens. Fear not, that  
 “ in my wrath, I will raise thee up on the point of  
 “ my cleaving sword; but that thou livest, and that  
 “ I have not destroyed all thou hast built up, to me  
 “ no thanks are due. But I cannot forbear when

\* A mountain in the neighbourhood of Mecca.



"filthy Arabs oppose me, for I will not be disgraced—my object is high in heaven. I speak the words of truth in advice—he that exposes himself unnecessarily to danger is never praised, even should he escape."

Antar now resolved on going to the assistance of Bostam; and leaving thirty horsemen with Gheyadh in the defile, he departed with the thousand newly arrived warriors; Shiboob preceding, and showing them the roads over the sand-hills, whilst his brother Antar rode by the side of Shas.

Now when the messenger whom Bostam had sent to Antar returned with the news that Antar had set out against the Kendehans, and that he excused him from the expedition, I cannot be satisfied, exclaimed Bostam, with that reason, for it was from me Ibla's father ran away. So he selected a thousand Shibanian horse, and having procured his father's permission, he departed for the land of Kendeh; and he happened to arrive just at the time when the marriage of Mas-hil was approaching; so he secreted himself in the mountains, and despatched a slave to gain some intelligence of Malik. The slave on his return stated, that Ibla was actually married, and that the Kendehans were employed in the marriage feast, and on the next day were to conduct her to her husband. Alas! cried Bostam, much distressed, Ibla has at length slipped through Antar's hands—his anguish will be vain, and his enemies and rivals will exult. But by the faith of an Arab, I will not

be the harbinger of good news to the Kendehans in this marriage. I must exert myself to liberate her, and show that I am the real friend of Antar. Return to the Kendehans, continued he to the slave; and do not leave them till you see Ibla set out. Then hasten back, and I will show you what I will do. The slave accordingly returned, and reposed among the shepherds, pretending to be fatigued and ill. In the morning, when the howdahs were raised upon the camels, and the men and women departed with Ibla, Bostam's slave went back and told him the news; and his heart was near bursting that Antar should be thus disappointed. He instantly mounted with his men, and invaded the dwellings and tents about evening: there he heard the sounds of grief and lamentation on all sides, and the shrieks of the girls and women. Cousins, cried Bostam, what has happened to these people? I could almost be persuaded my precaution had had some effect, and that Antar had seized his bride, and had made the tribe pass an evening of defeat in the death of Mas-hil, and the dispersion of the Kendehans. So come on, my cousins, plunder their flocks, capture their well-shapen maidens, and congratulate yourselves on this spoil and gain.

At the word they galloped away, and brought down the descent of Fate and Destiny; dealing blows among them irresistible and unsparing. All the men that had been left behind they slew, and they drove away the cattle and the families, and

they set out on their way home, saying, Now will the Kendehans leave Antar alone when they hear this event; and thus it was that the news reached them about morning as we mentioned.

So they quitted Antar, and sought Bostam, for their terrors were great. They overtook him at a spot called Jilgil, and they surrounded him on all sides.

As King Amroo was the chief of the Kendehan tribe, he despatched to the habitations a thousand lion-warriors, fearful for the calamities that might befall them. As soon as they reached Bostam, they attacked him and his companions with all their force. But he rushed into the fight, and aided his men; and doing the deeds of a nobly-born Arab, he repulsed the troops away from his people. He tore their chests with his barbed spear, and fought like a terrifying lion. But the Kendehans were greatly superior in numbers to the Shibanians, and Antar did not come up with them until they were in extreme peril.

Bostam felt certain of death, so great was the rush of the horsemen; and he was about to receive on his chest the force of united spears, when lo! Antar joined him with all his horsemen, saying, I was indeed afraid of this, for Aboolyaczan; and he made the assault with the troops of Abs and Adnan. The Kendehans were struck with horror; the instant they saw his terrible form, their bodies shook with affright, and their complexions changed as they



heard them vociferating, O by Abs ! O by Adnan !  
Antar at their head, thus exclaiming—

“ God protect thee, O Aboolyaczan ! I am the  
“ lion—the vanquisher of all antagonists. The lion  
“ of war is come to thee ; its lion is at hand, and its  
“ exciter on the plain of opposition ; the rapid bran-  
“ disher of swords in the achievements of Kings is  
“ come to thee ; the destroyer of heroes is at hand.  
“ O Kendeh, a Knight is come against you, who will  
“ uproot all the delights of Cahtan ; one who never  
“ waves his sparkling scimitar in the contest, but the  
“ universe begs for quarter. How often have I  
“ forborn ! but fortune betrays me, and my enemies  
“ would involve me in disgrace and infamy : but  
“ now dost thou not see that kings fear me, and all  
“ the host of heroes tremble before me ? I am the  
“ severer of heads in quest of glory ; I am the dis-  
“ comfiter of warriors and horsemen ; Glory is my  
“ glory ; the age is my age ; the time is my time,  
“ and the station my station.”

No sooner had Antar finished his verses, than the  
wise men of Kendeh assembled in the presence of  
the King. Know, O monarch, said they, this de-  
mon is not alone, but the pride of Abs and Adnan  
have come after him, and I fear some of them may  
invade our homes, and ravage our possessions, and  
capture our women ; and should this conjecture be  
well-founded, the destruction will be eternal.

You have taken a right view of the business, said  
King Amroo ; and I fear, if we protect what is of



inferior worth, the more valuable will be plundered from us; but my idea is, that you should fight and retreat, but beware! should they put you all to confusion, Antar will utterly destroy you, and every trace of ye will be extirpated.

In a short time the report was published abroad among the Kendehans, and they fought as they retreated; but as their hearts were anxious about their wives and children, they could exert themselves but feebly in the battle.

When Antar perceived their situation, he directed the spears against their chests, and urged the Abians on to the contest. The same did Bostam with his followers. Now the flight of the Kendehans became general, and they dispersed to the east and to the west, and none arrived at the dwellings but those whose deaths were postponed.

As soon as King Amroo reached the tents, he shouted out to his people that were there, and again ordered them to the field of battle; and they hastened eagerly to the assistance of their companions, and the engagement continued on both sides till the armies of darkness advanced, and concealed the print of their footsteps. The Kendehans being completely routed, retired to their tents, whilst Antar, being aware that there was not one even to tighten their girths, ordered his people to plunder their flocks, but to spare the married women and families.

After this, Antar turned towards Bostam and said, Truly, thou hast ever shown the excess of

benevolence towards us ; and never can we possibly make you a suitable compensation. He continued thus eulogising Bostam in these verses :

“ O Aboolyaczan ! O full moon ! O subduer of  
“ the desert and towns ! Were the ears of all other  
“ men deafened, may thine alone be opened ! O  
“ Bostam ! O thou distributor of favours out of  
“ nothing, surpassing all that can be imagined !  
“ Generous men we had of old, we shall never for-  
“ get them or their history ; endued thou art with  
“ modesty and goodness ; a compound of all that  
“ beneficence and nature ever formed ! And all that  
“ thou givest will be stored up for thee in eternity !  
“ Thou art the sword of resolution ! Were I to  
“ beckon to it, it would rest sheathed in the firm-  
“ rooted mountain !”

Bostam answered him thus :

“ Hail ! May greetings ever welcome thee, morn-  
“ ing and evening ; for thou art the death of the  
“ horseman of the wastes, and the most deserving  
“ of praises and eulogies ; for God only created  
“ thee to be a wonder in the battle and hour of  
“ troubles ; no lion can cope with thee in the fight ;  
“ no cloud can equal thee in bounty ; thou hast at-  
“ tained all that is knowledge, and wit, and modesty,  
“ and patience, in difficulties and relaxations ; thou  
“ excellest all in generosity and munificence ; and  
“ hast perfected the nobleness of thy ancestors !  
“ Let every one that sees thee admire all that he  
“ beholds of magnanimity and grandeur ! O Abool-

“fawaris, thou art my succour, noble must he be  
“who is acquainted with fate! The bounty of thy  
“hand when it bestows gifts, heals and relieves a  
“man from the virulence of misfortunes. Thy age  
“is like thy resolution in action, and thy resolution  
“is like thy sword in fate. When fire descends on  
“thee, it is sweet, even as the dew that refreshes  
“the meads! Live for ever in wealth and eternal  
“glory, unchangeable and unperishable!”

Bostam imparted to Antar all the anguish he had endured on the subject of Ibla's marriage to Mas-hil. Antar also related all that had happened to him; how enraged his uncle was against him; and that he himself had sworn to reside no longer in his native land. You must then, said Bostam, make your residence amongst us in Shibān, for I was the first that gave myself up to your service. No, said Prince Malik, we cannot possibly permit our cousin to abandon us, therefore do not make any irrevocable engagement with him, so that we may arrange his business, and terminate his affairs in his favour.

O Prince, said Shedad, verily my son's residence with Bostam is particularly advisable; let no more dissensions disperse the tribe, and our lands be no more devastated. Thus was the matter concluded: Bostam had determined on dividing the spoil amongst the Absians, but they all swore they would not take a halter of it. Let our cousin Antar have it all, and let him live on it during his stay with you.

Bostam was all astonishment at their liberality and perfect love. Shedad advanced, and thus took leave of his son :

“ You have formed a favorable opinion of fortune, when all goes well, and you do not fear the evil that fate may bring with it. You have escaped also in night adventures, and you boast of it ; but in the brightness of the night, often misfortunes occur.”



## CHAPTER XV.

BOSTAM ordered his men to drive on the flocks, and they separated in joy and happiness; and as he engaged Antar in conversation and social intercourse, on the subject of Ibla, Let no man imagine, said Antar, that he has ever endured an equal share of anguish with me. Then he wept, and sighed, and complained, and thus spoke:

“My patience and my transports exist when I am moving, and when I am at rest; but my love for Ibla is the companion of my heart. In her face, and in the roses of her cheeks is my full moon, brilliant, sparkling, and luminous. Her figure is graceful as the *l* (alef), and her light limbs are round as the *noon* (noon), and her seat of smiles is budding as the *meem* (meem); musk is her smell, and from her juices and her breath are sweet liquors and perfumes. How is it that my heart ever pursues its love, as we wish for the hot water in the bath? But patience! perhaps the breezes that pass over her residence may blow a breath from her embraces. They are resolved to betray me; their treachery is their faith, for perfidy is a disease inherent in their bowels. They are wicked, but I have to ask their pardon—and they still

“increase their insults. I still act justly towards them; but they ever deal in invectives, as if I could not endure to be absent from them, and as if I should die for love of them, and as if I could not to endure say, ye have outraged me; for God well knows I am indeed wronged.”

They continued their journey till mid-day, when Antar suddenly checked his progress, and said to Bostam, O my brother, my heart is very uneasy about the tribe of Kendeh, for should they learn our situation, and that we all have taken different routes, they may pursue my cousins, and may chance to slay some of King Zoheir's sons. Do order your horsemen to drive away these flocks, and you and I with ten horsemen will return towards my cousins, that we may be assured of their security. As you please, said Bostam; and he ordered his people to drive away the camels and flocks; and after he had selected ten horsemen, they set out traversing the deserts, Shiboob going before them, pointing out the roads till they reached the valley, where, on their first arrival, they had been concealed. Here they attentively contemplated the roads and tracks, but they could perceive nothing but the print of the horses feet turned towards home. Thus were Bostam and Antar: but as to the Absians, as soon as they were at a distance wandering over the deserts, their bosoms felt distressed on account of the loss of Antar. Well, said Shas, to Malik, Ibla's father, this business has

turned out just as you wished, and Antar must remain alone in a foreign land. And soon their conversation and animosity increased in violence, when Prince Malik came up and separated them, saying, My cousins, do not quarrel in this land, for we are still amongst our enemies, and he about whom you are quarrelling has preferred quitting us to living with you. Thus they continued till they left the land of Kendeh, but Shas's rage and indignation were intense. He marched on ahead with half of the army, and also Shedad, Antar's father, whilst Malik, King Zoheir's son, remained behind with five hundred men, and Ibla went quietly on with him, for his mind was superior to Shas's, and he showed courtesy to all. At length they came into a country called Riyab, abounding in lakes, and the wild animals were ranging far and wide. It happened that the party were in want of provisions on account of their distant journey, and many of them were hungry. Being much distressed, they stated their complaints to Malik; so he told them to mount their steeds: Come on to the hunt, said he, and let not one return, but with sufficient provisions for himself, and his comrades, and associates. Malik mounted a swift mare, and employed himself in spearing the beasts and stretching them on the sands, galloping among them right and left, until he separated from his party and his troops, and as he was much engaged with the immense quantity of game, he roamed far among the wilds, watching his



opportunity. At last he halted, and cast his eyes round the desert right and left, and whilst he was contemplating the wastes and sand-hills, behold, one of the desert standing in the plain, and before him a camel lying down, and behind him a damsel, and she held the Bedoween's horse. As soon as the damsel saw Malik standing on the top of a sand-hill, she made signs to him with her hand, that she demanded his aid. Malik understood her wishes, but he would not assent to her demand, for, said he to himself, haply she may be his wife or sister, and something may have occurred, that may render it improper to assist her, so he resolved on returning to his party, fearful of the accidents of fortune. But the damsel let go the horse from her hand, and struck it on the face, and it fled over the wilds. O Arab, catch your horse, cried she to the Bedoween. Upon that he quitted the camel, and pursued the horse till he overtook it; he caught it by the halter and returned. But no sooner had the Bedoween departed in quest of his horse, than the damsel ran up to Malik and demanded his assistance. Wherefore, said Malik, do you demand my protection against him? Is he your husband or your relation? No, said she, I and my countrymen were returning home, when this demon met us; he slew my cousins; and she wept. When Malik heard this, his heart pitied her, for he was a prince, and the son of a prince, and a noble Absian. Well, said he, congratulate yourself on the end of your troubles and



misery. But lo! the Bedoween returned mounted on his horse, and perceiving Malik in conversation with his damsel, his eyeballs started into the top of his head; he grasped his spear, and rushed upon him: Foul Arab! said he, what horseman art thou that dost venture to converse with the damsels of the brave? I am surnamed the crashing thunder and the deluging cloud, and called Feyaz the-depredator! Instantly each attacked his adversary, and they commenced the fight and contest. Malik met him with a spear, and cried out in a loud voice. The Bedoween parried his thrust, and twisting the spear out of his hand, he attacked him like a lion, and seizing Malik by the rings of his corslet, he cried out, O by Cahtan! and dragged him off his horse's back; he took him captive and bound him, degraded and in misery: but when he remarked the beauty of his person, and his garments, and his armour, he was convinced he was some great personage: Youth, said he, of what tribe art thou? Speak the truth, or I will make thee drink of the cup of death and perdition. Truth becomes the noble, and falsehood is repugnant to the generous Arab chief, replied Malik, I am of no despicable birth, nor is my wealth mean. I am Malik, son of Zoheir, King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, and Fazarah and Ghiftan, and Marah and Dibyan. Bravo, bravo! cried the other, thou, by heaven, wert one of my chief objects; through thee will I take my revenge, and will liberate my cattle. Upon

this he bound tighter the cords, and fastened down his arms and shoulders, and tied him on the back of his horse, and marched towards his own country, saying, Never shalt thou be released from my power, till thou deliverest up to me thy father and thy slave Antar, that I may sacrifice them as I would a ram, otherwise I will execute every cruelty upon thee. What is the reason of this? inquired Malik. Know, said he, that I am the lover of one of our damsels, and I demanded her in marriage of her father, to whom I offered all my property, sheep, he and she camels: but he refused me, saying, I will not marry you to my daughter, unless you bring me the head of him who murdered my son, and avenge his fate. On whom, said I, is your vengeance to be taken? On a black of the tribe of Abs, he answered, he is their herdsman, and their horseman, and their protector, for he plundered our flocks and captured our wives and families, and he slew my son, and he is but a camel-driver, and now I have sworn not to marry my daughter, but to him who shall bring me his head. Upon this I engaged to slay this son of filth, your black Antar, and I quitted not my tents till I had made a contract upon this point with him. So I set out on my way to your country, and fell by chance on this girl; I slew her countrymen, and carried her off. Again I set out, and fell by chance on you, Prince Malik, and through you will I succeed in my projects. When Malik heard this, he rested all his hopes on a stratagem, and sought his

deliverance by art and cunning. Arab, said he, the road is nigh, for last night only I quitted Antar in the land of Riyab, and with him were but ten horsemen. Away against your enemy, if you are, as you proclaim yourself, a noble horseman! O by the Arabs! was all the Bedoween's reply, for he was highly delighted and rejoiced. If you have spoken the truth, said he, I will release you from this bondage. Could but my eyes light upon Antar, I would take him prisoner were there even a thousand brave horsemen with him; but I shall now rest till morning, and your black will then appear, for as soon as he is aware of your disappearance, he will not proceed on his journey, but will undoubtedly come and seek you, and he must pass by this road, for his good luck and fortune have abandoned him. Upon this he dismounted and reposed till the day dawned, when he lashed the damsel and Prince Malik to the backs of two of his horses, and proceeded without further delay. About three hours after, behold a man on foot speeding over the desert, and before him fled the deer, whom he overtook and grasped by the horns, and when the Bedoween saw him, he stared at him in amazement, surprised at the force of his muscles and the strength of his knees; and whilst he was looking at him, behold ten horsemen advanced towards him, all immersed in steel, and enveloped in breastplates of bright metal, and in front of them was a knight like an hyena. When the Bedoween remarked the mag-



nificence of their accoutrements, and the excellence of their steeds, and the smallness of their numbers, he made towards them, eager to seize them. They also observed with surprise the camel and the man bound with cords to the back of a horse. The troop halted, and the Bedoween moved towards them to demand their object. What horsemen are ye? he exclaimed, and to what Arabs are you connected? Upon this their leader shouted out, and he was the conquering hero, Antar, son of Shedad. I am one, he cried, that will wither your soul! known amongst honourable men, as the chosen knight; the far-famed slayer—the knight of tumults and uproars—the chief Antar, son of Shedad, and what coward art thou? And who is this prisoner bound on that horse? Who is this damsel that is crying out, and demands assistance? O by the Arabs! cried the Bedoween, shaking himself with joy upon his horse. I greet thee—I welcome thee, black in complexion, fair in deeds, knight of the tribes, I am called Feyaz the depredator! I am the tempestuous blast! I am come to assault thee. And he related his story; how he demanded the damsel, and was sent by her father for her marriage donation: he would not admit, he added, of any thing but thy death, and the annihilation of thy life. And who, said Antar, is this prisoner? Your lord, Prince Malik, son of King Zoheir. As soon as Antar heard this, the light became dark in his eyes. Bostam soon joined him, and demanded of



him the cause of this long parley. He informed him of all the Bedoween had said. God is with you, O Aboolfawaris! said Bostam, how he has inspired you with forethought, and how he has intimated to you the revolutions of fate!

Now Antar, as he was returning from the land of Kendeh, in his fears for Ibla, had bid Shiboob early in the morning to cut off through the defiles into the land of Riyab; and Antar, followed by Bostam and his people, was proceeding to the vicinity of the land of Abs, eager to catch some news of Ibla, for lovers and the devotees of passion sigh fondly for news of their love, and Antar's love in the excess of his anxiety enchained him with the bonds of desire and solicitude, as he thus expressed himself:

“ When the zephyr gently blows, its breath relieves the sickened heart, and brings me news of the damsel and of those I love, who are travelling on their journey: regardless are they of whom they have left behind, cast down and dead in the land of love: one who has quitted their country and roams anxious about them, wheresoever they drive their baggage camels. Indeed, O Ibla, they have betrayed my vows. It is thy father that is ungrateful for favours. I have borne sorrows and absence patiently, even in my weak state, and I have defied the railers. I am accustomed to grief, so that my body, were it to lose its pains, would sigh after its emaciated state. The ravens taunt it, as if it had been one that

“ had destroyed its plundered young ; it weeps,  
“ and the torrents of my tears sympathise with it—  
“ it sighs, and my woes cruelly increase—it passes  
“ the night in anguish for the loss of its mate, for  
“ whose absence it moans the live-long night. I  
“ said to it, thou hast wounded the inmost recesses  
“ of my heart. Ever is thy grief a mental disease.  
“ I have shed tears from my eyes, and my native  
“ home and country excite all my interest. Ab-  
“ sence has left me no soul, no body, in which,  
“ miserable as I am, I can live. Wert thou to  
“ take off the armour from it, thou wouldst see  
“ beneath it only a ruined vestige ; and on those  
“ worn-out remains is a coffin-sword, whose edge  
“ would notch the bright polished scimitar. I am  
“ so accustomed to the calamities of fortune, that  
“ all their vastness appear but trifling to me, (nu-  
“ merous as they are, they appear few).”

Thus they continued traversing the deserts till they approached the land of Riyab, and met the knight Feyaz, and heard his adventures, and saw Prince Malik in his power. And Antar was occupied with Feyaz in the conflict, till the brightness of the day darkened over their heads. But Shiboob quitted his deer, and moved towards Prince Malik, who was groaning from the pain of his wounds. Alas ! alas ! cried Shiboob, and came up to him, and untied the cords, and placed him again on his horse, saying : Seek the field of battle, that you may console your heart. As soon as Antar saw Prince Malik, he exerted himself in the contest

with Feyaz, and exhausted him, and smote him through the neck, and drew out his sword glittering through his joints. He then issued out of the dust, and congratulating Malik, thus spoke :

“ I say to my enemy when he contends with me,  
“ and advances like a towering well-built bastion,  
“ much good may it do to thee, the glass thou hast  
“ drank. Thou hast laid down thy cheek where  
“ there is no pillow. As soon as I have unsheathed  
“ my sword, its edge draws forth blood, and every  
“ chief becomes its victim. I am Antar the un-  
“ raveller of every difficulty, the destroyer of foes  
“ with my Indian blade. Horsemen pride them-  
“ selves in me in every contest, and the brave with  
“ their chieftains are humbled before me. If the  
“ most virtuous of my associates regard my actions,  
“ they will see the multitude prostrate before my  
“ glory. I am raised far above all mankind by  
“ my scimitar, my spear, by my blows in battle,  
“ and by my father.”

Approaching the prince, he kissed him, and exalted his honour and reputation : What has happened to you, my lord, said he, has been the means of augmenting my glory ; never may the day be that can bring evil on you, and I be still grasping the bridle. O Aboolfawaris, said Malik, thanking him, thou art indeed our greatest friend and sincerest ally. May God destroy him who would estrange your lucky stars from us, and deprive us of your councils ! Then he related all that had passed with



Malik, Ibla's father, and how he had separated from them entirely, that his brother had advanced with his party, and that he had been occupied in hunting, and all that occurred with Feyaz. It is my opinion, said Antar, you should return to the Absians immediately, and say nothing about what has happened to you; only tell them that you were occupied in hunting until evening, when you chanced to meet some Arabs, who entertained you, and treated you kindly, so that no one may blame you. Prince Malik having approved of these hints, Antar turned towards the damsel who had been with Feyaz, and giving her all Feyaz's plunder and camels, he said to her, Go home under my protection, secure from every one, man or demon; and should even Persia's monarch oppose you, his balcony shall totter. Antar's expressions made Bostam seriously reflect, and he felt aware that he could actually execute all he said.

Prince Malik retraced his way, and Antarmarched with him, fearful of any unlucky event, till they reached the land of Riyab. Here Antar cast his eyes around, and he saw birds fighting, and wild beasts combating in the plain over the carcasses of the slain. This, said Antar, is a bad omen; it is a circumstance that gives evidence of death and destruction. And when they had advanced into the middle of the meadow, they perceived the dead scattered about on all sides, and blood that had changed the hue of vegetation, broken spears, and



shivered scimitars. Woe ! woe ! Antar exclaimed : Truly this intelligence is authentic, and the revolutions of fate and destiny have happened to our comrades. Alas ! I can scarcely expect to overtake my Ibla. As they turned over the carcasses, they said one to another, This is such an one—this is such an one, till the groans issuing from a tortured heart reached their ears—they advanced and looked about, and lo ! it was Ibla's father, Malik ! He was almost dead ; his blood was clotted with the sand, and the birds and the flies were hovering over him. Whither are you going, my brother ? cried Shiboob ; here is your uncle weltering in his blood, and his iniquities have reduced him to what he himself projected. Antar and his followers came up, and beholding Ibla's father in that state, they bound up his wounds and poured briny water upon his face. He opened his eyes, and seeing his countrymen around him, his life crept into his body, and his senses returned. Of this, said Antar, I was afraid ; but you still continue to pursue the road of outrage against me. O nephew, said Malik, in a feeble voice, what is past is past ; but I will never quit you again ; my heart will study your pleasure, and I will ever be your slave. Congratulate yourself on this good luck, my uncle, said Antar ; but who was it that did these deeds ? where is Ibla, and your son, and the others ? All, said Malik, are in the hands of Anis, son of Madraka the Khitaamite, for he came upon us with a thousand horse. We were in a state

of excessive fatigue and distress; and, moreover, Prince Malik and many others were dispersed in pursuit of game, when, behold! Anis surrounded us with his horse, and attacked us in all directions: he levelled his blows against the chiefs, and took the rest prisoners.

Now this knight was a man no man could encounter, and a warrior of warriors: and when he resolved on an expedition from place to place, the horsemen followed him, and his companions exposed their lives for him on account of his extraordinary intrepidity. At this time he had departed with a thousand horse; and he roamed with them, ravaging the Arab tribes, till he reached the land of Balka and the mountains of Nika. He was on his return, and before him went the slaves, the boys and camels, and the young camels, till they reached the land of Riyab, where he saw the Absians scattered about the meadows and the lakes. Anis was marching at the head of his party, for he treated horsemen with contempt. As soon as he spied the Absians he recognized them by their clothes, and their horses, and their standards, for the Arabs could always distinguish each other by their horses and banners. Now, said he to his countrymen, now you will be talked of by both men and women on account of the quantity you will gain in flocks, and he and she camels, if you vanquish this party of Absians, whose name is so great among the Arabs; and for every one you capture you will receive an immense ran-

som. Come on—Come on! And separating the thousand into four divisions, he attacked them, loudly vociferating, and their horses pressed on in crowds. When the Absians saw this, they exerted all their powers. Anis exhibited his whole strength: he encouraged the horsemen by his own deeds, and by his impetuosity he overwhelmed the Absians. He took fifty prisoners, after having slain a vast number. Amongst the captives were Oorwah and Amroo, Ibla's brother. He seized the property and the men, and departed, ordering his slaves to drive on the horses and camels. Ibla too was made captive with her camel: she was, indeed, accustomed to captivity, and had experienced the reverses of fortune: and as she saw her father covered with wounds and torn with spears, she proceeded at the head of the slaves and women, amongst the other prisoners. Oft she bewailed her native land in the obscurity of the night, and thus eased her heart:

“ O God of Zemzem and Mina, my heart is worn  
“ with grief, captivity, and anguish; my frame is  
“ exhausted, and I have no powers of body to bear  
“ the garments of affliction. I have lost my father,  
“ who *was once* kind and generous. He continued  
“ his obstinacy till he drank the cup of perdition.  
“ Foreign hands have overpowered him with swords  
“ and spears. Here am I in a strange land in cap-  
“ tivity, bewailing my distresses; and cruel Fortune  
“ has thwarted me, and the world has abandoned  
“ me, as if there was no such beautiful person as



“myself in the world. O protector of Abs! couldst thou see me, thou wouldst know what I endure. The day on which we separated from you, I was separated from all my hopes. Our warriors are now plundered of their lives by the spear, and I am in a strange land, suffering anguish as a captive. If thou hearest in the night the complaint of the drooping dove, be assured it is weeping for us.”

Ibla continued her tears and lamentations till the dawn of day. Anis dismounted to repose, and ordering his slaves to prepare dinner, they slaughtered the camels and the sheep, and prepared a repast; and they supplied also the prisoners and women with food of camel's flesh. But as to Ibla, she renounced all nourishment, and would not sleep.

The greatest part of the day had now passed, and but little remained of it; and as the companions of Anis were describing Ibla's beauty, and charms, and shape, and form—Countrymen, he cried, have I not often desired you a thousand times never to talk of women before me,—not a free-born or a slave,—and never to converse with me but of feats of arms and battles? And can any thing degrade man like the humiliation of love and passion?

When they had satisfied their hunger, about nightfall they travelled on till the sun rose, when they alighted at the waters of the tribe of Helal. And Ibla's grief and lamentations increased upon her, and she despaired of her cousin; and when



Anis heard her loud cries during the night, he demanded of his attendants about her: My cousins, asked he, who is this damsel that was groaning in the tranquillity of the night? O Chief, they said, this is the Absian damsel, whose beauty and charms we described to you. Never did we see a more agonized heart. Night or day she desires no nourishment: she renounces sleep: her grief and sorrows are not to be pacified. Bring her before me, said Anis, that I may learn her story. Upon that, the female slaves brought Ibla into his presence; he raised up her veil, and looked at her face; he saw the tears streaming from her black eye-lashes; he was smitten, and his heart fluttered with the violence of his passion—at the instant the state of his mind was changed. What is your name, damsel? said he. She answered, Ibla. Who was slain that belonged to you? he asked. My father, she replied; and again she hid her face with her hands, and threw herself upon the ground. Bring hither her family, cried Anis, that I may demand her of them in marriage, and be married to her; and instead of a dower or settlement, I will release her countrymen and herself; for as soon as I saw her, I became enamoured of her. And the mind and senses of Anis were from this moment all occupied with Ibla; and he suddenly tasted of love. They now veiled her face, and introduced her relations, towards whom Anis turned, and telling them what had passed, was civil to them, and demanded Ibla in

marriage. Seeing them hesitate in giving an answer, Why are you silent? he asked. Magnanimous Chief, they replied, we cannot speak for her, there is only her brother here; her father is absent. Oorwah at that moment was close to Amroo, Ibla's brother, and he said to him, Amroo, if you wish that Anis should be put to death, and his neck be cut off, marry him instantly to your sister; perhaps God will send Antar to darken his life and silence his name, and he may still release us from captivity. I have often experienced the effects of promising her in marriage, and I well know what her misfortunes have produced. But where is Antar? said Amroo. By this time he is in the land of Shibān, and far from us; we have behaved so ill to him, that he has quitted us for ever, and I am afraid of the consequences; for if I marry her to Anis, I fear that Antar may come hither and join me to my father, were I even concealed in the apartments of Nushirvan; and if I do not marry her, this devil will put us to death. Listen to me, said Oorwah; marry her, and do not talk nonsense. Bargain with him that he shall not enter unto her here, until he reach his native land and home: tell him that she has been wedded to her cousin some time ago, and lengthen out the business; perhaps Antar will come and make his wedding so inauspicious, that it may perhaps only be followed with the dawn of ill-luck to him; and his stars may set in the mansions of inversion.

Now Anis, seeing them falter in their reply, became troubled. He perceived they were consulting with Amroo, and that he was much disturbed. Do you consent that I become your sister's husband? he asked. My lord, replied Amroo, you are the consent, and you are above consent; but know that this damsel's father has already married her to her cousin, and has taken the marriage donation; but her father has taken advantage of him, and the devil has coloured his stratagems with the appearance of kindness and liberality, so he fled with her from place to place; and should I marry her to you, I dread the consequences. If I go home, I fear he will come upon me and kill me, and make me drink of the cup of death, were even the Kings of Abs and Adnan to protect me, and Fazarah and Dibyan; for he is one of the calamities of the world—no knight can oppose him in the field, and he fears neither man nor demon.

Anis became furious at this description. What! said he, is the name of this knight, for dost thou not know all the horsemen of Arabia? O mighty Prince, replied Amroo, this is he who slew Khalid, son of Moharib, and brought down misfortunes on him and his clan; who dispersed his warriors and his armies. To whom do you allude by this discourse? demanded Anis. To him of whom you questioned me, said Amroo. But what hero is he? asked Anis. I mean, said Amroo, the Knight of the world; myrrh to the taste; the insufferable colicoquintida.



His name is known throughout Hedjaz and Irak, he who killed Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and exterminated his tribe. But what is his name? repeated Anis. He is the lord of the black steed, and the broad scimitar and long spear, said Amroo; the furious lion who has disgraced the necks of the Arab and the Persian. Verily, you amaze me, cried Anis, with this horseman and this trampling hero; but explain to me his name among the knights of the age. He is, continued Amroo, the noble warrior who has vanquished the stoutest heroes with his sword. He is the serpent of the bowels of the desert, the Chief Antar, son of Shedad. I have only told you the truth.

Upon this Anis raised up his head to those that were seated by him, and said, Is there any one of ye that is acquainted with this man, whose description frightens me? O Anis, said a noble Sheikh, I have heard of this terrible knight; and it was indeed a man honest in his speech that informed me of him, and told me he was a black knight, but that he had crushed the necks of the Arab chiefs with his sword, and had made the kings of power bow down to him; the Persian and the Arab fear his might, and his uncle has only married his daughter to him through fear of his impetuous strength: and as soon as he inveigles him by his artifices, he wanders with her from place to place. Her father has espoused her to a thousand horsemen, but the marriage has never succeeded; and the last person to



whom he wedded her was Mas-hil, son of Tarak. But Antar went against him with one hundred friends, and waylaid him, and extinguished his glory and prosperity: and he has driven away from her every lover and every suitor, and to venture to speak of espousing her is a sufficient cause of death. And he who flies from him, flies cruelly wounded; and by the faith of an Arab, O Anis! should you make any attempt on this damsel, I shall tremble for you. Be not then excited by the charms and loveliness you have beheld in her.

And would you, O Sheikh, exclaimed Anis, make me forget my love for her by the description you have given me of her cousin? I consent, however, to abstain from her, until her cousin and his party come in quest of her; then will I try myself against him. Accordingly, he ordered Ibla to be treated with all honours, and said within himself, *If this girl even in misery and captivity is so beautiful, what will she be when her heart is at ease, and when plumped up with good feeding?*

They journeyed on till mid-day, when lo! a dust sprang up behind them very rapidly. My cousins, said he to his people, bring me news of this dust, and let me know what there is beneath it. Upon this a hundred horsemen immediately advanced. Now beneath this dust was the serpent of the desert, the Chief Antar, with Bostam and his party; for as soon as Antar heard Anis described by his uncle Malik, he and Bostam immediately gal-

loped on till they came up with the Khitaamites, and prepared for the contest; and when Bostam perceived the horse that had separated from the troops, O Lion of the Forest, by the life of Ibla's two eyes, said he to Antar, let me engage these advancing horsemen. There are an hundred of them, but when you in your strength are in my rear, I would even meet a thousand horsemen in front. Antar smiled; Do as you please, said he, for you have adjured me by the most sacred of oaths.

Upon that, he slackened the bridle of his steed, and encountered the hundred horse. Among them was an obstinate warrior and a valiant lion, called Mubadir, son of Ghaylem, and he was Anis's cousin. He headed the troops till they came close up to Bostam, when he cried out, Tell me who thou art, and whence thou comest, before I silence thy life, and make thy head fly afar off. Bostam returned him no answer, but plunged down upon him like an eagle, and pierced him through the chest with the barb of his spear, and it issued out through his back. As soon as his cousins saw this thrust, they all rushed against Bostam like ravenous lions, saying, O Mubadir, now thou art no more, the tribe of Khitaam is disgraced. They came down upon Bostam like a cloud, crying out to each other, Come on, to this demon; take him prisoner. And they separated into two divisions.

Antar saw this, and attacked in aid of Bostam. Seventy assaulted him, and thirty rushed against

Bostam. Antar received them with the chest of Abjer, and where he struck he cleaved asunder; and where he pierced, he annihilated; and when he shouted at the horses, their feet shook with horror; and when the warriors crowded upon him, he severed their skulls.

Anis heard of the death of Mubadir; he advanced towards the dust, anxiously expecting the return of his people with the prisoners, that he might console his heart by slaughtering them, and avenge his cousin, when lo! out of the seventy horsemen that attacked Antar, there appeared only eleven; the rest having drank of the cup of perdition. What is the matter? cried Anis, may the curse of God be on the father of your beards!

Do not reproach us, O Anis, said they, for our actions; had we resisted, our necks also had been smote off. And has all this happened to you at the hands of ten horsemen? asked he. By the life of your head, they replied, all these calamities are owing only to one hero; but be not roused in thy anger, be not indignant, for the like of this knight can never be found. His blows would burst mountains; his thrusts are death, and truly have we experienced horrors at his hands; for he snatches up a horseman from the field of battle, and strikes another with him, and on the instant the two are dead.

Whilst they were thus conversing, behold five out of the thirty that assailed Bostam came up, and two were wounded, crying out "O misery! O ruin!"



Now Anis roared, and his heart was rent, and his alarms and terrors increased; And what is the catastrophe? he cried. Talk no more, said they, for his like we have never seen among the Arabs; and had we followed our own wishes, we had left him alone. Then said one of the eleven that had engaged Antar, Wretches! had you gone with us, you would have been well provided for; not one of ye had returned, neither great nor small. Anis, in the rage and phrensy of his heart, burst into a laugh: No one, he cried, can credit such nonsense. I think, had this been Antar, whom the Sheikh described, who with a hundred horse encountered the whole tribe of Kendeh, and slew Mas-hil, son of Tarak, not one of ye had returned to mention the fact, or tell the tale. Be not enraged, be not indignant, O Anis, they exclaimed, the equal of this Knight cannot be possibly found. We heard him crying out, Unworthy cowards! I am Antar, son of Shedad. He would tear up a horseman from the back of his horse, and raise him like a tent-pole, and dashing him on the earth, confound his breadth with his length.

This then is the slave, cried Anis, whom we were mentioning this day; and should I not slay him and extinguish his life, I shall not gain possession of his bride. But now he is come in quest of her, exclaimed they. Anis returned to the spot where they had alighted, and his heart boiled like a cauldron; and they reposed till morning.

Now when the prisoners knew of Antar's deeds



in the conflict, joy and gladness visited them. Well, what think you of my advice now? said Oorwah to Ibla's brother Amroo. Did I not tell you to marry your sister to Anis, if you wished his neck to be hewn off, and you and your comrades to be released? Now see what has happened to his party; and never will the knot of his marriage be tied, for Antar will render his morrow unlucky, and had you given her to him and betrothed her to him as a woman is betrothed, this would have been no evening to him.

And now when Bostam returned to Antar, he found the dead strewed before him. Had we arrived, Aboolfawaris, he cried, a little sooner in the day, not an eye of our companions had slept in captivity and in bondage. What is, is; replied Antar. Let us repose and consult till to-morrow; and they thus continued conversing till the mantle of darkness was dispersed.

And as the day shone at the return of dawn, Anis shouted to his horsemen, and immersed himself in steel and a bright cuirass: he mounted his horse, and advanced towards his troops. Antar and Bostam were both mounted with their nine horsemen. Anis poured down, anxious to engage Antar. Antar also assaulted Anis, his eyes burning in the crown of his head like firebrands. He marked him admiring his limbs and surveying his own shape and form, and as he was dragging his spear behind him he thus recited:

“ My morning draught is the cleaving of heads  
“ and breasts; my scimitar is my cup—no cup of

“ wine. My wine is of the blood of warriors, quaffed  
“ to the music of sword-blades and spears. When  
“ I arise in spirits and in joy, I feel a flame of burn-  
“ ing coals in my entrails. I am Anis, son of  
“ Madraka, styled the destroyer of men in armour!  
“ In me is a heart bold in battle with heroes. My  
“ custom is to chase the hungry lion from his den.  
“ Beware, beware! my garments, my Ibla, are of  
“ steel; my sword is sharp, and my spear pene-  
“ trating. I shall be raised in glory among men by  
“ your death; and by it they will learn my valour.”  
Antar listened to his discourse, and was surprised  
at the insanity of his passion. Son of a two-thou-  
sand-horned cuckold, he cried, hast thou not heard  
what has happened to others before thee on account  
of Ibla, and in the pursuit of her, that thou too art  
inflamed with love and distraction for her?—Yes,  
thou son of a coward, I have heard of thee before  
this day, cried Anis; after tending camels, thou  
hast been fortunate and prosperous, and thou hast  
slain a number of vagabond Arabs, and hast de-  
manded thy cousin in marriage by frauds and de-  
ceits. But fate has driven thee to me, that I may  
hasten thy destruction, and lower thy honours with  
my sword, for I have vowed within myself not to  
enter unto thy cousin, till I have made thee drink  
of the cup of death, and joined thee to those who are  
gone and are dead. And now may God favour my  
revenge, and prosper my enterprise! Having ceased,  
he assailed Antar, and conceived he was to attain

his wishes and conquer. Antar was much astonished at his actions, and launching out into the plain, as he galloped with him and charged, he thus replied:

“Behold the sport of passion in every noble person! but I have thanked my forbearance, applauded my resolution, and the slave has been elevated above his master: for I have concealed my passion, and kept my secret. I will not leave a word for the railers; and I will not ease the hearts of my enemies by the violation of my honour. I have borne the evils of fortune, till I have discovered its secret meaning, before even it was concealed. Fortune has been my guide wherever I am. I have met every peril in my bosom, and the world can cast no reproach on me for my complexion: my blackness has not diminished my glory. Were this not the colour of my skin, the morning’s dawn would not bow before me at hearing my name. Tribes talk of genealogy as an honour, but the blow of the sword in the battle is my glory. Others have laboured, but have returned confounded as soon they beheld the traces of my form.”

No sooner had he finished his verses than he rushed upon Anis like an impregnable mountain; they commenced striking and piercing, they engaged with the cleaving sword for an hour, and then vanished from the sight, the dust rising over them like smoke. The necks of the horsemen were extended out towards them, and the birds of death



hovered over their heads. Various shouts burst forth among them, and the Khitaamites vociferated to their lord, and opposed his disastrous fate.

Upon this, Bostam and the Shibanians prepared for the fight. This is the day of battle, my cousins, cried he. Ibla screamed out with a loud voice, for her soul had revived. Haste, my cousin, she cried, to the destruction of thy antagonist, and rescue thy maid from captivity, for truly her situation is deplorable, and her friends have been slain. Antar's heart was sorely grieved at her complaints, so he shouted at his adversary, and attacked him furiously. He exhausted him; he terrified him; he drew his foot out of his stirrup; he seized hold of him by his girdle; threw down his horse under him, and held him suspended in his hand like a sparrow.

When the Khitaamites saw their Chief a prisoner, they made an assault hoping to liberate him, but the eight horsemen encountered them, headed by Bostam, all roaring out like lions, and driving their spears through the horsemen's chests. Guard your prisoner, Aboolfawaris, cried Bostam; and I will satisfy you in the carnage of the Khitaamites, and will make their chiefs drink of the cup of revenge.

Antar having captured Anis, wished to bind him fast, but he was prevented by his violent exertions, and he tried to escape out of his hands, so Antar smote him on the shoulder, and almost killed him: and having thus wounded him, he left him stretched on the ground, and joined Bostam in the conflict,



and plied his sword among the foe. The dust and the sand arose over them; skulls lay under their feet; and unexpected calamities overpowered the tribe of Khitáam.

In those days there were knights who could encounter a thousand, and even two thousand of the most obstinate horsemen; having always the advantage, and ever unhurt. Now Antar was one of those warriors at that period; for the adored God had thus endowed him, and given him a lucky star at his birth. Moreover, the historians state in their Chronicles, that the King of Heroes had created Antar the instrument of his vengeance over all the giants of Arabia.

When the tribe of Khitáam saw that his blows were more impetuous than thunderbolts, and that his thrusts rent open coats of mail, their resolution failed: they abandoned their property and their flocks, and they dispersed over the desert like wild beasts, dastards and cowards as they were; whilst Antar and his comrades pursued them till they drove them out of that country and desert. Three hundred of them were slain, and only three of the Shibanians. Ibla and her maidens had released Oorwah and her brother from bondage, and as they returned to their friends, Antar saluted Ibla, saying, Think not, my cousin, that I forget thee, although thy father is oppressive and hostile to me. Ibla wept at the mention of her father: O my cousin, she said, then truly his treachery has destroyed him.

No, answered Antar, thy father is well: I left Malik, son of King Zoheir, with him. And he related to her all that had happened to him; how he had found him lying among the dead severely wounded; what he had done to relieve his afflictions; and that he had left with him his brother Shiboob. At this detail Ibla's sorrows were calmed, and her distresses were lightened. Antar ordered Anis into his presence.

Oorwah and Amroo hastened to the field of carnage, but could not find him; for Anis having recovered from the shock that had stunned him, and seeing an immense number of his comrades lying dead, instantly mounted one of the scattered horses, and fled from the scene. Having in vain searched for him, they returned to Antar and told him. I was too indulgent to him, said Antar; and I was wrong in sparing him. Oh that instead of merely wounding him, I had put him to death.

Aboolfawaris, cried Oorwah, repent not of having spared him. Consider yourself as having liberated him, and taken his property as his ransom. For he will be the poorest of all the Arabs: every grievance and every evil have befallen him. God has driven this booty towards you without trouble. And all this is on account of your cousin, the grazing fawn: for certainly you will never effect your marriage with her till there shall not be a rich Bedoween throughout the desert.

Antar smiled at this address. Drive on these

flocks, said he, and let us return to the land of Riyab, for my heart is with my uncle and Prince Malik.

So the Absians drove the flocks and the cattle, Antar at their head, and Bostam by his side; and the flame in his heart was appeased. They continued on till they came nigh unto Prince Malik, and Ibla's father, and Shiboob. As soon as they saw them, they congratulated each other, and Malik, Ibla's father, thus recited :

“ Alas ! the sea of thy generosity has flowed to-  
“ wards us ; the mountain of thy mercy is raised  
“ sublime on high. Thou art truly Antar the vic-  
“ torious warrior in the day of battle, where foes  
“ are destroyed. Thine are labours that equal the  
“ stars, ever fixed but incorporeal. God is with  
“ thee. Behold the cloud of battle is spread out,  
“ and the plain flows with the blood of thy foes.  
“ Horses trample down their riders through the  
“ dust, like the lions in the forests. There are the  
“ heroes disgraced by thy spear ; there thou meetest  
“ them firm and staunch. O Aboolfawaris, son of  
“ my brother, in the loveliness of a smiling face,  
“ thou hast proved thy kindness unto me. Thou  
“ hast revived me after extinction. Thou hast  
“ exerted thyself, and the tribe has been annihilated.  
“ Thou hast resuscitated me, after I had tasted of  
“ death from wounds, from misery, and sorrow.  
“ O ! I will applaud thee in retirement and in pub-  
“ lic to the world, to my family, and to the tribes.



"Mayst thou, persevering hero, never fail; let us shadow ourselves beneath thy shade—let us swear by thy generosity, the best of oaths."

For this once Malik spoke with sincerity: for Prince Malik had softened his heart with regard to Antar, during the time he was left with him. They reposed that night, joying in each other; at dawn they proceeded homewards. But Antar took off a large proportion of the camels, male and female, and presented them to Bostam, saying, Aboolyaczan, you have indeed overwhelmed me with kindnesses, so take this share and seek your own country and your family. And they bade each other adieu, Antar proceeding home with his comrades. It will be proper, said Prince Malik to Antar, to send forward your brother Shiboob to inform our clan of our arrival, so that my father and all the tribe of Abs and Adnan may come out to meet us, and our friends rejoice, and our enemies grieve.

Antar gave this commission to his brother, who shot forth like an eagle, till he came into the presence of King Zoheir, and informed him of the news. All the tribe of Abs mounted, and in an hour they met Prince Malik and Antar. Shouts arose from the tribe of Abs, and joy came upon them all. King Zoheir embraced his son, and turning to Antar, already on foot: O Aboolfawaris! said he, you abandoned your friends and native land; you have passed your time in wandering



about, and shall we never see an end of your adventures? My lord, cried Antar, by the assistance of God, my circumstances are improved, and my affairs are more tolerable: and he informed him of all that had passed between him and his uncle in his passion and rage, and what he had done in a strange land, till he had rescued his uncle from death. King Zoheir applauded his liberality, and his exertions, and his forbearance, and his modesty; and when they saw the incalculable quantity of cattle he brought with him, they knew he was born under a lucky star: and they all went down to their tents, and friends assembled with friends: the women and men rejoiced in the arrival of Antar, but he did not go home till he had made a division of the property, and given the largest share to Oorwah and his men, and the rest he gave to his father and to his uncles, that they might further his wishes.

Ibla returned home, to the great delight of her friends and slaves. Ibla had conceived a great affection for a slave girl that Antar had brought away as a captive from Kendeh; her name was Rabiât, and she was more beautiful than the rising sun. Ibla used to seek consolation in her society, and used to complain of all her cousin had suffered, and for hours together she would sit and talk with her. But Amarah, from the day of Antar's arrival, took to his bed and couch of affliction, it was the consummation of his griefs: he renounced food and sleep; his mother nursed him, but all her cares

only added to his pains. O my son, she said, what calamity oppresses thee? perhaps I may discover the means of effacing thy afflictions. Mother, the origin of this my feeble state and my weakness springs from a flame in my heart, and the prime cause of all is the safety of that Antar, son of She-dad. Had Ibla even been slain in any one of those affrays, then would the business have been settled for ever. Brother, said Rebia, if thy purpose is the death of Ibla, I will contrive a scheme for her destruction, and prevent Antar from ever seeing her again. Execute, my brother, exclaimed Amarah, this dreadful deed, and put her to death by some stratagem on Antar. Rebia entered his tents and began to meditate his plot (we have before stated, Rebia was full of deceit and fraud), and having assembled all his slaves, male and female, he called them into his tents: Who of ye has any connexion, said he to them, with the slaves and girls of the family of Carad, let him inform me, and I will fulfil all his wishes. My lord, said one of them, Khemisah, Ibla's handmaiden, loves me ardently. Bring her here, said Rebia, and conceal her in my tents, till I tell you what she must do. The slave expressed obedience, and added, If I give her that order, she will never, I am sure, on any occasion, quit our dwellings. Rebia filled the slave's wallet with kabab\* and sugar-plums, and having in-

\* Roasted meat.

structed him in the artful tale he should tell Khemisah, he sent him to the pastures with the camels, saying, Be alone with her, and if you like her, I will demand her of her master in marriage for you, and if any thing particular should be required, it shall be done out of kindness for you, and I will marry you to her. As soon as the slave heard this, he was overjoyed, and ran till he reached the pastures, where he soon made up to Khemisah, and told her all. She was much delighted. He brought her home with him, and when the day was spent, Khemisah prepared to return; but Rebia entered: Have you forgotten me? Khemisah, said he. Indeed I have been very remiss in my attentions to you, but we shall be many a day together, and I am resolved to purchase you to-morrow morning, and will wed you to my slave, this Miftah. Now Rebia had a much-loved friend in Shibah; they had been long mutually attached, and he was called Mooferridj, son of Helal. After he had taken his measures with Khemisah, he sent to his friend, Mooferridj, to request he would send ten horsemen to him, that he might return by them a most valuable deposit. Mooferridj immediately complied with the demand, and despatched his cousin, Sinan, with nine horsemen, under the guidance of Rebia's slave, saying, Whatever he may order you, oppose him not. The men travelled on with the slave, and when they arrived, he showed them into a tent in his neighbourhood, and passing on to his



master, informed him they were come. So he let them all into his tents, and receiving them with the greatest attention, he entertained them for three days. On the fourth day the men said, Rebia, what is the urgent business for which you sent for us? He then ordered Khemisah into his presence: My purpose, said he to her, entirely rests with you, and I intend it should be all settled by your means. My lord, what is your business with me? said she. Know, Khemisah, continued Rebia, that my brother, Amarah, is desperately in love with your lady Ibla, and is near his death. I visit him every day, and ask him what it is he wants. I wish only, he says, to cast my eyes once more on Ibla before the departure of my soul from this world. Now you are the only person that can possibly aid him on this point. As to me I am quite puzzled, and cannot get rid of him. As soon as Khemisah heard Rebia's discourse: Let your brother, she cried, walk out this night to the lake, whilst I arrange matters for my mistress also to go forth. Rebia smiled, and felt assured his plan had succeeded. So he feigned great fondness for her, and presented her an armlet of gold, saying, Take this, it is a free gift to you. But she refused it, and returned home. Rebia then went to the Shibanians and told them, how the business was settled: Go with them to the lake, said he to his slave, and when Ibla comes forth in the night, let the troop seize her and carry her off, and return to their own country with her. And



what is this maiden's crime? said the Shibanians. She is an adulteress, he replied, and has clothed her lord in shame, and he is anxious she should be put to death in another land. Upon this, Sinan and his people went away and concealed themselves in the vicinity till night, and they had not been stationed an hour there, when Ibla approached. For when Khemisah returned to Ibla, she said, Know then, my mistress, that your cousin Antar met me just now, and desires you will walk out to the lake to-night by way of exercise and recreation, for he is very anxious to communicate something to you. When he told me this, he went home to my lord Malik's, and I really cannot say whether he was in earnest, or whether it was intoxication that set him on this plan. Ibla waited till it was dark, and took with her the two maids, Rabi'at and Khemisah, who walked before her till they came to the lake, when, behold! Sinan ran towards her, drawing his sword upon her, and snatching her off the ground, placed her behind him. The horsemen dismounted, and bound the maids fast, and left them lying on the earth; then returning to the horses, and having mounted, they traversed the wilds and wastes, till they reached the land of Shiban.

## CHAPTER XVI.

BUT Antar, and his brother Shiboob, were in the tents of Prince Malik, where they remained unconscious of what had happened till about sunrise, when Ibla's mother repairing to the tent in which her daughter, and her maid, Rabiāt, slept, saw no vestige of them. In an hour the intelligence spread throughout the tribe, and Antar also heard it. Alas! he exclaimed, what can have happened to Ibla? His father Shedad, and his uncle Zakhmetaljewad, mounted, and also Oorwah, and the sons of Carad, and having scoured the desert and the hills, they returned late in the day; and on their way home, as they passed by the lake of Zatulirsad, they beheld Khemisah and Rabiāt fast bound with cords. They inquired for Ibla. Early in the night, they replied, some horsemen seized her; And who, said they, made you quit the house? Masters, said Rabiāt, know that Khemisah told my mistress, Ibla, that her cousin Antar wished to speak with her, and besought her to go out by night to the lake that he might communicate his wishes to her. When she heard this, she was much distressed; but we came, as desired, when, lo! some horsemen fell upon us, and carried her off, and bound us. And you, said

Shedad to Khemisah, who ordered you to tell all this to Ibla? O! my master, she replied, take me back to the tents and secure my protection from Antar, and I will relate to you who was the cause of this sad calamity. Shedad took her away, and returning to the tents, procured for her protection from Antar, when she stated all the story of Rebia, how he had given her an armlet, and engaged to marry her to his slave: but I know not, she added, whether the troop that seized my mistress was a contrivance of Rebia's, or the effect of chance. The light became darkness in the eyes of Antar. Thou wretch, he cried, and hast thou, urged by thy lust, delivered thy mistress over to her enemies, with all the wealth and strings of pearls, and jewels, and rubies she had on? Had not my protection been previously insured for thee, I would destroy thee with this sword. I am convinced this last plot originates in Rebia, and did not I stand in awe of King Zoheir, I would ply my sword amongst that family of Zeed, and first of all would I slay that ruffian Amarah, and his brother Rebia.

Just at that moment King Zoheir's messenger demanded their attendance, and when they were in his presence, Malik, Ibla's father, advanced, and saluting him, said, It is Rebia alone who is the author of Ibla's disappearance; it is he who has laid this plot; he stationed these horsemen by his command. My daughter also had on pearls and jewels, Chosroe's coronet and tiara. And when he had re-



peated all that Khemisah had stated of Rebia's discourse with her, Bring me Rebia, said King Zoheir. He came. Rebia, said the king, have you any knowledge of the circumstance of Ibla's misfortune? Yes, said he, I have heard of it: so I and my brother immediately mounted, and roamed over the wilds and wastes, but we could hear nothing of her; and, indeed, this is no trifling event; we must not submit to it, or we shall incur great blame. No more of your tricks, exclaimed Ibla's father; restore to me my daughter and all the property she had on her, otherwise must I proceed from words to blows with you: Khemisah has revealed all your doings and your plots against Ibla.

Cousin, said Rebia, I excuse you, for indeed you have lost a precious jewel. Listen not to the words of a contemptible slave-girl. She has certainly been aware of the grudge and spite existing between us; but we must be patient till some news of Ibla be received, that if she be still alive we may search out the mystery. My father, said Shas, Rebia must certainly leave us, and go to the tribe of Fazarah till we learn Ibla's fate, and how she disappeared.

So King Zoheir commanded him to depart. Rebia expressed his submission. I will go with the family of Zeead, said he, and I will abandon my country to Antar, that he may clear up the business and realise his schemes; but one of us will have cause to repent. So Rebia departed with his men, their wives and families.



But Antar remained drooping his head, and in the greatest grief and affliction returned to the tents; and though the sons of King Zobeir endeavoured to console him, yet his anguish only increased, his eyelids tasted not of the nourishment of sleep, neither would he stir out of the tents; and when he was in the severest agony he sent for his brother Shiboob, and thus addressed him:

“I have risen with a tortured heart; weep, then, shed torrents of tears, O Shiboob, my brother! Hast thou not felt the loss of Ibla? Dost thou not pity me? I have abandoned sleep during her absence; my anguish and agony are multiplied. On her account I mount my steed no more for my pleasure or for battle. Canst thou behold the camel returning laden with her, the object of all my hopes? O Ibla! after this separation shall we ever meet, or must I only be excited by the phantoms of my imagination? This is the work of the family of Zeead, for they are men full of deceit and filthy scum. But shortly will I attain my objects in spite of them, and I will hack their limbs with my sword. I have no one but you to relieve my sorrows—but you in the path of troubles and calamities. Go, then, to the dwellings of the tribes; obtain intelligence of Ibla, and ease my heart.”

As soon as Shiboob heard these verses, he instantly departed, in order to obtain intelligence; and Antar remained eagerly expecting him, cherish-

ing affliction night and day, and passing his time in tears and meditation.

But Rebia reached the tribe of Fazarah ; and when the Sheikh Beder knew of his arrival, he met him with his chiefs, and rejoiced ; he raised his dignity, and congratulated him. Noble chiefs, said Rebia, verily we are greatly troubled by the oppression of this infernal slave, but we forbear on account of King Zoheir, and are fearful of disturbances. I thought it better, therefore, to quit them, and take up my residence under your shadow. He informed them of the loss of Ibla, and the disgraces he had incurred on her account. Beder received him with great attention and kindness, and said to his son Hadifah, You must be particularly attentive to this man, for he is one of the Sheikhs of Abs and Adnan ; let him be conducted to one of the best habitations. Hadifah acted accordingly, and conducted the tribe of Zeead to the principal station, and as soon as they were reconciled to their abode, and Rebia felt secure on the subject of Ibla, he was quite overjoyed, particularly when he heard of the precious jewels she had with her. He formed a thousand conjectures in his mind, and would say, If any news of her should come to light, and that black go in quest of her, he will rescue her, and all that property will be lost to me, and I shall not succeed in my expectations. I must certainly go after her myself, and bring about her death. He consulted with Beder on the point : It is for you to

command, said he, if you wish I will attend you. But Rebia took leave of him, and travelled on till he reached the tribe of Shiban, and presenting himself to Mooferridj, son of Halal, O chief, said he, what have you done with that maiden that I sent you with your cousin Sinan? She is here, he replied, in my tent, but she is nearly dead. And the garments, and pearls, and clothes, and jewels? demanded Rebia. I have seen nothing of them, said Mooferridj: but O Rebia, who is this damsel? She is Ibla, he replied, the daughter of Malik, and Antar's betrothed wife; and then he related all the preceding circumstances. Mooferridj shuddered as he listened. O Rebia, said he, I have been your friend for years and years, but how could you have the heart to smite me by these sour grapes? By the protection of an Arab, had I known she was the wife of Antar, I would not have admitted her within my tent had she been mistress even of my life and death. Take her away, Rebia, get me clear of this business, and bring not upon me trouble and vexation from Antar. Mooferridj sent for Sinan; he came, and looking at Rebia, quickly understood the signal. Rebia inquired about the property; he produced the whole, and nothing was missing but what Sinan had given as a bribe to the horsemen. When Mooferridj saw all this wealth, he trembled. What do you intend, Rebia, he cried, to do with this property? Do you, said Rebia, take half, and I will take half. Let us murder the girl, and there



will be an end of it. Agreed, said Moofenidj; and he then raised his head to a slave whom he had brought up: he imparted the secret to him. He was called Basharah, son of Meneea. O Basharah, said he, I wish you would take away this damsel, and carry her out to the desert, and murder her. Bury her in the sandhills, and should any one question you about her, say, her family came and took her away. They remained quiet till night, when Basharah attended to ask his master's permission to murder Ibla, which being granted, Rebba gave him a poniard, saying, Sacrifice her with this, and take it as a present for yourself, that you may remember me by it for ever.

Basharah mounted his horse, and speeded to the tent where Ibla resided. He placed her behind him, and whilst they were proceeding, Whither, she cried, are you going to carry me in this obscurity? To drink the cup of death, he replied, for my master has commanded me to kill you. On hearing this, she wept and screamed aloud, and called on the name of Antar through the wilds. When the slave saw what she was about, he turned aside out of the road, and descended into a deep valley, and made her alight from the horse; he bound both her hands; he drew out the poniard, and was about to deal a speedy blow, when, lo! a man pounced upon him like a male ostrich, and struck him with a dagger between the shoulders, and, lo! he was swimming in his blood. Fear not, cried her rescuer, I am thy slave



Shiboob. As soon as she recognised him all her fears vanished. And where is the lion-warrior, thy brother? she demanded. With the tribe of Abs, replied Shiboob, suffering in your absence every agony and anguish. I set out to search for you: I have been wandering about from tribe to tribe these fifty days, till I chanced to meet you here, and the Lord of life and death brought me to you, and this happy event just happened as I was despairing of you, and had resolved on returning home. But I heard that Rebia was in this quarter with Mooferidj. So I said within myself, I must certainly learn something of him, and I concealed myself in the country till I came thus to you, and rescued you from annihilation. And what are you determined to do? said Ibla. I will first finish this fellow, said Shiboob; I will then take you away, and go home with you. Alas! said she, I never expect to see home unless my brave Antar is with me. Ah! where art thou, and thou, my Rabiati, my comfort in all my successive calamities? O Ibla, said Shiboob, Rabiati is nearly dead with excessive grief, and the tears she has shed for your misfortunes. Thus saying, he ran towards the slave to finish him. He found him seated on the ground, listening to all that passed, his wounds preventing him from speaking; but when he saw Shiboob rise to put an end to him, O young man, he faltered out, by the faith of an Arab, spare me, whilst I put one question to you, and I will give you some hints that may prove

of benefit to you. Do not expose yourself to such perils, for by whatever road you go there will be also friends and foes. Ask what you please and relieve your heart, cried Shiboob. Know, said the slave, son of my aunt, I was the lover of a damsel called Rabiāt; she was like the rising sun. She and I were both brought up under the favour of our master, Mooferridj, son of Helal, and love for her took possession of my soul. The troubles of the times tore her from me, and I have never heard her name mentioned by any mortal but you, noble born; and as soon as I heard you mention her, life returned unto me on her account. I now request you to inform me truly whether this maid has been with you a long time, or only lately. This maiden, said Shiboob, formed part of my brother Antar's plunder among the prisoners he rescued from Anis, son of Madraka. He then told him how Ibla had been made captive in the land of Riyab, and how she had taken an affection for Rabiāt when they were prisoners, perceiving her varied cheerfulness and melancholy. He also gave him such distinct descriptions of Rabiāt, that the slave's grief and anguish greatly increased. It is, it is my beloved! he exclaimed; but it is now near day, I fear some unlucky accident. Tell me first what you intend to do with Ibla? If you take her away and depart, the horse will pursue us, and bring misery and destruction upon us, and restore us to Rebia, and he will speedily put us all to death, and thus our pains and

trouble will be thrown away. The most advisable plan is, that you return to your brother Antar and acquaint him: let him act as in his wisdom he may think prudent, and come hither; thus will our hopes be realized. I will return with Ibla in the mean time. I will conceal her with my mother, and present myself to my master, Mooferridj, and Reia, and tell them I have slain the Absian damsel, and that this is her blood streaming over my clothes, this blood now flowing from my own wound, and I will wait patiently expecting your return to this country. How can I depend on you? said Shiboob. How can I trust your word after the deed you undertook? Let this wound which you gave me, he cried, be my security. But you were to be excused for that, for you knew not the secret of the story.

Being thus convinced of his sincerity, Shiboob also felt aware he could not travel with Ibla over the desert unless his brother Antar were with him. Basharah is right, said Ibla: return and tell your brother to come with a party of Absians; thus will my afflictions cease: then we will all go off and Basharah with us. Shiboob approved the advice, and having stipulated with Basharah, and made him swear by the Great Creator that he would not deceive or betray him, he set out. But Basharah took away Ibla, and returned home with her. He placed her in the best apartment. He cherished her on account of Rabiath, his beloved, and she was dearer to him than any of his family or tribe.



So behold, ye wise, the mercy of God! his power is manifest! How beautiful are his works! See how Basharah went out to murder Ibla in his determination, but he returned, and he would with joy have enclosed her in his own existence! Basharah did not enter the dwellings till the lights were all out, and all voices silenced; then he went unto his mother, and informed her of all that had happened to him, and having desired her to conceal Ibla, and recommended her to attend on her, he repaired to his master, and congratulated him, and Rebia, who, on seeing him and the blood on his clothes, poured forth thanks and blessings, saying, O Basharah, hast thou indeed done what we ordered thee to do? Yes, my lord, said he, I have fulfilled all your hopes, and this blood is the proof of my sincerity.

Rebia was exceedingly pleased and happy. He instantly rose up, and put on Basharah his own vest and turban. But, said Mooferridj, Rebia, we must remain here no longer: to-morrow I will go with you to King Numan. They reposed that night, and Mooferridj having recommended his wife and family to the care of Basharah, and having also delivered over to him the charge of his treasures and wealth, they departed.

In the meantime Shiboob travelled night and day till he came near home. In his heart was a burning flame on account of Ibla and his brother, for he had left him in a state of the deepest misery and affliction.



tion. Antar, indeed, indulged in sorrow beyond bounds; his melancholy increased upon him; he was miserable and restless. King Zoheir's sons renounced their rides for his sake, and every one comforted him as they could, either with their sympathy or their raillery. When Antar perceived how they railed at him, he resolved on fixing his residence on Mount Saadi, but he stayed quiet that night, and determined to remove the next day. About midnight, when he was contemplating the stars, occupied with his love for his mistress, behold Shiboob entered. Antar could scarcely recognise him, so much altered was he by fatigue and grief, by watching at night, by want of sleep, by fear, and thirst, and hunger. At the sight his heart was nearly bursting, and he exclaimed, O my brother, your long absence has almost destroyed me, and I dreaded also your death. Here I am anxiously expecting you; and he sighed from his sorrowing heart, and thus spoke in verse:

“O, my brother Shiboob, tell me quickly, per-  
“haps sorrow will be effaced from my heart.  
“Haste, haste, inform me, my heart is melted with  
“afflictions and griefs; if indeed my hopes of Ibla  
“will be fulfilled to-day before I die, let her come  
“with speed. Son of my mother, what a wretch I  
“am, alienated, separated, and in affliction! Daugh-  
“ter of my uncle, O how I am oppressed! Grief  
“has fixed its residence in my heart. They think  
“I can be consoled against thy love. No! by Him

“ who spoke from the Mount, my eyes have re-  
“ nounced all enjoyment in thy absence; for thee I  
“ have endured reproaches and raillery. I mourned  
“ thee in tears and blood—I wept for thee on the  
“ plains and the mountains. For thee my frame  
“ is exhausted and worn. I am become a tale and  
“ a proverb by my tears—I will traverse the rug-  
“ ged hills—I will follow the track of lovers over  
“ every desert. Whilst I live will I pursue their  
“ tracks over the whole earth, or let death be  
“ at hand. I will raise the dust and the storm, and  
“ the sword of India shall draw blood from the heads.  
“ I will empty the world of its inhabitants, and will  
“ darken the deserts and the mountains. In thy  
“ absence I have not raised myself on a horse—  
“ never has my hand grasped the spear—never,  
“ never have I drawn the cleaving sword—never,  
“ never have I succeeded in my hopes. I have  
“ abandoned the cup with my companions, and  
“ sweet sleep has fled from me. I have renounced  
“ wine and sleep till the moment I shall see her. O  
“ that death would overtake me! I have renounced  
“ the goblets and the cups with all my comrades of  
“ the tribe. Son of my mother, explain and speak,  
“ for my heart is on fire; my body is in torture;  
“ my strength fails, powerful and strong as I was.  
“ O Ibla, couldst thou but see me, and all the sor-  
“ rows of the anguish and misery that have beset  
“ me, and the constant never-ceasing grief—the  
“ tears—the lamentations and sighs;—couldst thou

“but see me, then wouldst thou weep in pity for  
“the woes that have descended into my heart.  
“Alas! how oft have I borne the burdens of love  
“for thee, O Ibla! no one could have borne such.  
“Hadst thou loaded me even with a mountain, the  
“son of Shedad had endured it, and it would have  
“been no weight; but when, O Ibla, after this ab-  
“sence shall we two again meet in the same home?  
“Forbearance is extinct, so great are the calamities I  
“have suffered by separation, absence, and sorrow.  
“The family of Zeead are my grievance; they  
“have reduced me to shame, and I am a tale  
“among them. They seem secure from the vic-  
“situdes of night and enmity, but there are changes  
“of day and fortune, when I will destroy them all  
“in the day of battle! The blade of India shall  
“free me from troubles; do they not know that I  
“am the hero that has withstood every hero in the  
“contest? My deeds, O Ibla, are fair; my seat is  
“on high above the planet Saturn. If I delay any  
“longer in taking vengeance on those minions for  
“what they have done to me, let them abuse Antar  
“on all occasions; let him be branded with the  
“name of coward. But have you seen the land to  
“which Ibla is gone, or the quarter, or the sand-  
“hill? My patience is at an end, O Shibook, and  
“my sleep has pointed at what will happen. There  
“is none but you, my happy brother, to clear it up  
“without delay. So haste, explain what you have  
“encountered; conceal nothing, you lord of stra-



“tagems—relate it now. Speak to me, that my heart may be eased of its anxieties—you are my treasure, my hope amongst mankind—haste then to speak—be speedy in thy narrative!”

Despair not, O my brother, said Shiboob, and thus replied in verse:

“O Aboolfawaris! passed is all sorrow and anxiety—happiness is at hand and triumph, son of my mother, be consoled about Ibla, she is safe; no affliction or harm has ever touched her. Hear my story and what I have encountered in my expedition, for in it is what might astonish the most experienced of mankind. I roamed over the tribes and every region, the valleys, and the mountains; behind them I left my track; how many countries have I traversed that are barren wastes, where nought is to be seen but weeds and sand; I crossed the deserts like a skulking wolf, and moved without trouble or pain to myself: into the deserts I launched, the stones struck fire, and the parched sands scorched me, till I reached Sanaa, and Aden, and Zebad, but heard no news of her. I traversed every country, every mountain, and left no one in the wilds untried—but I saw her not, neither did I hear of her; there were no signs, no tears. Then I went to the land of Irak, and how many mountains did I traverse on my journey, but I persisted in scouring the land, and I became like a dry camel, or a male hedgehog, and the desert was on flames,



“and the rays blazed on the mountains, and sparks  
“of fire burnt from my eyes, till I reached the  
“land of Irak, and then in sadness I went towards  
“the tribe of Shibān: I went to them by night in  
“fear, and there I heard some news. I was walk-  
“ing out, my heart full of vexation, when two per-  
“sons appeared before me in the middle of the  
“valley. I drew my trusty dagger from my side;  
“one of them was like a mountain, and was about  
“to kill the other, lying in tears on the ground.  
“I hastened on and struck him a speedy blow, ir-  
“resistible and never failing. I wounded him, and  
“then approached his enemy, fearful of the effects  
“of my blow, and the blood that gushed from him.  
“I approached the person, that I might distinguish  
“the one I had stabbed, and who was the other:  
“when the last saw me coming forward, he cried,  
“Art thou a demon or a man? Who art thou, tell  
“me, for I see thou art full of sorrow and grief. I  
“belong to the noble Absians, said I, a tribe en-  
“nobled amongst the Arabs. Hasten, O Shibōoh,  
“one exclaimed, my hope, my joy! And at the  
“voice my breath was almost exhausted; I recog-  
“nised the speech at once; I knew it was Iblā, and  
“her tears were flowing. She repeated her words like  
“one demanding relief from calamities and troubles.  
“My life is thine, son of my uncle, rescue me, she  
“cried. Be composed, said I; fear and doubt are  
“removed from thee. Then the slave too addressed  
“me, saying, I am Basharah, and my story I

“ will relate quickly. I have a countrywoman  
 “ whose name is Rabiāt; she is my beloved, and  
 “ she was taken prisoner. I lost her, and my soul  
 “ adored her; on her account grief and sorrow  
 “ overwhelmed me. I have heard she is gone to  
 “ the tribe you have mentioned. O, master, have  
 “ you any news of her? I have intelligence of Ra-  
 “ biāt, I replied; she lives with us, and passes a  
 “ happy life; and when he heard me he rejoiced.  
 “ He threw himself before me, and the tears burst  
 “ from his eyes; he stood up whilst my arm sup-  
 “ ported him, and he made peace with me; he said,  
 “ Ibla has escaped the perils that surrounded her.  
 “ Do you also escape under the night to your bro-  
 “ ther; let him come with a troop of friends.  
 “ Speed, speed away, before Mooferridj discovers  
 “ me; he expects me in the morning. So I have  
 “ come in my fears, like a blast of wind, even like  
 “ the lightning when it dazzles the sight. So come  
 “ to us; let us traverse the desert in the dust with  
 “ some trusty Absian chiefs. Rescue your cousin,  
 “ and liberate her from the vicissitudes of fate and  
 “ fortune. I am come with this intelligence, and  
 “ you have heard it, and all is true.”

When Shiboob had finished, Antar was all amaze-  
 ment, and his heart was filled with delight and joy,  
 and his rage against Rebia increased. He imme-  
 diately sent for Rabiāt, and gave her information of  
 Basharah: You may trust to him, said she, for I  
 am sure he feels as much affliction in my absence,

to him. He received them hospitably. They related what they had done to Ibla, and that they had divided her property. Rebia recited some couplets of verses. So the king gave him a robe of honour, and paid him all manner of attention, giving him presents and donations, and feasted him three days. Soon after Rebia asked permission to return, which was accordingly granted, with many presents, and many valuable proofs of kindness and liberality. He set out for his native land, and pursued his journey in all haste till there only remained one night between him and the tribe of Abs, when he alighted, and was exceedingly pleased at all the fine things King Numan had given him. That spot was called Rikaya Beni-Malik. He sent on a slave to announce himself to his brothers that they might come out to meet him.

Now Antar went on traversing the wilds and deserts till he also came to the place called Rikaya Beni Malik. Let us halt here, said he to Shiboob; but when he perceived some horses and horsemen already there, he said again to Shiboob, Look out and see who these are. So Shiboob immediately went on and returned, saying, Know then, my brother, this is your friend Rebia. Antar was overjoyed at this. My opinion, said he to Oorwah, is, that we should assault them this very night without delay, and make them taste of sorrow and misery. Do as you please, was Oorwah's reply. Cousins, said Antar, let not one of you cry out, O by Abs,

him or made him captive. I am anxious, therefore, to learn his fate. I will wander about for three days, and then return. This is just the thing, said Oorwah. So he sent for his particular comrades, and they all mounted and came to him; Antar and Oorwah also mounted, leaving Shiboob at home. They proceeded to King Zoheir, and saluted him. Antar related what we have stated above. O Aboolfawaris, he said, this is highly becoming of you, and very proper. Fate and destiny cannot be avoided, and what is passed is irrevocable. No one in the world has been able to perform what you have imposed upon yourself, but do not destroy yourself for such trifling considerations. King Zoheir and his sons were highly pleased at Antar's expedition, and all their sorrows and vexations disappeared. Late in the day Antar returned home, and he groaned aloud: he wished to sleep, but the excess of his agony prevented him. He sent for Oorwah, and told him he was resolved on the expedition, to which Oorwah instantly assented, and communicated the same to his companions. About midnight Antar set out, joined by Oorwah and his associates, who were waiting for him, and took the road to the land of Irak and the land of the tribe of Shiban. By Antar's side were Oorwah and his horsemen, and before him went Shiboob, who showed them the way by the springs and the lakes.

Now Rebia and Mooferridj departed for the territories of King Numan, and introduced themselves



“bosom, and when the bird mourned in the darkness of the night, I grasped my waist with my hand in anguish. O bird of the tamarisk, sing as thou listest, for thou livest secure from the vicissitudes of fortune and sorrow ; thou hast only lost thy mate whom thou lovedst, as I have lost my love far away from home. Talk of the nights thou hast passed as the most brilliant days in enjoyment, but still thou callest from the branches, O songster. O, my master, fear not in the day of battle when thou seest the flash of swords and coats of mail, meet the spear and the charging warriors ; die honoured, and bow to no one. But let me appease myself on him who opposes me as long as I am lord of this breath in my body. If I do not let alone the birds of the atmosphere hovering over the dust, no moisture will ever water my heart.”

They thus continued traversing the roads, and passing the waters and the springs, till they reached the land of Irak. Antar was led along by his passion till there only remained between him and the land of Shibban one night. It will be well, said Shiboob, to conceal yourselves here, whilst I go and learn some news for you, and meet Basharah, and I will speedily return. Away, then, O my brother, cried Antar, and let not your absence be long. Shiboob put on a long-sleeved garment, and clothed himself like a slave of Syria, and passed on till he neared the dwellings of

the tribe of Shiban. In haste he sought the shepherds, of whom he might inquire about Basharah; for he had never seen him by the light of the day, and had never met him but by night. So he was consulting with himself about it, and in what way he should introduce himself among the tents, when a horseman appeared ambling along, and wandering about out of the road; he sighed from an oppressed heart, and thus expressed himself in verse:

“Western breeze that blows from Hadjir, O  
“breathe my salutation to my absent love. Perhaps  
“my Rabiāt will return my compliment, and will  
“in mercy bestow a thought on her wanderer. O  
“Iblī, if thy cousin is consoled without thee, fearful  
“of the men of my tribe—should he abandon  
“thee, should he forget thee, I will conceal thee in  
“mine eyes from the fear of thy foes. Should any  
“accident have happened to Shiboob, should the  
“bowels of the battle-field, or the tomb contain him,  
“then to command is with the Almighty God,  
“who executes his destined will on his creatures.”

As soon as this horseman had finished, his tears chased down his cheeks. But as Shiboob heard him, his heart fluttered, his eagerness increased, he understood the words and their import, and he was convinced it must be Basharah, so he answered him in the following lines:

“God has not abandoned Antar, nor that famous  
“fellow Shiboob; but he has come to you in all his

“ Absian ardour, and a troop has followed him—  
“ tried men—each a lion, ennobled by the sword.  
“ Fierce with his scimitar, like a pitiless hyæna,  
“ he encounters the chests of the steeds, stern as  
“ they are; and he cleaves the skulls of his foes  
“ with his falchion. His deeds are extolled among  
“ the people like the flowering spring.”

When Shiboob had finished his verses, he continued—God has not let loose the calamities of the time upon Antar; he is not consoled for Ibla; he has not betrayed her; but he has come to you with a troop with which he will engage the whole tribe of Shibban, were there even with them the friends of Soliman. Shiboob ran up to him and kissed his knee, and made himself known to him.

Basharah wept with joy at Shiboob's arrival, and all his afflictions vanished; he acquainted him with the absence of his master in the cities of Khorasan, but that he did not depart without giving him full power over his treasures, and his property, and his wife and children, and family: and I am resolved to take all his property away with me, and repair to my beloved Rabiât. In the mean time, let Antar and his friends lie concealed in the wide waste, and alight in the valley of Nika, on the road to the mountains of Radm. But as soon as we arrive, let them rush out upon us, and ply their swords among us; let them not spare a single slave, and then we will proceed in safety. Wait, and I will bring Ibla to you.

Basharah mounted his horse and returned. Now Ibla was ever in the most anxious state of expectation; night and day she wept. Basharah's mother endeavoured to console her with tales and stories, and Basharah did the same, sitting down by her, and questioning her about Rabi'at, and would thus calm away her sorrows: and never did he quit her till she slept. This was her continual custom till the night he encountered Shiboob. So when he came to her at this unusual hour, he saw her drowned in tears, and sighing from her overcharged heart; she was invoking her native land and home, and thus expressing herself in verse:

“ My transport is extinct, my anxieties augment,  
“ and will not give way, and this is the state of my  
“ love. By your existence—Come, come, ye travel-  
“ lers, be kind, restore my heart, and have compas-  
“ sion on my withered frame. Say to the inhabit-  
“ ants of Hedjaz, you have left Ibla enduring the  
“ pangs of death for love of her songster. Ye have  
“ witnessed my condition, my separation, my foreign  
“ dwelling; and with you is there no one to come  
“ after me, and no one to aid me? I am every day  
“ and night expiring of love; and the song of the  
“ dove pains me when it sings. My sorrow, my  
“ irritation, my anxiety destroy me continually; so  
“ I weep in affliction when I hear you. Alas, alas!  
“ will Basharah come to me, will he tell me my af-  
“ flictions are at an end? O sons of my uncle, will  
“ ye not come to me, and will ye not think of ap-



“peasing my sorrows? Ye have broken the compact, ye have denied my love; ye have abandoned me as a fawn in a foreign land. If in your journey ye pass by the land of Aalidj, restore to me my heart, and pity my agonised frame. I complain, but there is no one to remove my grief; there is no one to partake my afflictions, or share my sorrows.”

As soon as he heard these lines, he entered. O my mistress, said he, Basharah is now come with good tidings—and he told her all that had occurred. May God render all your tidings good, cried she; and may he join your virtues to your beloved! Then he clothed her in the garments of a man of Shiban, put on a turban and a vizor, and mounted her on a noble steed; he girded her on a sword, and conducted her out of the tents till he gave her over to Shiboob. Take your mistress, said he; do not stop till you are with your brother, and tell him to be of good cheer.

Shiboob rose up and saluted Ibla, and having thanked Basharah for his conduct, he set out for his brother; and when he came towards him, he found him much agitated about him; but he started up, and having embraced Ibla, and kissed her between the eyes, he made him relate all about Basharah and his plans, and there they remained in expectation of the event.

But Basharah, when he returned, having delivered up Ibla, wrote a letter as if from his master Moofer-

ridj, and introducing himself to a cousin of Mooferridj, who was called Malik, son of Hoosan, Know, my lord, said he, that I have received a letter from my master, in which he thus states—Know, O Basharah, the King of Persia has sent me into the cities of Khorasan, and with me some Persian troops, that I may reduce for him some cities that have revolted against him. An immense number of people are collected about me, and are greedy in seizing all manner of property. I have therefore resolved on escaping by flight, and my desire is, that you load all my wealth, and treasures, and goods, and secure them all in the mountains of Radm, and the valley of Raml: now, I am determined to execute his orders.

When Basharah had thus communicated the letter, he assembled his master's slaves, and chose out of them fifty stout fellows, and having sent them to the pastures to fetch him two hundred strong camels, he entered the magazines of wealth, and took out all the chests of goods that were there, precious jewels, and left nothing but useless articles, tattered tents, broken tent-poles, and patched cushions. By the evening the packing was all finished. So he raised the baggage on the backs of the camels, and he and his mother set out in the beginning of the night, and travelled on till they came nigh to the mountains of Radm and the valley of Raml. They were just about crossing the valley, when a troop of Absians burst out upon them, shouting aloud; and as soon

as Basharah heard the cries of the horsemen he was delighted ; he goaded on his horse towards Antar, and saluted him, recognizing him by the length of his form, and the prodigiousness of his figure. My lord, said he, ply thy sword amongst this filth, seize all this property, and bring about a meeting between me and my beloved Rabiath, so beautiful and so full of grace : then he thus continued in verse :

“ By thee glory is exalted ; by thee honours are  
“ elevated. The Arab and the Persian can never  
“ attain thy superiority. Thou hast exhibited bravery  
“ and intrepidity, O warrior, and there is not a tile  
“ that does not belong to thee—men labour in the  
“ acquisition of wealth, but glory is thy only object.  
“ Fear not, thou canst not fall into calamities, for  
“ all thy exploits raise thee sublime on high ; thy  
“ glory, the winds encompass not its extent—thy  
“ liberality, it is incalculable. Mayst thou live  
“ for the Absians for years ; may they be exalted  
“ in thy name, recorded in prose and verse.”

Antar smiled at Basharah's compliments ; Mayst thou rejoice in thy beloved for many years, said he. But Oorwah and his people put to the sword all the slaves, and driving the property and camels, they proceeded towards their own country, Shiboob going before them, cutting over the sand and sand-hills.

Ibla travelled by the side of Antar, and was relating all her sufferings from the time of separation till their meeting, and all the noble, virtuous acts of Basharah towards her, and thus they passed over

the country till they approached their own region, when Shiboob turned out of the road to the sands where the chests were buried. They took them out, and loading the beasts with them, they came near home with such a vast abundance of wealth, the kings of the age could not equal.

On Antar's arrival, the land of Shoorebah was all in confusion. All were in amazement at the immense quantity of cattle and valuables he brought with him, and King Zoheir's sons went out to meet him. As soon as Antar saw the Princes, and the commotion of the people, he said to Ibla, Seek the tents of thy father; whilst he himself urged on his horse Abjer, and advanced towards King Zoheir's sons, and saluted them. They congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his expedition. Mine is an extraordinary story, said Antar; and I cannot explain it but in the presence of King Zoheir your father.

When Malik his uncle saw all these sheep and cattle, &c. and that the whole country was filled with their abundance, he was all astonishment, and said to his son Amroo, Ah my son, if thy sister were but still among the living, all these flocks would be driven to our tents. At last he presented himself to Antar, and saluted him, saying, O Aboolfawaris, hast thou heard any thing of thy bride, or hast thou returned in despair?

My bride, said Antar, is with her mother. Malik smiled, and thought he was in joke; so he went



aside, and walked on till he came to the tents, and tears streamed from his eyes at his separation from Ibla, and that he had lost all these fine things, when came forward the handmaidens and slave-girls, and informed him of Ibla's safety. At hearing this his senses fled, so violent was his emotion. He hastened to her and saluted her, whilst she complained to him of all she had endured from the time of her disappearance till her return. All the women, free-born and slaves, and the virgins, all came to Antar, offering presents on his return from his triumphs. But there was not a happier man than Basharah, for his dearest Rabiath had also joined the concourse of women. He dismounted, and embraced her.

Antar ordered tents to be pitched. These are yours, said he to Basharah; I am your protector; and all your master's property is yours. Basharah expressed his thanks, and he and Antar alighted at the tents.



**LONDON:**

**PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.**

